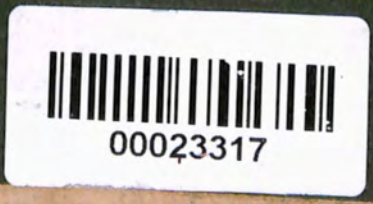
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MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN,

AUTHOR OF

"LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS," "MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN LADY," ETC.

23317.

EDITED BY HER SON,

J. P. GRANT, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1844.

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LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
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PREFACE.

THE "Letters from the Mountains," the work by which the name of the late Mrs. Grant is best known to the public, by whom they were so favourably received nearly thirty years ago, consisted of a selection from her correspondence with her intimate friends, during her residence in the Highlands of Scotland, which terminated in 1803. At that period she removed nearer to Edinburgh, where she permanently fixed her residence a few years afterwards. She continued to live in that city for nearly thirty years, namely, from 1810 until her death, in 1838. During this lengthened period Mrs. Grant mixed extensively in the literary and other circles of Edinburgh, where her house was the resort of many eminent characters both of her own and foreign countries. She continued during all

this time to maintain an extensive correspondence with her friends in England, Scotland, and America; and her letters, as may be supposed, contain many sketches of the literary and other society of the Scottish capital, and of the varied characters with whom she was brought into contact, as well as notices of the literature and general topics of the day.

The Series of Letters now given to the public, extending from 1803 to 1838, may therefore be regarded as a continuation of, and connecting with, the "Letters from the Mountains," but treating of different and more varied subjects.

THE EDITOR.

Edinburgh, January, 1844.

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MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF

MRS. GRANT.

AMONG the papers found in the repositories of the late Mrs. Grant of Laggan, at her death in 1838, was included a brief sketch of the earlier part of her own life, which she began to write in 1825. It contains a rapid view of the principal incidents of her life, from her birth in 1755, down to 1806 when she became known to the public as the author of "Letters from the Mountains." At that period the memoir terminates, leaving the events of the last thirty years that she survived still untold. The reader may probably be better pleased to become acquainted with the earlier portion of Mrs. Grant's history as told in her own words, than in those of another, and the sketch referred to is therefore now given to the Public.

"I began to live," says Mrs. Grant, "to the purposes of feeling, observation, and recollection, much earlier than children usually do. I was not acute, I was not sagacious, but I had an active imagination and un-

common powers of memory. I had no companion, no one fondled or caressed me, far less did any one take the trouble of amusing me; I did not till the sixth year of my age possess a single toy. A child with less activity of mind would have become torpid under the same circumstances. Yet, whatever of purity of thought, originality of character, and premature thirst for knowledge distinguished me from other children of my age, was, I am persuaded, very much owing to these privations. Never was a human being less improved, in the sense in which that expression is generally understood; but never was one less spoilt by indulgence, or more carefully preserved from every species of mental contagion. The result of the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed, had the effect of making me a kind of anomaly very different from other people, and very little influenced by the motives, as well as very ignorant of the modes of thinking and acting, prevalent in the world at large.

"My father, Duncan Macvicar, was a plain, brave, pious man. He was born in the parish of Craignish in Argyllshire, and was early left an orphan. He removed when a young man to Fort William in Inverness-shire, where he had some concern in farming along with his relation, Captain Macvicar. In 1753 he married my mother, who was a grand-daughter of Mr. Stewart of Invernahyle, an ancient family in the neighbouring county of Argyll. Some time afterwards my parents removed to Glasgow, where I was born on the 21st February 1755, but was immediately sent home to be nursed in the house of my grand-

mother, near Fort William. Eighteen months afterwards I was carried back to Glasgow, with red cheeks and a quantity of soft light hair, all which, I was afterwards told, made me accounted a pretty child. I lay, however, under some suspicion in regard to my mental powers, from my quiet and abstracted manner of gazing at objects near to me. However, as I grew more active I became less clumsy; and when I spoke plainly, my intellectual powers were no longer questioned.

"In 1757 my father went out to America under the auspices of Colonel Archibald Montgomerie, afterwards Earl of Eglinton, in whose regiment (the 77th Foot) he had a commission, leaving my mother and myself in Glasgow, with the intention of sending for us if the country held out any inducement for his settling in it. The only particular of my infantine history that I remember to have heard related, took place in the streets of Glasgow; and I mention it to show at what an early age children observe and remember. My mother lived in the eastern extremity of the town; I suppose she often spoke to others, though not to me, of my father being in America, and might very probably point westward when describing in what direction the New World lay to some one who knew still less than herself of geography. Be that as it may, I certainly set off one Sunday evening, when I was at most two years and eight months old, and walked deliberately by myself very nearly a mile to the western extremity of the Trongate; how much farther I might have gone is not known. A lady looking out at a window saw, with some surprise, a

child neatly dressed in white, with bare head and arms, walking alone and unattended, in the middle of the street. She sent for me, and asked me where I came from. I said, 'From mamma's house;' I could tell no more. She next questioned me where I was going. I answered, in my imperfect manner, 'that I was going to America to seek papa.' This explanation only increased her wonder, and did not diminish the interest so young a traveller had excited. She gave me tea, put me to bed, and determined to wait till morning to make farther discoveries, finding me perfectly satisfied to remain. However, while I was enjoying repose after my long walk, a bell was heard in the street, the public crier having been sent through the town describing a lost child. How or when I was brought back I know not; but I have often heard the story told by my mother, who certainly was the last person to embellish, far less to invent. The first she would not, and the last she could not: I never knew a person of more perfect integrity, or more deficient in imagination. My age and the expressed intention of my journey alone made the performance of this early exploit remarkable.

"When nearly three years old, I accompanied my mother to America, and upon landing at Charleston, in 1758, found my father absent on an expedition to Pittsburg. The following year we removed to Pennsylvania, and soon afterwards to the province of New York. A very new scene then opened. My father being stationed with a party of Highlanders at a Dutch settlement below Albany, called Claverock, on the domain of a worthy, wealthy, and most primitive family,

recommended himself so much by his conduct and that of his men, in contrast to a company of English soldiers, previously billeted there, who had been insolent and rapacious, that he became a great favourite, and easily prevailed on the good people to receive my mother and myself at a nominal board, while he took the field with the army. Here I learnt very rapidly to read from my mother, never having any other teacher while there. Here, too, among the primitive worthies of the settlement, I learnt that love of truth and simplicity which I found a charm against artifice and pretension of every kind. I learned also to love the Indians, who were always well received and well treated by the kind-hearted family.

"The first summer of my abode at Claverock, my father was engaged with the 55th regiment, to which he was now attached, in the fatal attack on Ticonderoga, where Lord Howe and many of our countrymen fell in battle with the French. The next winter my father brought us to New York, and in the following spring (1760), we returned to Claverock, where I was again happy with those whom I counted as brothers and sisters. My father returned this year early from the campaign, and took us to the town of Albany, on the Hudson river, where I saw, with keen though childish sorrow, the Highland soldiers dragging through the streets cannon destined for the attack on the Havannah, where so many of them afterwards perished. In October we set out with a party, in boats, for Oswego, on the banks of Lake Ontario. We had a most romantic journey, sleeping sometimes in the woods, sometimes in forts, which formed a chain of

posts in the then trackless wilderness. We had no books but the Bible and some military treatises; but I grew familiar with the Old Testament, and a Scotch sergeant brought me Blind Harry's "Wallace," which, by the aid of said sergeant, I conned so diligently, that I not only understood the broad Scotch, but caught an admiration for heroism and an enthusiasm for Scotland, that ever since has been like a principle of life.

"On our return from this remote residence, the following year, a Captain Campbell, an old friend of my father's, then stationed at a fort on the Mohawk river, gave me a fine copy of Milton, which I studied, to very little purpose no doubt, all the way down in the boat, but which proved a treasure to me afterwards, as I never rested till I found out the literal meaning of the words; and in progress of time, at an age that I am ashamed to mention, entered into the full spirit of it. If I had ever any elevation of thought, expansion of mind, or genuine taste for the sublime or beautiful, I owe it to my diligent study of this volume. Something more than all this I owe to it, the friendship of the most distinguished woman in the province of New York, perhaps on the American Continent, who then resided in the town of Albany, where my father was stationed for three or four years after our return from Oswego, with a detachment of his regiment. Madame or 'Aunt' Schuyler, for so by general consent she was called in the province of New York, was the daughter of one of the first and most respectable individuals in that country. His name was Cuyler, and his descendants were at a late period still numer-

ous and prosperous in that province. Mr. Cuyler was the person who brought over the four Mohawk chiefs who are mentioned in the Spectator as exciting so much wonder in England. He was presented to Queen Anne, who offered to knight him, an honour which however he declined, not choosing an elevation unusual in that country, and which might make an invidious distinction between himself and his friends. His daughter was married to Colonel Schuyler, who, dying before her, and leaving no family, left her the greater part of his ample fortune. Madame Schuyler's house at Albany was the resort of all strangers whose manners or conduct entitled them to her regard. Her ancestors on both sides constituted the aristocracy of the province, and her descent, her understanding, and education gave her great weight in society, which was increased by the liberal use she made of a comparatively large fortune. In her, the warmest family affection and the kindest heart were entirely under the control of the soundest practical good sense. I have described this admirable character more fully in my published 'Memoirs of an American Lady.'

"Some time after our arrival at Albany, I accompanied my parents one evening to visit Madame Schuyler, whom I regarded as the Minerva of my imagination, and treasured all her discourse as the veritable words of wisdom. The conversation fell upon dreams and forewarnings. I rarely spoke till spoken to at any time, but, of a sudden, the spirit moved me to say that bad angels sometimes whispered dreams into the soul. When asked for my authority,

I surprised every one, but myself most of all, by a long quotation from Eve's fatal dream infusing into her mind the ambition that led to guilt. After this happy quotation I became a great favourite, and Madame Schuyler never failed to tell any one who had read Milton of the origin of her partiality. While we remained in America I enjoyed much of Madame Schuyler's society, and after my father removed from Albany, I spent two winters with her in that city. Indeed, if my parents would have parted with me, she would have kept me entirely with herself: whatever culture my mind received, I owe to her.

"My father was a careful man, and had a faculty of making money where it could be fairly acquired. Upon the termination of the war in Canada, the British Government granted allotments of land to retired officers, two thousand acres to each. One of these was given to my father upon his retiring from the army, upon half-pay, in 1765. Few or none of the officers who received these grants had any taste for living in the woods, or for the expense or trouble of taking out patents, and going out with surveyors and a party of Indians to locate and mark out the lands. My father, however, was familiar with the ways of the country, spoke the language, and was well liked among the people. He purchased for a trifle the rights of some young officers who were in haste to return home to Britain, and adding their rights to his own, and taking them out in a fertile corner as yet unoccupied, having them carefully surveyed, and his title established, he became a

landholder to a considerable extent, and I, his only child, was looked on as an heiress. The property thus acquired by my father was situated in the township of Clarendon, in what has since become the state of New Vermont, but then formed part of the province of New York.

"About the same time (1765), we removed from Albany to a house which my maternal friend Madame Schuyler possessed in a part of the country called the Flats, some miles higher up the Hudson, where we kept a little farm, intending in due time to remove to our Clarendon estate, for which we were daily getting offers from emigrants from New England, my father meanwhile keeping up the price of his lands, which were every day rising in value as the country around them was cleared and inhabited. Being a keen sportsman and fisher, he exposed himself so much to cold and wet that he became a victim to ague and rheumatism, and after intense suffering for a year, took a sudden resolution of returning to Scotland in 1768. He had an intimate friend, Mr. John Munro, a magistrate in that country, who had settled on a large tract of land bounded by that of my father, whose intention of leaving America was so precipitately carried into effect that he had no time to arrange his affairs, but constituted his friend to be his agent or attorney in either selling or letting his lands.

"Thus we returned to Scotland, with very few available funds except my father's half-pay, thinking we had left behind an estate, the produce of which would, to our quiet and frugal habits, afford abun-

dance. I had but lately entered on the fourteenth year of my age. The revolutionary tempest was even then gathering in America; officers and servants of government were looked upon with an evil eye, yet did not dream of events which were shortly to occasion their ruin and banishment. We arrived in Scotland in May, 1768, encountering one continued storm in a small, ill-found vessel, and put into Larne, in the North of Ireland, where we remained some days to recruit. Arriving at Glasgow, strangers, in limited circumstances, my usual source of felicity, which has attended me through life, did not fail me there;—I mean that of having friends of uncommon merit faithfully attached to me. I was first sought after as something curious and anomalous, having none of the embellishments of education, knowing only reading, writing, and needlework,—writing indeed very imperfectly, yet familiar with books, with plants, and with trees, with all that regarded the face of nature; perfectly ignorant of the customs and manners of the world; combining, with a childish and amusing simplicity, a store of various knowledge, which nothing less than the leisure of much solitary retirement, and the tenacity of an uncommonly retentive memory, could have accumulated in the mind of an overgrown child,—for such I appeared to those who knew my age.

"With one family of the name of Pagan, to whose son we were known in America, I formed an affectionate intimacy. At their country-house on the banks of the river Cart, near Glasgow, I spent part of three summers, which I look back upon as a valu-

able part of mental, perhaps I should rather say moral, education. Minds so pure, piety so mild, so cheerful and influential, manners so simple and artless, without the slightest tincture of hardness or vulgarity, such primitive ways of thinking, so much of the best genuine Scottish character, I have never met with, nor could ever have supposed to exist, had I not witnessed. Here were the reliques of the old Covenanters all round us, and here I enriched my memory with many curious traits of Scottish history and manners, by frequenting the cottages of the peasantry, and perusing what I could find on their smoky bookshelves. Here was education for the heart and mind, well adapted for the future lot which Providence assigned to me. With these friends, then a numerous family, I kept up an intimate connection, which neither time nor absence interrupted, and which was only concluded by the death of the last individual of that much esteemed family in 1824.

"My father had a share in some commercial business, which was likely to be a prosperous one; but being offered, in 1773, the office of Barrack-Master of Fort Augustus in Inverness-shire, he could not resist the temptation of a military employment, which best suited his habits; and emolument was not so great an object, as he was then receiving flattering accounts of the offers made for his trans-atlantic estate. My own sequestered and unworldly character made the idea of living in the Highlands not unpleasant to me: yet I felt much at parting from my kind friends,— one in particular, of my own age, with whom I have kept up an intimate friendship, now above fifty years, not

including our early childish intimacy at Glasgow. Her friendship, and that of her equally valuable sister, were the delight of my youth, and are among the chief remaining comforts of my decline.*

"Of my life for six years at Fort Augustus, and the intimacies I formed there, much is said in my published letters. A young clergyman, connected with some of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, possessing great personal advantages, and adding that of much refinement of mind, sound principle, and a most correct judgment, was at that time chaplain to the garrison. Intimacy was in a manner unavoidable between young people of resembling tastes, who, in the narrow circle in which they moved, met unavoidably every day. My marriage took place in 1779. Mr. Grant having been placed in the neighbouring parish of Laggan three years before, his popularity was secured by his manners and conduct; mine was of more difficult attainment, because I was not a native of the country, and Highlanders dislike the intrusion of a stranger. However, I had both pride and pleasure in overcoming difficulties. Thus, by adopting the customs, studying the Gaelic language, and, above all, not wondering at any thing local and peculiar, with the aid of a most worthy and sensible mother-in-law, I acquired that share of the good-will of my new connections, and the regard of the poor, without which, even with the fond affection

* Mrs. Smith of Jordan Hill, near Glasgow, and her sister, Mrs. James Brown, of that city, are the friends here alluded to. Much of the correspondence in the following volumes, and in the "Letters from the Mountains," is addressed to these ladies. — Ed.

of a fellow mind, such a residence would have been scarcely supportable.

"My father soon afterwards removed to Fort George, near Inverness, and had generally one or two of my children residing with him and my mother. I acquired a taste for farming, led a life of fervid activity, and had a large family of children, all promising, and the greater number of them beautiful. I felt much at home among our neighbours and the tenantry, and many things occurred that might give interest to a more extended biography, but must be here passed over. I generally passed some weeks every summer at Fort George, with my parents, and kept up a constant correspondence with my friends in the South.

"In 1794 my father gave up his office at Fort George, and returned to Glasgow. This was in some degree convenient for us, as it enabled us to send our children there for education. A particular circumstance made us known to the family of the late Mr. Macintosh of Dunchattan in that neighbourhood; much of my printed correspondence was carried on with Mrs. Macintosh, who was a woman very kind-hearted, and possessing strong intellectual powers, with a fund of peculiar humour. She was sister of Dr. Moore of literary memory, the father of the lamented General Sir John Moore. Her husband was, in his way, a distinguished philanthropist. He procured a commission in the army for our eldest son, John Lauchlan, then a mere boy, but a most amiable and promising one: he died in Glasgow of consumption in his sixteenth year. This was a great blow,

and bore heavy on his father, whose health had been always very precarious. I had mourned over three children, who died previously, in early infancy. The birth of my youngest child, a fortnight after the death of his brother, carried off my thoughts, in some degree, from this affliction. The daily decline of Mr. Grant's health, though I was unwilling to see it, now forced itself on my attention. He outlived his son eighteen months. . . . . I cannot go through details ever painful to memory: suffice it that he was removed in 1801, after an attack of inflammation of three days' continuance; and I was thus left with eight children, not free from debt, yet owing less than might be expected, considering the size of our family, and the decent hospitality which was kept up in a manner that, on looking back, astonishes even myself, as it did others at the time. I was too much engrossed with my irreparable loss on the one hand, and too much accustomed to a firm reliance on the fatherly care of Him who will not abandon the children of a righteous man, on the other, to have any fears for the support of so many helpless creatures. I felt a confidence on their account that to many might appear romantic and extravagant.

"Where now was the American property? Entirely swallowed up in the gulf of the Revolution. It lay, unhappily, within the bounds of Vermont,—a new state which had risen like a volcanic island in the tumult of that civil commotion. The inhabitants were disbanded soldiers and lawless characters from every other state; they well knew that much of the land of which they had usurped the possession belonged to

officers and other British subjects. But they refused to accede to the confederation of the other states, if their rights were called in question; so that my father lost his landed property entirely, as he could not claim the merit of loyalty in troublous times, having left America before the troubles commenced. I omitted to say that, a very few years before his death, Mr. Grant obtained the chaplaincy of Lord Lynedoch's regiment (the 90th), in consequence of which I still receive a small pension from the War Office.

"I should now mention that I very early discovered a faculty of rhyming scarcely worthy to be dignified with the name of poetry, but easy and fluent. My first essay was scrawled in a kind of Miltonic verse, when I was little more than nine years old. I meant it for a secret; but my father showed it to some of our friends, which made me very much ashamed: and I think, whatever I might have meditated, I never wrote more till I wandered on the banks of the Cart, and afterwards at Fort Augustus, and again upon my way home to Laggan, after spending some months among my friends at Glasgow. All these occasional scraps I gave away, never having preserved a single copy. My friends were more apprehensive of pecuniary distress for me than I was for myself, and well knew how reluctant I should be to appear before the public as a writer:—this, perhaps, as much from pride as from modesty. I had been often urged by partial friends to write for the booksellers; but, in the first place, I had more dread of censure than hope of applause; and, besides, I could not find leisure, devoted as I was to a tenderly affectionate husband, whose

delicacy of constitution and still greater delicacy of mind, made my society and attendance essential to him. It still is gratifying to me to think of my steadiness in this refusal. I had, during some of the years which tasked my faculties of every kind to intense exertion, much aid and comfort from a young lady* related to my husband's family, whom particular circumstances had separated from her nearer relatives; yet, owing to her absence, during winter, in town, my duties grew every day more arduous. Nothing, indeed, but the deepest gratitude to the invaluable friends of my early days, would have induced me to carry on the frequent correspondence now known to the public; it was only in early summer mornings, and late winter ones, that I could find time to write: an excellent constitution, and equal, cheerful spirits, for which I could never be thankful enough, bore me through a great deal.

"To return. Before I had ever heard of the project for my advantage,—indeed before the materials were collected,—proposals were dispersed all over Scotland for publishing a volume of my Poems. To these proposals a specimen was annexed, in what my friends in Edinburgh considered my best manner. The late Duchess of Gordon had a seat at Kinrara, near Laggan, where she spent the summer months. Unlike most people of the world, she presented her least favourable phasis to the public; but in this her Highland home all her best qualities were in action, and there it was that her warm benevolence and steady friendship were known and felt. Although I had at

* Miss Charlotte Grant.

that time (1802) never seen her, she wrote me a letter of condolence, and interested herself with much kindness in my behalf. My personal friends were not only zealous themselves, but procured new friends for me, who afterwards showed the warmest interest in my welfare. Being very much attached to my humble neighbours, I had at one time written, as part of a letter, a page or two of poetical regret at the hard necessity that forced so many to emigrate. The friend who had preserved this effusion sent it home, and advised me to enlarge and complete the sketch. I did so; and thus was finished "The Highlanders," the principal poem in the published collection; the rest I did not see again till I saw them in print. Of the living I must not speak; but in gratitude to the departed, I must mention the unwearied exertions, on this occasion, of Robert Arbuthnot, Esq., the father of the present Sir William, and the late Sir William Forbes, neither of whom were personally known to me. Three thousand names appear as subscribers to the volume of Poems,—a number, I am told, unequalled. Some of these I owed to esteem, but certainly the greatest number to compassion or to influence; so that my gratitude was mingled with a sense of humiliation.

"Having already paid a due tribute of gratitude to the Duchess of Gordon, it is but justice to state the indulgence of the Duke. We had a cheap, fertile, and compact farm at Laggan, without which we could not have supported our family in the manner we did. The Duke allowed me to possess it at the old rent, not only for the year after Mr. Grant's death, but for the ensuing one also. This was not quite satisfactory

to my friends in Glasgow, who generously wished me to live near them, that they might be in many respects useful to me. But my elder daughters found a home there under my father's roof, who had removed to that city chiefly on their account; I also thought my mountain abode at Laggan more frugal and safe in its remote obscurity. I loved the common people too, chiefly because, of their own class, they were very *uncommon* people, and also because they revered the memory of their departed pastor, and truly loved his family. I knew them well; nor do I think that any educated or informed person ever was more intimately known to an unlettered and seemingly uninformed populace. But I have told my feelings and opinions on this subject in another place, to which I shall refer hereafter.

"In 1802, while the publication of my Poems was about to take place, a lady* in Bristol, who had heard much of the conduct and manners of my eldest daughter, and who was well known to my friends in Edinburgh and Glasgow, requested me to permit my daughter to reside with her as a friend, promising to make her such an allowance as would put it in her power to assist her family. There could not be a more meritorious couple than this lady and her husband. All seemed promising, so that I did not feel justified in declining the proposal; and my daughter was accordingly soon after established most agreeably with her new friends in Bristol. My next difficulty —for I was never long without one—arose from the

* Mrs. Protheroe, the lady of the late Edward Protheroe, Esq., M.P. for Bristol.—*Ed.*

state of my daughter's health. I was soon after apprised by her friends in Bristol that she was dangerously ill; that the lady with whom she resided had been summoned to a distant part of the country to attend her mother's death-bed; and that it was absolutely necessary that I should myself go to take charge of her. I was obliged to set out immediately, in a state of mind impossible to describe, and to leave my family under the care of two trusty and most attached servants and a daughter of eighteen—that incomparable daughter Isabella, who, while she remained on earth, was like a guardian angel to us all.

"My painful journey commenced in mid-winter, and was not barren of occurrences; the friends I made on the way were a valuable addition to my treasures of that kind. I found my daughter very ill, and was plainly told by her friends that she was not likely to recover: her physician was of the same opinion, adding, that if she had any chance of recovery, it would be by residing for some months at the hot wells in the neighbourhood, and drinking the waters. This was a formidable proposal to me; but I trusted in the Hand which had hitherto upheld me, and took lodgings at the hot wells, where I found myself repaid for what was certainly very inconvenient, by seeing my daughter in a great measure restored to health. One of the friends of my early days, Mrs. Furzer (formerly Miss Ourry) was now a widow, living retired at the pretty village of Plympton in Devonshire. She invited us cordially to spend a few weeks with her; but we could only afford a fortnight, and then returned to Bristol to set off for Scotland.

"It was the end of April (1803) when we arrived in Glasgow. I found my father suffering from an illness in that city, which proved his last; and I left my daughter with him. Returning to my home at Laggan, after seeing all the luxury that wealth affords, I set out, mounted on a horse that was sent to meet me, on a dark showery day, and travelled over the bleak unvaried heath of Drumochter* with unspeakable delight. I was going from a world where I was a sorrowful unknown wanderer, to a place where every countenance brightened at my approach, and where affectionate children were to meet me with rapture. But on this I must not enlarge.

"Briefly, then, before the time elapsed when my unwilling removal from Laggan took place (June, 1803), I engaged a house near Stirling, with some garden-ground and a lawn, where I could feed a couple of cows. The place was called Woodend†; on its unequalled beauty I will not now dilate. Of my kind departed friend, Lady Steuart, I must ever think with the gratitude I owed to her, and with the esteem which every one paid to her merit. She was my next, my kindest, I might well say my only kind neighbour at Woodend.‡ By others in the vicinity I was little known and less understood; but my old friends discovered and sought me out in my seclusion.

* An extensive mountainous tract which separates the counties of Perth and Inverness.

† Now called Gartur; it lies two miles to the south-west of Stirling.

‡ Sir Henry and Lady Steuart of Allanton then resided at the neighbouring mansion-house of Touch, the property of Lady Steuart's brother, Mr. Seton.

"My eldest remaining son, Duncan, was then at Marlow preparing for the army, which, to my sorrow, was his choice. A disturbance arising among the youths of that establishment, in which he was no otherwise concerned than as the depositary of their secret, which he had too much honour to betray, involved me in much trouble and expense. I was obliged in consequence to go to London in the beginning of 1805, leaving my family with my mother, who had come to live with me after the death of my father. My son, who was the hope and pride of my family, soon afterwards, through the patronage of the well known and respected Charles Grant, then Chairman of the India House, received a commission in the military service of the East India Company, and I was detained, heavy-hearted enough, for some months in London, to see him prepared for going to India. The equipment of my son was a new and heavy expenditure, for which I was not well provided. In this situation my friends strongly advised me to publish my Letters; a resource in which I had little faith, and, had I thought it available, such a disclosure was very grating to my feelings, for two reasons. First, because I always thought it extremely indelicate to publish letters in the lifetime of the author; and next, because to suit them for public perusal, and avoid misconstruction in my own circle, I saw that I should find it necessary to exclude the most amusing and interesting passages, namely, those that related more particularly to my friends and their friends, as well as much harmless badinage and veritable narrative. The only series of letters, indeed, that I myself should

have thought worth preserving, were those I had written to a young lady of distinguished beauty both of mind and person, whom I have before alluded to, and whose history makes, in my eventful life, an episode of no small interest to those who knew and admired her. To her I had, for ten years, supplied the place of her departed mother. She died (May 1800) in the first year after her marriage, leaving with one of my daughters, who attended her, strict injunctions to destroy those letters after her death, in order, I believe, to prevent the misconstructions to which they might be liable, by falling into the hands of those to whom many passages of them might prove unintelligible.

"After arriving in London, I was at the utmost loss, knowing no bookseller, how to dispose of my defective and ill-arranged manuscripts. Happily I met with a Scotch friend, who knew something of Messrs. Longman and Rees, and promised to introduce me. I went to them with no enviable feelings, being fully as much ashamed of my shabby manuscript as Falstaff was of his ragged recruits. Mr. Longman, however, took it graciously, submitted it to his invisible critic, and in a few days I heard the glad sound that it would do very well for publication. I was told that it would be set about immediately, and would be ready in three or four months, it being arranged that I should receive half of the profits, the booksellers bearing the risk of printing. This was in spring, 1805. Summer and autumn passed, winter came, spring returned;—still not a word of my book. I thought my papers had been lost or thrown aside as useless, and, occupied with

a thousand other cares, I had almost forgotten them, when I received at Woodend a letter informing me that my book was printed, and nothing was wanted but the preface, which, it seems, was the last thing required. Certainly never was preface more expeditiously written. In half an hour after the letter was received the preface was away to Stirling to overtake the evening post. I had declined to give my name to the public as the author of the Letters, and therefore could not be much affected, farther than a pecuniary disappointment, by their being overlooked. Yet I have been seldom so much surprised as when my kind neighbour Lady Steuart casually mentioned her hearing from London that a book called "Letters from the Mountains" divided with some other new publication, the attention of readers that summer. No person, I believe, was so astonished at their success as myself. My booksellers dealt liberally with me, and many persons of distinguished worth interested themselves in me, and sought my acquaintance, in consequence of perusing these Letters. I do not name the living, but of those who are beyond the reach of human gratitude, I may mention Sir Walter Farquhar, Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London, and Mr. Hatsell of the House of Commons."

Here Mrs. Grant's sketch of her own life breaks off about the period of the death of her daughter Charlotte, which occurred in April, 1807. She was an amiable and beautiful girl, of premature understanding, who died at the age of seventeen. Her letters

still remaining show her to have been possessed of much of her mother's energy of character, and abound in expressions of warm affection and sentiments of piety and truth. Three months afterwards, Catherine, the second daughter, died in her 25th year. In alluding to this period, Mrs. Grant says, in another place, "I cannot dwell on all the anguish of this beginning of maternal sorrow; I mean, that of seeing my hopes blasted by consumption, since so fatal to my family. I had lost children before, but I was not then their *only* parent." She probably never could resume a narrative in which she would have to record the successive bereavements of her much-loved children, eleven of whom it was the will of a mysterious Providence that she should survive. For their sakes she made the most meritorious and strenuous exertions; she had most acute and deep feelings, but her faith, her piety, and her fortitude enabled her to support almost unequalled trials.

Four of Mrs. Grant's daughters who survived Catherine, lived to grow up, and were severally remarkable for talent or amiability. The eldest of her two remaining sons was prosperous in his military career in India. He was himself deserving, and he had met with kind and influential friends, and to him his mother looked with pride and hope, which were suddenly blasted by the unexpected tidings of his death in 1814, in his twenty-seventh year. The youngest son alone survived her.

The preceding sketch of Mrs. Grant's life by herself is continued down to 1806, as are her published "Letters from the Mountains;" and, as the series of

letters in the following volumes have been selected from a more extensive correspondence, with a view to their conveying, in her own words, a continuous history of her eventful life, little more of prefatory detail is necessary.

In 1806 Mrs. Grant removed with her family from their pleasant dwelling at Woodend, to Stirling, and from Stirling to Edinburgh in 1810. Her object in making this removal, and the society she mingled with in the capital where she resided during the remainder of her life, are fully described in the following volumes. In 1820 Mrs. Grant had the misfortune to fall down a stair, which caused a serious injury, followed by severe suffering for many months, and by lameness for the rest of her life. She bore the long confinement and protracted pain with cheerful submission,—grateful for every kindness, for every alleviation. Happily her general health did not suffer, and such was the ardour of her character, that, though unable to move without crutches, she overcame all obstacles, and made several distant journies afterwards, on account of the health of her family, or to visit friends.

In 1827 she was deprived of Mary, the eldest and the last surviving of her daughters, whose style of conversation and letters some of their friends considered equal to those of her mother. Mrs. Grant, in writing after Mary's death to a friend who had intimately known them both, says, "What I wanted, she had, sound judgment, much tact, discernment into character, manners the most popular, joining perfect ease to perfect modesty,—may I not now add, a grace

peculiar to herself, and a talent for the management of a family seldom met with, and rendered compatible with all her social and pleasing qualities. All this she was, and I was most blessed in a friend, companion, and manager, in every department unequalled." A young cousin, with devoted attachment, supplied the place of a daughter to Mrs. Grant till 1833, when the marriage of her son took place. His profession of a Writer to the Signet had fixed him in Edinburgh, and he continued to reside with his mother. Her cheerfulness, and the lively appreciation she had of everything done to promote her comfort, rendered her, till the latest period of her prolonged existence, a delightful companion to live with, while the warm interest she felt in whatever could contribute to the happiness, or even to the amusement of others, kept her own feelings and affections ever alive. Of her conversational powers it was remarked by a friend that "they were perhaps still more attractive than her writings. Her information on every subject, combined with her uniform cheerfulness and equanimity, made her society very delightful. There was a dignity and sedateness united with considerable sprightliness and vivacity, in her conversation, which rendered it highly interesting; and it was so unaffected and natural, and seemed to emanate from her well-stored mind with so little effort, that some of her liveliest sallies appeared as if they had been struck off at the moment without any previous reflection. The native simplicity of her mind, and an entire freedom from all attempt at display, soon made the youngest person with whom she conversed feel in the presence of a friend; and if there

was any quality of her well-balanced mind which stood out more prominently than another, it was that benevolence which made her invariably study the comfort of every person who came in contact with her."

In her figure Mrs. Grant was tall, and in her earlier life slender, but after the severe accident in 1820, probably from being deprived of her usual exercise, she became of a full habit. Her house in Edinburgh continued, for nearly thirty years, to be the resort, not only of the numerous friends who were attracted by her animated conversation, but also by many distinguished strangers who brought introductions to her. The partiality she early imbibed for America continued unabated, and she always hailed with peculiar pleasure the arrival of any one from that country. Her personal appearance and manners were described in the following graphic terms, in a letter to his friends, by an accomplished young American, who visited Edinburgh in 1829. "I have seen Mrs. Grant of Laggan. She is a venerable ruin; she is so lame as to be obliged to walk with crutches, and even with their assistance her motions are slow and languid. Still she is not only resigned, but cheerful; her confidence in Divine goodness has never failed. I think I shall never forget that venerable countenance, so marked by suffering, yet so tranquil, so indicative at once both of goodness and of greatness. The broad and noble forehead above all, relieved by the parted grey hair, exceeds, in interest, any feature of youthful beauty which it has yet been my fortune to behold. Her conversation is original and characteris-

tic, frank, yet far from rude, replete at once with amusement and instruction. She frequently, among friends, claims the privilege of age to speak what she calls truth, what every one indeed must acknowledge to be such in its wisest and most attractive form."*

In the same year, Professor Norton, of Cambridge University, New England, along with Mrs. Norton, visited Mrs. Grant in Edinburgh, and thus writes to her after his return to America:—"It was delightful to find you in old age, after such severe trials, so supported and strengthened by the power of God—not resigned merely, possessing not the calm benevolence of age alone, but all the kindlier feelings in their freshness and flower, which, beautiful as they are in youth, become so much more deeply interesting when we know that care and sorrow had no power to wither them, and that they will soon form part of that crown of glory which fadeth not. If we could have forgotten the blessings which God has for a time taken to himself, and is reserving for you in his keeping, we might have thought of you as one

> "Whose cheerful day benevolence endears,
> Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,
> The general favourite, and the general friend."

Mrs. Grant always retained her love of nature and simplicity; she was fond of having flowers and birds in her sitting room, and liked to collect parties of children about her. Until confined to bed, a fortnight before her death, the fine view of the country from her windows in Manor Place was a never-failing

* Remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin. New York, 1831.

source of delight to her. The trees, the green grass, the distant hills, the sky, the setting sun,—nature in all her varieties, had charms for her. Her thankfulness to God for the mercies she enjoyed often escaped in ejaculations from her lips, when seated quietly with the few that latterly formed her domestic circle. Her sorrows she kept within her own heart, showing by her unbroken courage the value of the hope that supported her, and by her ever ready sympathy with the griefs of others, how deeply she had felt, and how well she understood, sorrow in all its shades.

For the last twelve years of her life, Mrs. Grant received a pension of 100*l.*, which was granted by his late Majesty George the Fourth, on the joint representation of Sir William Arbuthnot, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, Mr. Henry Mackenzie (author of the Man of Feeling), Sir Robert Liston, and Principal Baird, who, in the memorial presented on the occasion in Mrs. Grant's behalf, which was written by Sir Walter Scott, attest their opinion that "the character and talents of Mrs. Grant have long rendered her not only a useful and estimable member of society, but one eminent for the services she has rendered to the cause of religion, morality, knowledge, and taste. Her writings," they add, "deservedly popular in her own country, derive their success from the happy manner in which, addressing themselves to the national pride of the Scottish people, they breathe a spirit at once of patriotism and of that candour which renders patriotism unselfish and liberal. We have no hesitation in attesting our belief that Mrs. Grant's writings have produced a strong and salutary effect upon her countrymen,

who not only found recorded in them much of national history and antiquities, which would otherwise have been forgotten, but found them combined with the soundest and best lessons of virtue and morality." This application originated in the kindness of Mrs. Grant's friends, who concerted the matter without her knowledge; when the arrangements were explained to her, she was highly gratified by the warmth of friendship which had given rise to them. Her distinguished friend the late Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, left her, by his will, an annuity of similar amount; and these sums, added to some other bequests by friends, and the emoluments of her writings, rendered Mrs. Grant, with her simple tastes and habits of self-denial, not only easy in circumstances in her latter days, but also enabled her to gratify the generosity of her nature by giving to others.

During 1838, Mrs Grant enjoyed her usual health, and in the summer she occasionally went out in a carriage, or was carried to a garden in her neighbourhood, which had been for several years a favourite retreat of hers in warm weather. She continued to correspond with her absent friends, and received and gladly welcomed the friends who visited her in Manor Place, until the end of October, when she was seized with a severe attack of influenza. She had lost her amiable daughter-in-law nearly two years previously; but her son was with her during this her last illness, and she was sedulously attended by a lady who had been her companion for some years, and by attached servants, until the 7th of November, when, to borrow her own words, applied, in the "Letters from the

Mountains," to the death of a venerated relative, "she departed full of hope and comfort, with a full confidence in the merits of her divine Redeemer; and the looking back upon a well-spent life supported her in the hour when all other dependance fails." Mrs. Grant was, at the time of her death, in her eighty-fourth year; her remains were interred near the graves of four of her daughters in the New Cemetery of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, where her son has erected a monument to her memory.

The following is a list of Mrs. Grant's published works:—

1. A volume of Original Poems, with some translations from the Gaelic. Published in 1803.
2. "Letters from the Mountains," being a selection from the author's correspondence with her intimate friends, from 1773 to 1804. Published in 1806.
3. Memoirs of an American Lady. Published in 1808.
4. Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, with translations from the Gaelic. Published in 1811.
5. Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen: a Poem. Published in 1814.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

TO THE REV. JOHN ANDERSON, DELL, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Woodend, near Stirling, 17th August, 1803.

Dear Sir,

I HAD the pleasure of your letter, for such indeed it was to me, renewing the memory of the past, which I must always remember with regret the most tender, with affection the most grateful. Nothing but the softness that fills my heart and my eyes, when I look back upon my past life and its associates, could make me less sensible than I ought to be of the blessings and benefits I enjoy here: the beauty of the place rises on me every day, and 'tis a scenery calculated to nurse a soothing and gentle melancholy. My house is an excellent one; my children well and doing well. I have got my mother with me to nurse, and she grows daily better with regard to her spirits after her late deprivation*, but does not recruit much in strength.

* The death of the author's father, Mr. Macvicar.

We receive very great and unlooked-for civility from the people hereabouts. We have no near neighbour except Mr. Steuart of Allanton, who, being married to a daughter of Mr. Seton of Touch, occupies that fine seat in the immediate vicinity; he is a literate and well-bred man, quite of the old court, with much dignity, and considered stately. Mrs. Steuart is a very suitable and resembling character to his. To us they have been all kindness, liberality, and politeness; we command their garden as if it were our own, and receive daily fresh marks of civility and friendly interest. I could have no idea of such warmth of kindness where I have no claim whatever.

I have brought my son Duncan home from the Academy, which he left with a very good character from all his masters: he is grown a genteel-looking boy, and much improved in his manners. The whole country being in a ferment with warlike preparations has kindled in his mind a spark of military ardour, which I find it will not be easy for me to quench. I have therefore been prevailed on to apply to the Duchess of Gordon as the most likely person to operate in such a business. I must beg you to enclose the within letter to her Grace. I know of none so likely to succeed in any application of the kind.

Offer my best respects to Mrs. Anderson, and believe me ever yours, gratefully,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER II.

TO MRS. SMITH, OF JORDANHILL, NEAR GLASGOW.

My dear Friend, Woodend, 10th October, 1803.

I heard of the happy acquisition you have made, and was ready to congratulate you on having a son-in-law so worthy of your daughter, when I got your letter, and had the pleasure to find confirmed by you all that I was led to expect from his prepossessing appearance and general good report. I thought your felicity was as complete as the state of human affairs, and of your variously interested affections, could admit; though at the same time I well knew the absence of an amiable and only daughter must be, for some time, a very painful privation. But before I finished your letter I found an observation I have too often made sadly confirmed, that the cup of human prosperity is always readiest to spill when at the fullest. Subdued as my mind is, and familiar with sad vicissitudes, I felt one of those heartaches which I thought I should never feel more, on hearing of your son's illness. You know what a favourite he always was. I should have lamented it for his own sake, although he were not what he is to you, and for your sake, though he were less worthy, and less endeared to me, by the long habit of liking him from a child.

My dear, dear friend, it is vain for us to cast anchor here; the anchor drags, or the cable breaks, and again we are driven forth into an ocean of trouble and

uncertainty. Inevitable sorrows we must submit to, and the man after God's heart was only indulged with his election from three dreadful visitations. Doubtless it is good for us that the measure and manner of the furnace in which we are to be purified is not left to our choice. Alas! what experimental knowledge have I not acquired on this subject! Yet I am thankful for now beginning to recover a degree of sad serenity which restless care and ceaseless agitation had excluded for some time past. You will think it a romantic source of inquietude that, though my own fireside exhibits a scene of harmony and innocence "of power to chase all sadness but despair," I languish for the scenes of humble happiness that have been so long congenial as well as familiar to me. Gentle and courteous cottagers of my ever dear Laggan! where is your simplicity of life? where are your native undebased sentiments? where your mutual kindness, your social affections, your reverence for virtue, your grateful respect to superiors, and your self-denial, fortitude, and unequalled filial duty?

Here am I grieved with the altered manners of a gross and sordid peasantry, who retain only the form they have inherited from their pious ancestors, while the spirit is entirely evaporated; who, while they have advanced in the knowledge and practice of a species of coarse and tasteless luxury, are retrograde in every thing valuable and estimable; who regard their superiors with envious ill will, and their equals with selfish coldness; who neither look back to their ancestors, nor forward to their successors, but live and labour merely for the individual. They sure enough

are degenerated; but I have lived in a luxury of a superior kind, which has made me fastidious.

I am sure you are tired of this rhapsody; my next infliction will be upon Mrs. Brown, to whom I owe a letter. Don't be afraid of my growing misanthrope. I have still benevolence enough remaining to afford some love to my kind friend Mr. Smith; you will also offer warm congratulations to the young couple from their sincere well-wisher,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER III.

MRS. BROWN, BALSHAGRY COTTAGE, NEAR GLASGOW.

Woodend, 26th October, 1803.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

Your letter is so very characteristic, so very like yourself, that I am perfectly charmed with it, and have sat down to answer it, though I am tired to death, not having sat since morning, unless to eat.

Don't talk of egotism, unless you mean to reprove mine, which is always superabundant. I delight in getting a peep of an old friend in their every day dress, and every day employment, to follow them through those duties which become pleasures by being discharged with alacrity, and to walk quietly round their domestic circle. Do you know my mind has turned more towards, and dwelt more on you of late, than for a long time? I am charmed with your cow, and your onion-beds, and your attention to them. I always liked your family for their rural taste, and

indeed never knew a set of people bred wholly in town, who had so little of the cockney in them. I sincerely felicitate you on a cottage cheered by rural employment, and endeared by the neighbourhood of such a sister as yours.*

I shall now proceed to tell, if that were possible, what I think of Burns†, and how much I am obliged to you for letting me into his fireside. Alas! that it should ever have been the fireside of an exciseman or a democrat! for these, I am persuaded, were the heart wounds at which his life-blood flowed out;—I mean that the habits of life, the connections, and the chagrin that these two unlucky circumstances brought on him corroded his peace, as well as corrupted his morals. But, like Job, he retained his integrity, as far as his fellow mortals were concerned; though I fear his acquaintance with the great and the dissolute made him in some degree forget his first love, that sense of religion which should have been the comfort of his afflictions, and of which he retained enough to embitter reflection, and make sin appear exceeding sinful. I thought I was past weeping at any thing; but these home strokes "extort from hardest hearts confession of distress." But here, "love, sympathy, and pity wept at once." Nay, I very often shed tears of admiration; for nothing is readier to melt my heart and fill my eyes than a swelling sentiment of sublime generosity or exalted philanthropy.

* Mrs. Smith of Jordanhill.

† Alluding to the Letters of Burns, then recently published.

I don't know whether to pity or admire Burns most. Why were such people made? Was it only to elate us by seeing how bright our nature can rise, that we may be the more effectually humbled by seeing how low it may sink? He was indeed

> "A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt;
> Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!"

Those fatal winters in Edinburgh! that more fatal delusion of leaning for happiness on the bosom of the gay and fortunate, because they make us the companions of their pleasures. But, alas! though ready to rejoice with us if we possess talents to heighten their festive hours, when the day of affliction comes, we are either left to pine neglected, or perhaps have our sorrows embittered by the sneer of wanton insult.

Ask me of his genius! I have not power to do justice to its vigour, extent, and versatility. His poetry shows him in one walk of superior excellence; but his correspondence shows him to be equal to any thing. 'Tis nauseous to hear people say what he would have been if he had got a more thorough education. If he had, he would not have been Burns; he would not have been that daring, original, and unfettered genius, whose 'wood-notes wild' silence the whole chorus of modern tame correctness, as one of our mountain blackbirds would a number of canaries. He did know his own strength, as such a superior intelligence necessarily must; but then he knew his own weakness, though that knowledge did not answer the purpose of self-defence. Oh

that he had but learnt that difficult lesson, which I have, from experimental knowledge of its efficacy, endeavoured to impress most forcibly upon my children,—that there is no high attainment, moral or religious, no excellence, no felicity to be acquired, without the habitual practice of self-command and self-denial. But this theme is endless. Yet one word more. How different are his letters to Mrs. Dunlop, where his heart truly opens, from his effusions to his gay companions;—that scorn of the world and its vain pursuits, that sublime melancholy; that aspiration—though struggling through doubts and darkness—after what the world does not afford; that acute sensibility; that manly sincerity, and every thing that characterises genius and exalts humanity. But I am wandering into a rhapsody of words unworthy alike of the subject, and of my unutterable ideas.

I have not left time to write your sister; I have indeed written myself down. God send you and her all the blessings wished you by your unalterable friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER IV.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

Woodend, 1st July, 1804.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

I believe I need hardly expect credit, even from you, when I tell you that I live in a great hurry,

notwithstanding my aide-de-camps, whose diligence in performing their several duties I have no reason to complain of; but I have dedicated this summer to making certain arrangements in the way of gardening and household affairs, which will leave me at leisure to apply to a new literary task when these beautiful days shorten; for I really cannot think of shutting myself up with my own gloomy reflections, while all nature smiles invitation around me. You can't think, too, how many little rural employments I create to myself by the help of three cows which I graze this summer, and which constitute no contemptible dairy. The love of farming is cousin-german to the love of nature: no person that has ever tasted the sweets of weeding turnips and pulling lint, not to mention the transports of marking the first bloom nodding on potatoes — no such agricultural enthusiast can give up these pursuits without a pang like that of a defeated general or a neglected beauty.

I hear often, and in a very satisfactory manner, from my young soldier, who wishes to start home by sea in their long vacation in September; but whether I am to indulge him or myself so far, I have not yet decided. My mother is wonderfully well and happy. I sometimes am inclined to envy her tranquillity and freedom from those cares that wear and harass my over-sensitive mind; but I should not repine, for I have only an option given me betwixt care and sorrow; when I have leisure, painful recollections crowd in upon me and embitter it. It is a fearful thing, in this fluctuating state, to possess much: in proportion to what we enjoy we must suffer under the privation

of these enjoyments. Alas! this is no theme to follow.

Tell your dear sister I will write, in these days, my acknowledgments for her last very kind letters, and that I have followed Mr. Smith's directions about the bill with exact punctuality; he has the great secret of being at once exact and easy. Adieu, my dear Mrs. Brown. I am always, with truth and warm affection, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER V.

GEORGE THOMSON, ESQ., TRUSTEES' OFFICE, EDINBURGH.

Woodend, 20th August, 1804.

Dear Sir,

My brains are so completely addled with the weary work of correction*, that you must not expect a distinct account of my labours. I flatter myself I have met your idea in the "March of Rhudlan." If it requires any correction as to the smoothness of the numbers, return it; I can no otherwise alter it, not having retained a copy.

Our wood nymphs, who have their books full of memorial flowers, pressed for preservation, are quite scandalized at your want of reverence for such memorials. I have seen a single violet, the first of

* Alluding to some songs she had written for Mr. Thomson's musical collection.

spring, sent above a hundred miles in a letter, and that letter perfumed by it for years; indeed, this immortality of odour is the violet's peculiar privilege.

Formal man, with your exchange of visits! What would lead any one to Edinburgh in summer? Some of the girls will go and tire you out in winter. In the mean time, though I know you have many friends who will be happy to accommodate Catherine, I doubt if any of them reside in a purer air or more peaceful scene than this. Our girls are no wood-wanderers; they leave that to me. I shall take very great care of her, and do everything but amuse her; that, in this convent, is out of the question. But it is not expedient for young people to be too dependent on amusement: employment is certainly the zest of life; and I dare say Adam would have tired of Paradise had he not been ordered to prune and dress it. Pray let me know by return of post when we may expect her.

After wearing out my spirits with correction, I refreshed them by *playing a voluntary*, which you will find on the other side,—"The Braes of Touch." A lyrical ballad do you call it?—but it will not, I suppose, answer any of your purposes. I am, dear Sir, yours, with regard,

ANNE GRANT.

Letter VI.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

Woodend, 23d August, 1804.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

I had the pleasure of both your letters; I can't be exact about the quantum of your icy friend's "*refrigerants;*" but this I am quite sure of, that they carried an enemy in their train, worse than any they went to combat: the French we may hope to repel, if not overcome; but luxury will assuredly overcome us. I am sure Mr. Brown is perfectly of my opinion; nay, so clear am I on this point, that I consider this war as a salutary drain, and those high taxes, the operation of which is chiefly confined to the rich, as public blessings. He who thinks wine too dear may drink less; and he who grudges the carriage-tax may ride on horseback, or stay at home. Were there not some little canals cut for draining away the superflux of luxury, it would inundate the land; and when it sunk (as it necessarily must), its loathsome dregs and sediment would breed a worse plague than that of Egypt, imputed to a similar cause. When a wealthy people cease to be warlike, they are the helpless prey of every hungry enemy that chooses to attack them. I have taken it into my head to be very sagacious and political to-day; but you must give me some credit for liberality, when I tell you that I am recently smarting from the income tax: but that, you will say, is no reason for taxing your patience.

By the by, I am seriously disappointed at Robert's not coming to us this year. I am sure he could not but admire the beautiful braes of Touch, had he seen them in their summer dress: he would see, too, the mistress I have selected for him;—and against another year she may probably be flown out of his reach:

> "The hills, the dales, and groves remain;
> But Nanny there he'll seek in vain."

I congratulate you on Frank's recovery; but you have all too great avidity for teaching your boys every thing early. He should not have been at school last summer. I wish you saw what a fine boy I have, that can talk of plants from the oak to the mushroom, and yet has little more than his alphabet. Adieu, my dear kind friend. I am ever yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER VII.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

Woodend, 13th December, 1804.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

The singular exertion of friendship you made in ill health, and when you had what others might have esteemed motives for preferring your own ease, has made a lasting impression on my mind, in addition to all past kindness.

I am now going to set out on another less distressing journey, though my time of life and state of health make every journey severe. My son sets sail for

India in the beginning of January, which arrangement being somewhat sudden, his plan of coming to take leave of us is thereby overturned. Mrs. Furzer, who takes a maternal interest in him, has written me urgently to come up, she being confined all winter to her new house at Richmond, and Mrs. Malliet, now above eighty-five years of age, requiring her daughter's constant attendance in town. This latter is equally desirous of seeing me; and there are certain literary plans, &c. to be promoted by this journey. The result you shall hear hereafter; but depend upon it they are no trivial matters that induce me, at this time, to leave my family.

I do not write to your sister, because I consider this letter as the very same thing, compliments excepted, which are things long since buried between her and me; and if the ghost of ceremony should walk, it should be rather from her to me, seeing that mine are the precise circumstances to which superior minds pay deference.

Now it comes into my head, as the only recompence I can make for kindness unvaried and unwearied, to choose you as the depositary, during my travels, of all my sage observations, of which, however, I shall not be at leisure to make many;—you, whose sons and husband are too much occupied to be much your companions, and the tender tie, which it was the Divine will to break so early, having left you without the soothing comfort of a softer companion constantly at hand, will have more leisure to pay attention to what in itself will be of little value. I will send you all my crude opinions on the wonders of art for Mr.

Brown's delectation, not in the opinions, but the subjects of them. Remember me with veneration to your mother and aunt, with much true regard to Mr. Brown, and with love unchangeable to your dear sister and her unequalled mate. Ever cordially yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER VIII.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

Berners Street, London,
28th January, 1805.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

Many thanks for your attention. I felt as glad at the sight of your hand as I used to do long since at Fort Augustus. I assure you a letter from this place is a proof of affection; for never was poor wight's time more engrossed than your friend's. Such a variety of characters and little odd incidents occurred, that if I were in a playful or moralising mood, or, what were most of all desirable, at perfect leisure, I might fill a long letter with a relation of my adventures before I landed at Wapping. Suffice it that, after a voyage of twelve days, I arrived, thank God! in health, little affected by fear, and not materially the worse of two days' sea-sickness. I am glad I came by sea for many reasons: one, that I got a view of the banks of the Thames—beautiful even in winter; and of so much of the British navy—terrible even at anchor. I wished Mr. Brown had been with me to admire Greenwich Hospital, of which I dare say he has often seen views—perhaps models. I do not expect to see any

thing like it in England; yet it wants—what every fine building here seems equally to want—an area before it; it is built in to the water's edge, and reminds you of the description we hear of Venetian palaces. But, alas! the days of description have not arrived; for never was mortal so occupied that might be supposed at perfect leisure;—so now for a little more egotism.

On my arrival here, I found Mrs. and Miss Malliet had been for days expecting me. They received me with Caledonian kindness; which was much from them, who are not in the habit of seeing many strangers, except card-parties; though they have an elegant fashionable house, a carriage, and suitable establishment: but in early life, before they became so rich as they are now, they formed retired and frugal habits which still remain, though now quite unnecessary. I have not felt the operation of these habits, for never was kindness and hospitality more cordial than theirs to me. They have a very desirable circle of acquaintance, but 'tis odd that there should be hardly one of these pure English: they are the race of the French Protestants who came with Miss M.'s grandfather from France, when the edict of Nantz was repealed, and Scotch families who have been settled in London. Among these are the Moores, the Hunters, and the Baillies, including Miss Joanna, authoress of the Plays upon the Passions, some Humes and Douglasses; all agreeable people, and something more,—distinguished for one or other species of merit.

Alas! time presses, and I have only leisure to tell

you that my time has been very much, but very agreeably, engaged. My friends and relations in town are numerous beyond what I could have imagined. I see my son every day, who does not go to India till March; but there is no help for that. To-morrow I go to Mrs. Furzer's at Richmond, where I shall stay six weeks constant, to finish my literary task.* I am truly, sincerely, yours always,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER IX

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

Richmond, 8th April, 1805.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

I meant to write you anything interesting that occurred to me; but never was still life so unvaried as that I have led since I came here, about the first of February.

Mrs. Furzer has a delightful house and garden here: the first, elegantly neat, and furnished in a plain, but very genteel taste; the last, a continued source of amusement when once gardening weather comes in, being stocked with the greatest variety of fruit and flowers; the brick walls, as well as those of the house, being covered with grapes that ripen in the open air. Few taste and enjoy things of this nature so much as she does, who actually works in the garden every fair

* The "Letters from the Mountains," which she was about to arrange for publication.

hour that she can possibly stir out. She is lucky in neighbours, too: the clergyman of the place, a very worthy and agreeable man, lives next door; another clergyman, who has a most agreeable wife, opposite; and Mrs. Moore, the general's mother, on the other side. Yet all these comforts have been, in a great degree, lost to us this spring, Mrs. F.. having been confined to the house, and not able to see any company, till very lately.

When I came to town, I thought my son was to sail immediately; the destination of the ship, however, was changed, so he did not go: he is now, however, on the point of sailing with Lord Cornwallis, and is to be here with me on a visit for two or three days, and then we shall all set out for London together.

Richmond and its whole neighbourhood is certainly a cluster of beauty, which, after all, one can hardly call rural, consisting of the houses of pleasure and grounds adjoining, belonging to numberless noble and wealthy families. There are no views here (except that exquisitely luxuriant one from Richmond Hill) that would much please Mr. Brown; that is to say, they have no bold and striking features, and would make no figure in a landscape. Richmond Park, too, is very beautiful, and has an agreeable wildness that relieves the eye, after the very tame, the very rich country that surrounds it. Every walk we take seems to be crowded with departed wits and beauties; I meet Swift, Arbuthnot, Addison, and Pope, about Ham and Twickenham, every day, in idea. They are beautiful walks, no doubt; but, if I durst say so, I like my own sweet Woodend better. The self same

rich scenes pall upon my eyes; but the silver Thames, meandering through the most charming meadows, decked with the noblest trees one can possibly behold, always delights me.

I spent one day lately, with my son, in the King's Botanic Garden at Kew. I should have been very glad to have had Joshua the son of Nun with me, to bid the sun stand still; for, really, a day was very little to survey this epitome of the whole vegetable world. I was in nearly twenty hot-houses: the three that took my fancy most were—one with about sixteen varieties of palm and cocoa trees, besides numberless species of the aloe plants, singular beyond imagination; the next was the Chinese House, where were arranged on stands, rising above each other, an endless variety of Chinese and other aquatics, planted in very large porcelain vases, the flowers and leaves floating in tepid water. This building had, within, two rows of wooden pillars, round which were twined all the beautiful creepers and gourds of the East, many of which were in flower; on the top was a range of pots containing flowers of astonishing size and splendid beauty. From hence we went to a hot-house, lately built for the purpose of receiving a ship-load of plants from Cayenne, captured on their way to Madame Buonaparte, who, it seems, delights in botany. These plants are very curious; indeed, a vast variety of spices are comprehended among them. I tasted cinnamon from the very tree, and saw numberless peppers. After leaving the torrid clime of these buildings, I walked through the gardens, which teem with wonders; but what pleased me most was to see what good sub-

jects the royal thrushes and blackbirds are: they seem so conscious of the protection they enjoy, that they repay it with the most ample confidence; they are cousin-germans, I think, to your hens, that fly out at the window and walk up stairs again. These confident musicians walk beside you, fearless and careless; their nests are everywhere in your way, but, as no one is suffered to disturb them, they seem to consider themselves as privileged.

My literary task* is not yet finished. I met with many interruptions from my friends, ill health, &c. I am, as usual, very busy to little purpose. I beg you will not fail to write me. The time of my return will depend on my poor nephew, who is confined and ill at Bristol. I begin to long greatly for my children.

I am yours truly, &c.

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER X.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., HOUSE OF COMMONS, LONDON.

London, 2d May, 1805.

Sir,

The purpose of this address is to endeavour to recall to your memory a person, of whom you had a very slight knowledge indeed, at Fort Augustus, thirty years ago, then a girl of seventeen, and in whose father's house you resided while there. Since that time I was happily and respectably married to a

* See note, foot of page 51.

gentleman of that country, who was minister of an adjoining parish, and chaplain to the 90th regiment. He was a man of much humanity and generosity. We lived in an open and hospitable manner, and had twelve children, of whom eight remain. I hasten to the sad sequel. Three years ago, a sudden death deprived us of the best of husbands and fathers. To his young and helpless family his character and example are a rich inheritance. I do not fear that they will feel absolute want, nor were they left absolutely destitute. My friends, however, urged me to publish a volume of occasional verses, which I had wrote to please them or myself. This volume I have taken the liberty of sending you, not to solicit your name, or derive any advantage in that way; far otherwise. I do not mention my address, to prevent the possibility of having my motive mistaken. But, having come to town to send my eldest son to the East Indies, and conclude some other matters relative to my family, I happened to hear you spoken of as a worthy and benevolent character; thinking you, too, at the time I met with you, the finest gentleman I ever saw, I was very attentive to your conversation, and remarked that you had a taste for literature. These are the circumstances that have induced me thus to commit myself, by placing a confidence in you that may lead you to think oddly of me. I cannot help it. You will never see nor hear of me more; and if you do not attend to my simple request, forget, I beg of you, that ever I made it.

You see, by the subscribers' list, that my own country-people are interested in me, and have treated me with

unexampled kindness; yet my circumstances rendering it difficult for me to educate so large a family, without encroaching on their little capital, I am now about to publish two small volumes, without my name, of juvenile correspondence, genuine and unaltered, under the title of "Letters from the Mountains." Now, I send you my poetical volume, first, in return for two books you gave me at Fort Augustus; and, next, that you may read it: and if you think as kindly of it as many others have done, it will perhaps interest you in the writer, or, what is much better, in a large family of orphans belonging to a worthy man. You will, in that case, use your influence, which I know is extensive, to make the intended publication known. I do not expect you to recommend it; because that is useless if it wants merit, and needless if it has. Longman and Rees are my publishers; they have some volumes of the work herewith sent on hand: these, too, I wish you to make known. It would gratify me if you would send a note to Longman and Rees, desiring to have the "Letters from the Mountains" sent you when they are published. If you are a man of delicacy and benevolence, you will do this, to show you take my confidence in good part; if not, be at least a man of honour, — burn this letter, never mention it, and forget the ill judged-presumption of your obedient humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XI.

TO ALEXANDER TOD, ESQ. LONDON.

Dear Sir, Bristol Hotwells, 5th May, 1805.

All is well. I am less fatigued than might be expected, considering how very much I was worn out before I left the great city.

My companions were quiet, rational people, and very civil. The night proved extremely cold and rainy, but the morning presented an enchanting prospect, which the rapidity of our course varied every minute. Passing through Keyntham, a village midway between Bath and Bristol, I saw a young lady, whom I know intimately and greatly value, standing pensively at a window past which we were whirling. I put out my head and bowed, and she looked aghast, thinking, I suppose, it was a vision. But as ghosts do not often travel in mail coaches, she would be much puzzled to find out why mine chose such a singular mode of conveyance, especially as we do not understand eccentricity to be fashionable in the other world. I shall, however, let her know that I still inhabit my clay mansion, thin and brittle as it is.

I found my nephew* much better than I hoped, though far from well: he seemed, indeed, just beginning to derive benefit from these waters, when his languor and weariness were about to make him desert his post. Ten days, at least, I think we shall stay; and then we

* Lauchlan Stuart, Esq., nephew of Mr. Grant.

shall take lodgings at Pancras for a little longer, to see how that agrees with us. I am very glad I came, for I think I will keep up his spirits a little. I have not yet seen the Lady Maybress, but expect her every minute. I am, dear sir, yours very sincerely,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XII.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

Berners Street, London,
16th May, 1805.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

I have been in London just ten days since returning from Bristol. My engagements and employments have, during that period, been various and complicated, too much so for the detail that a letter, written in the short interval I can command, could contain; suffice it that I have seen the two theatres, and the best performers in each; went again to wonder at Roscius in Douglas, and did wonder—at the folly of spoiling so fine a child by anticipating his capabilities, and ruining his constitution. I wondered, too, at the nature, good sense, and simplicity that appeared in his chaste and graceful action; and very much indeed at the flexible minds of the audience, that could admit the deception of such a little boy for a single moment occupying the place of young Douglas in their imaginations. I admired the boy and the play; but I admired them separately and distinctively.

A greater wonder still is in reserve. My "affrighting the glimpses of the moon" and "making

night hideous" at the Opera. This was a plan of Miss Malliet's. By some odd accident her father was led to have a small share of the patent, which they retain; so she got an order of admission for Mrs. Furzer and myself. The most wonderful thing, except the matchless wonder of seeing myself there, was the scenery, which is enchanting. The music was Greek to me, and I understood as little of the language of the recitative. To crown wonder, and exalt it to amazement, I, who never saw a very splendid spectacle before, and will probably never see one again comparable to this, fell asleep in the midst of the performance! It was only for a minute; but I had walked from Berners Street to Westminster Bridge in the morning, and had come through by-streets on my return, and got no coach;—in short, I was cold and fatigued to the utmost degree, and two hours of tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee were too much for me: but it was a very short slumber indeed. I am glad I have seen the Opera, because it is really a fine spectacle, and enables me still more emphatically to say "all is vanity."

Tell Mr. Brown I feasted upon the Shakspeare Gallery with high zest; but I have not half done with it, and, if I possibly can, will spare another forenoon to it. Of the characters I have met with I can afford no time for a detail; only the venerable Mrs. Carter I must mention, with whom I dine today at Mrs. Hunter's,—Mr. Thomson's muse, you know.

I have fixed for Charlotte's coming to my relation Miss Stewart of Albemarle Street, who has behaved

on the occasion with singular liberality. My bookseller likes my manuscripts* far beyond my expectations: he would have more, and more, and more letters. I must stop in haste, but will write in a few days. Yours affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE REV. JOHN ANDERSON, DELL, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Woodend, 12th June, 1805.

Dear Sir,

When I was your debtor, you said I paid you very faithfully; I beg, now that you are mine, that you may follow so good an example. You owe me much good will, many kindly recollections, and moreover a letter, which costs me a greater effort to write than you are aware of. Writing is now as great a task to me as to yourself. Writing to you, in particular, seems conjuring up the ghosts of my departed hours, and those the most painful and gloomy of them, which are associated in my mind with your efforts to soothe and support me in a crisis I shudder to look back upon.

I am sure you wondered much at my going to London; but the ignorant always wonder, and so must you, till you know my motives. It was new to me to find myself blended in the gay and busy crowd, as it is to you to see yourself classed among the ignorant; but I will not disturb the bliss of your ignorance with explanations till an hour of greater

* Letters from the Mountains.

leisure. I am not going to be so absurd as to describe London to you, where I spent very little time, and of which you have taken a more intelligent as well as more leisurely survey than I could. But if you have any curiosity to know the general impression left on my mind by this new scene of wonder and variety, I will tell you in a whisper the result; premising, that I never felt this impression so forcibly as at the Opera, where I was carried to be dazzled. Retired people, possessing any degree of imagination, are always forming splendid ideas of capitals, where power and wealth, directed by ingenuity, and stimulated by vanity, do all to please and to embellish, that mere man is capable of performing. A consciousness of having reached the very utmost, confines the mind within the limited horizon of reality, repels fancy, and damps expectation. It is very fine,—but is there no more of it? Is this all that can be acquired or enjoyed? Yet I tasted all these things, and were I obliged to live in a capital, I know not but that I might prefer London even to any other great town; but the sight of it has by no means enlarged my views either of human grandeur or human felicity. What amused me most, was the Shakspeare Gallery; what filled up my mind most, was Westminster Abbey; not only as a noble building, but as it impressed my mind with the idea of its being the record of past ages, and the threshold of future existence, where I could have wished to rest and to expatiate, or solicit

> "The spirit of Pluto to unfold,
> What worlds, or what vast regions hold
> The immortal spirit that hath forsook
> Her prison in this fleshly nook."

I have not left room to gratify myself by telling you the acquisitions I made, on this excursion, of acquaintance, I may add, friends, among those whose friendship is in every sense an honour, though, at this great distance, it can scarcely be called a happiness. I saw your Duchess, too, transiently; she was—as she always is to me—very kind, and I am—as I shall always be to her—very grateful and sensible of her goodness.

That unmerciful conjuror, Malcolm Laing, seems determined to lay the ghosts of all our tuneful ancestors in the Red Sea, or rather, in the black and bitter sea of that ink which he has poured out so profusely,

"To blot
All forms and records of antiquity."

Do you think the children of enthusiasm will ever forgive such an exorcism, or be easily reconciled to any of their number who desert to the enemy's camp, or furnish arms. Malcolm Laing will be a very proper successor to Buonaparte, for I know of none so well entitled to rule in the region of the self-sufficient.

My family are all well, and unite with me in kind wishes. I can only add that I am, with much regard for Mrs. Anderson, dear sir, yours very sincerely,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XIV.

TO MISS GRANT, JORDANHIL, GLASGOW.

Woodend, 4th August, 1805.

My dear Mary,

The little boys are come, escorted by the finest young couple imaginable. We talk of nothing but Mrs. S. S. since we saw her, and have but one opinion, however differently expressed. Speaking of her, Anne is enlivened to rapture, and Charlotte softened to gentleness; such is the wonder-working power of beauty chastened by decorum, and impressed with the imperial insignia of mind. Isabella is equally charmed, and thinks, with me, that the workmanship of the casket suits the value of the jewel it contains. You will say we saw much in so short a time. We did so, for the care and tenderness she showed about the children, her solid and rational remarks on their dawning dispositions, and the soft solicitude about soothing the poor nurse-maid's grief at parting with them, showed more character than would appear in twenty visits. I would now tell you, if I could, how much we are pleased with the dear little strangers. They are the most engaging creatures, docile, endearing, and most amusing; every one is engaged about them, and even my own little boy has fallen a little into the shade: he feels awkwardly conscious of this temporary eclipse, but finds a new source of consequence in being elder brother to the little strangers.

I forgive the Reviewers, like a Christian, for what they say of myself; but feel as revengeful as a Malay

for what they say of the Highlanders; for their silly and absurd attempt to prove the fair-haired Fingal and his tuneful son nonentities, includes an accusation of deceit and folly against the whole people. Arrogant scribes that they are, to talk so decidedly of the question, of all others, perhaps, which they are least qualified to determine! They are doubtless clever, but intoxicated with applause and self-opinion. Why should they wish to diminish the honour their country derives from the most exalted heroism, adorned by the most affecting poetry that ever existed? They disprove their own assertion; for had Ossian's poetry been the shadow of a shade, a mere imaginary imitation of what, if it ever did exist, had been long lost in the clouds of remote antiquity, it would be utterly impossible that it should communicate to all Europe the powerful impulse they are forced to acknowledge. An author, describing a fictitious character, may make us weep and tremble; but then he is impressed by some real one with the image he conveys to us. The double deception of a feigned poet celebrating a feigned hero, could never have power to reach the heart. Chatterton, the tattered theme of all these sceptics, with whom they are sure to begin and end, had powers of mind far superior to those of James Macpherson; and what emotion, except that of wonder, was ever produced by his poetry? Whoever agitates, exalts, or deeply affects the mind, must first feel himself. Now, no man was ever an enthusiast in the very act of knavery. Do the Reviewers know so little of human nature as to suppose a man's mind to expand with generous and tender sentiments, at the

very instant he is shrinking with the consciousness of deliberate baseness? Let them live twenty years where I did; let them acquire the language, and know the people; and then, and not till then, I will suppose them qualified to decide this point, and then I will readily abide by their decision.

Mrs. Steuart of Touch has been here, and I there, —kinder and more agreeable, if possible, than ever:

> "Though I should wear out a' my shoon,
> Just gaun to see her,
> Wi' every other pair that's done,
> Mair ta'en I'm wi' her."

Mr. Steuart was very ill, and is at Gillicsland for his health, correcting his third volume. Mrs. Mackenzie inquires tenderly for you. What more can I tell you —drowsy as I am—but that I am, with many kind regards to the friends you are with, your affectionate mother,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XV.

TO MISS ANNE DUNBAR, LONDON.

Woodend, 18th November, 1805.

My dear Bar*,

I wonder at myself for writing to any one so very deficient in common modesty. Ingrate that you are!

* "Bar," a familiar abbreviation of Miss Dunbar's name, adopted in the author's family. Miss Dunbar had some years previously taught a school at Laggan, which was attended by Mrs. Grant's children.

Have I not spent half-a-guinea and half a pair of shoes, in coach hire and a fatiguing walk through Temple Bar, in order to see you? You were an age in my debt before; and yet, after all this, you reproach *me*, who have taken all this pains to see you, and moreover written twice unanswered.

Alas for Andrew Macpherson! Yet why alas? In the full strength of his probity, sincerity, and benevolence—virtues yet unsullied by the corrupting world—he was called, like the friend * of his childhood, from sorrow and from danger. The Author of all good shortened their trials, before the breath of contagion had time to blow upon them. I have brought myself to think of them merely as transplanted flowers; but I will not tell you how many pangs it cost me before I could thus calmly view those privations.

Poor Miss Dunbar of Bath! for her, indeed, we may say alas! I thought she bore the stroke too well at first,—it was a blaze of fortitude which could not last. I fear she is now draining out that mournful apathy, that indifference to all earthly things, that is found among the worst dregs of the cup of sorrow: but I will write to her very frequently hereafter, and would visit her if I could afford it.

You are so carried off by one favourite idea, which for the time has possession of your fancy, that you cannot be brought to write a sober letter,—narrative, descriptive, and domestical,—that will give one an idea of your present occupations, state of mind, and opinions,—in short, that will let one into your apart-

* Alluding to a son of the author, who died a few years previously, in early youth.

ment and preserve the ease of intimacy and truth of friendship, by giving us a clear view of the object which interests us.

Now, if I were not sending Charlotte with an olive branch in her mouth, as a messenger of peace, I would draw a picture that would set Woodend, with all its Dryads and fairy inmates, before your eyes. There you should see, opposite my window, gilt by the mild beams of an autumnal sun, the many-coloured woods, half stript of their foliage, giving a partial view of stately towers and smoking cottages. Within, you see a decay more affecting. Poor Lauchlan Stewart at my side, with a hectic flush on his hollow cheeks, and a wild gleam in his sunk eyes, bespeaking the stealing progress of the hopeless disorder that is consuming life, insensibly to him, but to us too visibly. Sinner that I am, to neglect him, the main object of my present attention, to write to one for whom I do not, comparatively, care!—for you are well, happy, and independent of me. Yet I cared for you very much when you were sick and sorrowful, and should do so again, would my cares avail. I will not finish the picture, but merely tell you with what calm cheerfulness my mother knits and sings beside me. What a happy old age is hers!

Are you not charmed with the "Lay of the last Minstrel?"

> "O Caledonia! rude and wild,
> Fit nurse for a poetic child;
> Land of the mountain and the flood!
> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood!
> Land of my sires! what mortal hand
> Can ever break the filial band
> That binds me to thy rugged strand?"

Read this on your knees, and wo be to you if ever you aspostatise from your love and duty to the land of cakes, which is indeed the land of social life and social love, and lies in a happy medium between the dissipated gaiety and improvident thoughtlessness of the Irish, and the cold and close attention to petty comforts and conveniences which absorbs the English mind, and damps the soul of kindness and generosity when it deranges any of their little arrangements to see or serve their friends. Yet they excel us in many things: they have less pride, less vanity, less affectation, less of that art which is the child of an unhappy match betwixt vanity and necessity. But then, knowledge and sentiment are more widely diffused among us, and we have more self-denial, that noble aid and buttress to virtue. They have more of the materials for happiness bestowed on them; but we manage our small stock better: we love better, and our affections take a wider grasp. Adieu, beloved Bar. Your true and unaltered friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XVI.

TO MISS CHARLOTTE GRANT, DOVER STREET, LONDON.

Glasgow, 13th December, 1805.

My dear Charlotte,

I am very thankful to hear of your speedy passage, safe arrival, and the kind associates you have had, and pleasing reception you have met.

Of all friends you must consider Miss Malliet as the

person whose kindness to you is most spontaneous; she is so entirely unconnected with you,—no drawing of Highland warmth or prejudice, and so much out of your own line of life, that you must look on her countenance as not only flattering and creditable to you, but a peculiar favour of Providence, which I trust you will not forfeit by any impropriety.

Pray get a long sheet of paper, and, without waiting for opportunities, send it directly by post here, filled with a distinct account of your proceedings, the state of your mind, the companions you are likely to have, and the view you take of the modes of life, and the characters you are likely to be connected with. This is not from an idle curiosity about people whom I may never see, but from a desire to judge what probable influence such may have upon your own character.

I have already exhausted upon you my whole quiver of advice, spiritual and prudential. I shall not now—while, I humbly hope, the traces of my farewell counsels remain uneffaced—repeat what cannot be too much enforced,—the duty of remembering your Creator in the days of your youth. Your heart must pant for that tenderness of affection and sympathy of feeling which cannot be found among strangers. God is love, my dear child. He is present with you while we are absent. Let the vacant void be filled with love for Him: do not vainly think that amusement or anything else can fill it. You will always love us; but your love cannot be kept awake by perpetual solicitude, as ours for you is. Cherish a nobler sentiment, which will help to preserve us in your mind.

as the friends of your childhood, as those who have taught you to take shelter from the storms of life under the wings of Omnipotence.

You will guess that I came here with our poor cousin Lauchlan Stuart, who has declined very fast since you saw him, and here I shall be till the sad scene closes. Perhaps he will yet take an airing on a good day; but I see the tide of life ebbing fast, and I watch every favourable moment to raise his thoughts beyond time to eternity.

Yet a few maxims before I finish. Examine your heart; pray for humility; be very frugal (it would be cruel indelicacy to be otherwise); be not petulant; avoid parties; avoid criticism; detest pertness: keep a strict curb upon vanity. Above all things, do not try to seem, but try to be, with the Divine help, what others wish you, and believe me your warmly affectionate mother,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XVII.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., HOUSE OF COMMONS, LONDON.

Woodend, 29th April, 1806.

Sir,

I have just been greatly surprised, as well as deeply affected, by your very kind letter. The pressure of very peculiar circumstances emboldened me to solicit your protection for my most unwilling publication, when I was in London; but I was so little satisfied with myself, for thus exposing my motives to

the mercy of unkind conjecture, that I endeavoured to forget that I had written. So far I succeeded that for months I have not recollected this indiscretion, for such indeed I accounted it. Judge, then, besides being dazzled by generosity, and soothed by delicacy, how much I am relieved to find I have not been misconstrued. I have the additional satisfaction to augur, from approbation so respectable, that the dreaded consequence of ridicule and contempt will not result from the sad necessity which induced me to unveil my private correspondence to the public in this unusual manner.

Tales of woe are usually tedious: I shall make mine as brief as possible. My eldest remaining son, a boy then under sixteen, but of a premature and very prepossessing appearance, with decent parts and manners, was appointed a cadet for Woolwich in 1804: he went through a preparatory course of military education at Marlow; and, a very few days before the time he should have removed, was made the unfortunate depositary of a foolish and desperate combination among a number of thoughtless boys, which afterwards produced the mutiny you must have heard of. He took no active part, but, on being examined, refused to give up the names of the rest, accounting such a disclosure dishonourable. His size and manly appearance led the court to consider him as a ringleader, and as such he was (I am told unjustly) sentenced.

Until I heard the circumstances truly explained from his patron, Mr. Charles Grant of the India House, I was inexpressibly wretched; for disgrace was new to me, and I could not support it. Present

inconvenience and pecuniary distress appeared light when this was removed. By the advice of my dear friend Mrs. Furzer at Richmond, once Miss Ourry, I went to London. His R. H. the Duke of York was persuaded to be quiescent while my son was appointed a cadet on the Bombay Establishment, and matters were remedied as far as possible. Meantime I had to keep him all winter in London. This, and the very considerable expense of sending him out to India, cut deep in my slender finances. To make up to his sisters for this, I complied with advice often rejected before, and published these letters.

So far from refusing, from a mistaken notion of dignity, your offered kindness, I am proud to owe an obligation conferred by such a character, and in such a manner. Accept the warmest acknowledgments of a grateful mother, and believe me, dear sir, your much obliged and most obedient servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XVIII.

TO MRS. SMITH, OF JORDANHILL, GLASGOW.

Melville Place, 24th May, 1806.

My dear Friend,

I am charmed to think that you have been at Woodend, and that my hard, and, I trust, not unsuccessful struggles for independence, are honoured with your approbation.* I hope you will not con-

* Referring to the "Letters from the Mountains," which were then published.

sider it as the suggestion of vanity, when I say that the simple and peculiar manner in which my children have been brought up, has not on my side greatly disappointed expectation.

I could have no reasons but those of delicacy to conceal Mr. Hatsell's friendly letter and munificent donation; if that has been violated, it is you that must be answerable. When the gourd that conceals us from public view is blasted by adverse circumstances, it would be gross affectation to pretend indifference to public opinion. It is noble, though perhaps foolhardy, to encounter danger needlessly; but it is base and callous to encounter contempt. This being the case, you may believe I lean hard both on Mr. Hatsell's approbation and yours, and feel comforted to hear that the "Letters" have a run in Glasgow. I have got a most impetuous and energetic letter from Miss Dunbar of Boath, urging for a copy, she not having patience to wait the Elgin bookseller's expected cargo.

I greatly approve of your going soon to Peterhead. Your son's portion of stamina is certainly inadequate to his endless and boundless exertions. A watering place, with other advantages, possesses that of leading people to trifle easily and agreeably,—a very necessary lesson for people whose sword continually eats the scabbard. Doleful experience has taught me to know too well the meaning of this emphatic metaphor.

My house in Stirling would charm you; it is genteel and commodious:—dining room, drawing room, excellent attics, and a spare bedroom after accommodating every one.

I lay no claims on you now; but whenever you are settled at Peterhead, write to let me know how you go on. With love to Mr. Smith and all the youths, I am yours most affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XIX.

TO ALEXANDER TOD, ESQ., LONDON.

Stirling, 12th October, 1806.

Dear Sir,

I am sure it will give you pleasure to know that I have already reaped considerable benefit from the publication of the Letters; though no benefit but the reflection of essentially serving that family for whom alone I live and labour, could compensate the torture of mind it cost me to lay open my cabinets and my heart in this manner to the public. I am glad you derived any entertainment from them. That they should amuse and interest you, who, I dare say, were pre-determined to be pleased, is less wonderful, considering, too, how familiar the characters and scene of action were to you: but the warm interest they seem to have excited in entire strangers, was a thing quite beyond my hopes.

You must ere now have been, like every one else, astonished by a recent change in the North. Every one is both sorry and indignant. I too am very sorry, but it is for the person supposed to be advanced and benefited. He, I doubt not, will have reason, some years hence, to adopt Cardinal Wolsey's pathetic ex-

clamation, when the ebbing favour of an earthly prince deprived him of even the last interior resource. I think it was King Lear's fool that said "he had never done well since he had come out of God's blessing into the warm sun."

I dare say you think, by this time, I shall not do well till I have done gossiping and quoting plays. I will only add that, while I am anxious to discharge the debt I owe you, I am actuated by the pure love of independence, well knowing that you are not the least anxious on the subject, and being sensible that you have taken pleasure in serving me. How essentially you have done so, in a most trying emergency, I can never for a moment forget; ought I not then to be, with the utmost esteem and attachment, your sincere and grateful friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XX.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

Stirling, 14th October, 1806

My dear Mrs. Brown,

We are here barking in all corners with the cough, the burden of which lies heavy on me for the present. I labour under a very novel privation just now,—a scarcity of daughters: think of my having but two with me at present. Isabella is in the Highlands, Catherine is in your own region, and yesterday Mrs. Steuart of Touch came to take Mary away; but she will only stay a day or two: and I could refuse

nothing to a person who has been so invariably and exceedingly kind to me, and whom we are soon to lose altogether, for they are just about to remove to Allanton.

Mr. George Thomson writes me in very high spirits after his Welsh jaunt, which would please his super-elegant taste more than a Highland one; because there he would find the beautiful within doors, to heighten the effects of the sublime without. He has been everywhere received with the respect and kindness to which his gentle manners and genuine worth so well entitle him, and has made such musical and poetical acquisitions, that you may expect to hear the true Cambrian notes of

> "High-born Hoel's harp,
> And soft Lewellyn's lay,"

revived, for Mr. Thomson intends to publish a collection of Welsh music, which will come out this winter. To this Cambrian garland those amiable and estimable Scotch Muses, Mrs. Hunter and Miss Baillie, have contributed some beautiful flowers; but it will soon appear in its own likeness.

You would be charmed to see the account Mr. Thomson and Mrs. Furzer give of Charlotte. His description is very flattering. Hear Mrs. F. verbatim, who talks with disgust of the fatigue of summer parties, and says she will shut herself up, like a cynic in her tub, when winter comes; but adds, "I shall, however, admit a novice at Christmas, of whom too much cannot be said; good sense and excellent principle appear to govern her conduct, and her mind

seems to me superior to false pride and mean vanity. She is what she is; and in my opinion there is nothing more indicative of a correct judgment, and a noble independent spirit. So much for my opinion of dear Charlotte." This verdict, which you may see flows warm from the heart, was given just after Charlotte had passed a week at Richmond. With true regards to you and yours, I am affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXI.

TO MRS. SMITH, OF JORDANHILL, GLASGOW.

Stirling, 20th October, 1806.

My dear Friend,

I write at this particular time to give you what I know you will think very pleasing intelligence. The Countess of Harcourt, Lady Charlotte Finch, formerly governess to the Royal Family, and many other distinguished people, have been stirred up by the letters addressed to the Lady of Jordanhill, and other such letters, to take a most active interest in the family of the writer. They have made Mr. George Chalmers write down for a list of all my family, their names and ages, with a view, I am told, of doing them good. Charlotte writes me that she has had many visits from different ladies of high fashion, but higher merit, whom she enumerates, who are very anxious to know, among other particulars, the exact size, complexion, and air of her mother! Is not this amusing, when there are such numbers of people

about me that don't care, and never inquired, whether I am of any size, or whether I have a complexion or not? Think how I must applaud such *laudable* curiosity. I have a letter, too, from my good friend Mr. Hatsell, who says he has just had a visit of two days from Dr. Porteus, the Bishop of London, and cannot say how highly he speaks, &c. &c.; and, moreover, his Lordship offers to forward another edition of said letters, which he is to compress into two volumes. The Bishop thinks the present edition would have been improved by leaving out some of those least interesting, which he is to mark himself. Mr. H. tells me he now sees a fair prospect of my arriving, by good management, at a state of comfortable independence. Adieu, beloved friend, yours ever,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXII.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., LONDON.

Stirling, 19th November, 1806.

My dear Sir,

I had your letter last night, and lose no time in requesting that the good Bishop of London, since he has condescended to lay hold of the pruning-knife for my benefit, may use it with unsparing justice. Mercy, in this case, as in many others, is only eventual cruelty. The redundancies of my fading wreath are, I know, full of mortal symptoms; it is only judicious pruning that can give it any chance to "live a little longer;" and securing this point may probably

make me live a little longer myself; for I find the confidence of hope, inspired by the generosity of my late acquired patrons, to have a most sanative effect on a poor nervous frame, nearly exhausted by depression and anxiety, care-worn vigils, and days of eager solicitude. Formerly none ever slept so little, and now I have begun to sleep till I wonder at myself.

I shall certainly conceal the kindness which the Bishop means to extend to me in this instance, and even consider it as fairy favours, which are lost when they are boasted of; yet I hope I may say to my intimates here, that I have been honoured by his approbation, and benefited by his goodness in other instances. Dr. Beattie is not the only Presbyterian who admired such light "as did from Haugh's unsullied mitre shine," or from that of our own evangelical Leighton.

The books his Lordship has the goodness to mark may be sent by the mail-coach, addressed to George Thomson, Esq., at the Trustees' Office, Edinburgh. Mr. Thomson, who is best known in England as the friend and correspondent of poor Burns, is also my particular friend, and would carefully forward them.

Much, much is done for me. I blush at the liberal goodness shown to my insignificance, when I reflect that two such lights as Burns and Cowper were, to all human appearance, prematurely extinguished by the cold blast of poverty. You will think me in a fair way to forget the humility that becomes "the sharded beetle." Comparing myself to these hard-fated and exalted geniuses makes me say, in reference to their destiny and mine, —

> " Often shall you find
> The sharded beetle in a safer hold
> Than is the full-winged eagle."

I am, with the deepest sense of obligation, dear sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXIII.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., LONDON.

Stirling, 27th November, 1806.

Dear Sir,

I greatly fear encroaching on your indulgence by too frequent appeals to it; but where did ever indulgence exist without inviting encroachment? How can I ever suppose either you or your venerated friend can immediately overlook my "tedious homilies," I mean the fragments of epistles which I have been over-persuaded to send you?

You, my dear sir, are not singular in the surprise you express at the silence of the Edinburgh Review, with regard to the letters. You will be more surprised when I tell you I am in some measure personally acquainted with Mr. Jeffrey, the conductor of that publication, and that what further he knows of me is through the most favourable medium,—some friends of mine, who are also his intimates, and who are partial to my writings in consequence of long endeared attachment to the Author. My daughter, too, was the favoured friend of his late beloved and very deserving wife; so that I am convinced it is no

personal ill will that makes this Arch-Critic so silent. But there are, among the Edinburgh Literati, two parties,—the *Philosophers*, who are also wits, and the *Enthusiasts*, who are also loyalists; not in the lukewarm form of the late converts, but with such a sentiment as that to which your virtuous Falkland and our great Montrose fell victims. To this latter party, my friends more particularly belong. The Philosophers, whom we consider as disguised republicans, value themselves on their prejudice against prejudices, and on general incredulity. We, again, believe all that our fathers believed; nay more; we believe in the existence of the fair-haired Fingal and the sweet voice of Cona. Now this enrages the Sophs beyond measure; their literary pride is all in arms at the very idea that gentle manners or generous sentiments should precede the existence of the sciences, and cannot conceive how a man should have either valour or compassion without learning it at school. On the same principle they treat female genius and female productions with unqualified scorn, never mentioning any thing of the kind but with a sneer. Of late they have clubbed their whole stock of talent to prove that no such person as Fingal ever existed; that our Celtic ancestors were little better than so many northern ourang-outangs; that we should never think of or mention our ancestors, unless to triumph in our superiority over them; that the Highlands should be instantly turned into a great sheep-walk, and that the sooner its inhabitants leave it, the better for themselves and the community. Judge what favour I, an illiterate female, loyalist and Highlander, am to

find at such a tribunal! I admire Jeffrey's abilities, and with his criticism on Marmontel's Memoirs, and the other on Anacreon Moore's poems, I am unspeakably delighted. But then he has so committed himself by his severity towards Mrs. Hunter, Miss Baillie, and my friend James Grahame, the amiable writer of "The Sabbath," and been so reproached by their friends, that he has lately declared he will never more criticise his particular acquaintance. I, for my part, am yet to learn whether he spares the rod out of kindness or contempt; but I shall soon know. Walter Scott, the charming minstrel of the Border, is lately enlisted in the critical corps;—such a loyalist as he, appears among them like Abdiel among the fallen angels.

I hope I have not been fatiguing, in my attempts to amuse you with a slight view of the state of Edinburgh literary politics. With the utmost respect and attachment, I am, dear sir, your grateful humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXIV.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., LONDON.

Dear Sir, Stirling, 14th December, 1806.

I had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 2nd, and the further satisfaction of finding that you can be interested in my petty concerns, even during the little time you allot to your more quiet enjoyments,

as well as during your active engagements. If gratitude were payment, you should be as liberally dealt with as I have been by my booksellers. Further I cannot proceed without disburdening my mind of the wonder and admiration which the liberality of these most generous booksellers has excited. Know, then, dear sir, that last week Longman and Company sent me their account stated, in which they have allowed me a handsome sum, out of their own half of the profits, as a free gift.

Of your observations I can only, in general, say at present, that they appear very judicious, and that I shall do and omit according to your directions, not merely as they are yours, but because I clearly see the propriety of what is pointed out.

Far from being mortified by the good Bishop's expulsion of so many of my chit-chat letters, I am greatly flattered by his intention in so doing; as I see clearly he wishes these fugitive epistles of mine to rise in consequence as they decrease in bulk, and to assume at least the appearance of a production containing some measure of amusing information, and calculated to produce some degree of moral effect. I do not shrink from the self-opinion which seems implied in this: the sentiments and opinions of one connected, taught, and influenced as I was, must have a moral tendency, which, dressed in the colours that feeling and fancy give to every object they approach, and covered with the light drapery of easy and artless narrative, may possibly, in some instances, attract that attention, which is refused to more solid and serious works of the same tendency.

Another attraction, which I am conscious has drawn more attention than any real merit the book possesses, is the peculiar mode of life, and manner of thinking consequent to those habits, which it displays: the manners and sentiments here portrayed, can only be found in the Highlands of Scotland, and very soon will not be found even there. When we rise higher in the scale of society, simplicity, with its attendants candour and energy, to a certain degree disappear: when we sink lower, vulgarity and servility become too visible. In England, our manners have more the effects of novelty, because there the different classes of society are more distinct: here, people of birth and fashion often treat their poorest relations, however distant, with so much kindness, and admit them so much to their society, that they are able to carry a leaven of refinement with them even into their own contracted sphere; and so many well-born poor people are driven by necessity into the army, and, by the dear love of their mountains, back again, when they have half-pay or any thing else to live upon,—that the manners and intelligence they bring home, do much to polish and enlighten their peculiar circle. So that here you often meet people meanly clad, and inhabiting dwellings no less mean, whose information and urbanity, compared with their appearance, would astonish you. I speak now of the Highlands exclusively. Query, whether those marking traits are not most obvious in local, domestic, and in every other point of view insignificant letters, which, like the straws in a thatched roof, are nothing singly, yet in a connected form give the appearance of warmth and humble

comfort? This is merely matter of inquiry, on which decision is to be formed, and not maternal tenderness for these trivial links in the epistolary chain, which will be easily sacrificed by me to the same dread of redundancy, which has consigned many more and many better to oblivion: I merely submit this to the consideration of my much revered judges.

I consult no one here, on these matters, but my eldest daughter Mary, who may be—indeed is—liable to my own bias, though possessed in general of a clear and solid judgment in ordinary matters, and not void of taste or attainments. I am, dear sir, very gratefully and respectfully, your attached humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXV.

TO MRS. HOOK, AT SIR WALTER FARQUHAR'S, BART., CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

Stirling, 30th December, 1806.

Dear Madam,

I had the very great pleasure of receiving your most acceptable gift*, and the truly affectionate letter which accompanied it, late last night. I have thought of little else since, and my first occupation this morning is to answer it: yet, from the nervous tremor which any new emotion excites in my shattered frame, and the interruptions I am every moment subject to at this time

* "Sacred Hours;" a religious compilation, by Mrs. Hook, daughter of Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart., and married to the Rev. Dr. James Hook, afterwards Dean of Worcester. — *Ed.*

of day, were I anxious to appear to advantage, I should defer acknowledging your kindness, till a more composed frame of mind, and a more quiet hour, would enable me to arrange my thoughts in some method.

When I talk of shattered nerves and powerful feelings, you will not suppose me adopting the language of sickly and over-indulged sensibility. That Gracious Power that, for good and wise purposes, has appointed me to do and to suffer more than many others, has also enabled me, when "the desire of my eyes was taken away by a stroke suddenly," not to mourn therefor in the extravagant and impious manner which the unresisted tide of human feeling might suggest. You, who have made the Scriptures of truth your hope and consolation, need not be told what book of inspiration I allude to. What I mean to say is, that, after having borne up under such an overwhelming tide of calamity, I should never talk of the petty luxuries of over-indulged sensibility; when I speak of nervous tremors, I mean merely the weakness which a body and mind enfeebled by long severe exertion must naturally incur. And this I do not say as complaint; on the contrary, I have often been astonished that a constitution which, though sound, was never robust, has held out so well under such heavy pressure.

You, it would appear, have not been equally favoured. Three years on a sofa was, indeed, a long trial of even Christian fortitude; but you have been like Sir Walter Raleigh, "who with his prison hours enriched the world." You have, in every sense, dealt very fairly with your readers, for you have not

recommended your cordial till you had an ample trial of its efficacy on yourself. I see you have drunk deep at the fountains to which I always had recourse in the hour of calamity—the Psalms, the book of Job, and Young's Night Thoughts, to me for ever dear and efficacious. These have been the Siloa that has murmured peace to my desponding heart, the Bethesda into which I have plunged for the cure of my infirmities, when overwhelmed by the greatest of all misfortunes,—when my children in losing their father lost every thing, and when they were all that was left to me.

How has Providence made light shine into darkness for me! How gloomy, how depressing, was the exigence that induced me, with mingled sorrow, fear, and shame, to open my cabinet—which, in fact, was opening my heart—to the public!

> "Who sow in tears, a reaping time
> Of joy, enjoy they shall."

says our old uncouth translation of the Psalms; and this I am sure I have experienced in the present instance. What benefit, what comfort have I derived from an event which has made so many of those who may be truly styled "the excellent of the earth" known to me! Friendship with worthy persons, who alone can be friends, has been always my wealth, my most valued treasure. Truly did Dr. Johnson say, in his last days, when the dawnings of celestial light began to dissipate the mists of prejudice, that the good opinion of one upright person was very valuable. Believe me, dear madam, that the sentiments of a

heart so pure and warm, and of a mind so well regulated as yours appears to be, are to me like the discovery of a mine in which I am to have a share; and I truly account it as one of the many blessings and benefits which I derive from what I considered as the greatest possible misfortune. Write, dear Madam; tell me of your health, of your father, of your place of residence: in short, give me a chart of my new possession; for such I account your friendship. You can say nothing of yourself which will not interest me; and in return I will endeavour to add interest to the letters you have honoured with so much attention, by sending you a key to the names and incidents to which they allude, which will show the connection between the subjects of the letters and those of the poems. I am, dear madam, your obliged humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXVI.

TO MRS. SMITH, OF JORDANHILL.

Stirling, 31st Dec. 1806.

My dear and ever dear friend,

Never was quotation more apposite than yours from Johnson. Cold, indeed, are those excellent hearts which would have been warmed and gladdened by seeing the arbiters of public opinion think of your friend as they thought. As for Mrs. M., I knew she would triumph in my most unexpected success. By the by, I hear that she is much better; it appears to

me like a resurrection. Oh that the all-powerful Spirit would "breathe on these dry bones, that they may live!" Who can tell for what purpose of exalted mercy, of illimitable good, she is called back from the brink of an awful futurity? I feel I have much more tenderness for her than I thought; my secret meditations continually hover round her, and I think of her with feelings unutterable. She has drunk of the cup of prosperity even to satiety, and it is not because she seems unlikely to drain out the last dregs of the cup of life that I lament.

I have received from Mrs. Hook, daughter of Sir Walter Farquhar, the well-known physician, a letter, elegantly written, and in terms the most friendly and gratifying. She sends me a present of two volumes, entitled "Sacred Hours," partly written and partly compiled by her when lying on a sofa, to which she was confined for three years by illness. These, as the title imports, consist much of devotional exercises and scriptural selections.

Do not in the least fear for my head, in consequence of the success of the Letters. In the first place, the only kind of pride I ever cherished was like those weeds which grow in a poor soil, and disappear when it is ameliorated. It served no other purpose but to fence in a kind of humble dignity. I valued myself just as highly when I was treated by many insignificant people with contemptuous indifference, as now that it is the fashion of the hour for people, every way my superiors, to over-rate me. I very well know, too, that the peculiarity of the subject, the lively, because true delineation of scenes to which the world,

particularly the English world, is a stranger, has excited attention fully more than the merits of the performance. Johnson, who all along hated and despised pastorals, being a kind of writing from which learning, philosophy, and cookery were equally excluded, and in which people were neither witty nor wise, sententious nor categorical, — he, I say, used to excuse his contempt for this way of writing because, he said, we should never see a pastoral written by a real shepherd; and modes of life drawn from conjecture did not suit his rectitude of taste. But here is a pastoral written by a real shepherd; here are simple manners and rural life, — humble, though not mean, — simple, though not vulgar, — truly drawn. Truth of sentiment is a hidden but powerful charm; the heart and imagination are detained by it, as the reasoning faculties are gratified by moral truth or mathematical demonstration. I am getting into too deep water now.

I had almost forgot to tell you what has made great part of my employment for a month past. Do you know I have written your name and described you and Jean, and all that do to you pertain, fifty times since winter? I have been forced to illustrate and note sets of these books for people both in Edinburgh and London, and the English curiosity about Moome and our dairy-maids is most diverting.

Mr. Hatsell has the volumes under correction, and the Bishop of London is equally busy in the same important task; but in the meanwhile I get a weekly spur from Longman, who assures me that my interest suffers exceedingly by this delay; and here am I be-

tween interest and honour, like Prince Prettyman with one boot on: but honour will decide after all.

Tell Mr. Smith that his kindness to Catherine, of which she boasts not a little, forms an additional link to the chain of obligation by which he holds me in willing subjection. I am half dead with weariness, and can only say that the chief pleasure I derive from this evening gleam of watery sunshine is, that it justifies in some measure to the world that partiality which you, my dear, old, true, unvaried friend, retained in all circumstances for your most affectionately attached

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXVII.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

Stirling, 20th March, 1807.

My dear Madam,

I know not whether I should apologise for the length of time I have permitted to elapse since I was gratified by receiving your very friendly and affectionate letter, the impression of which was not a little strengthened on my mind by one I received from my daughter Charlotte, containing so lively, so enthusiastic a sketch of your appearance and manners as perfectly charmed me; and the more, as it contained no affected rapture or borrowed flights, but was evidently the expression of strong feeling, heightened by warm gratitude. I was delighted with the portrait, and not a little pleased with the artist who had drawn

it so happily. Had you known me so long and well as to be convinced that such a proceeding was not dictated either by vanity or flattery, I could find in my heart to send you this artless homage to the character which nature has impressed upon your countenance. I am just now extremely anxious about this admirer of yours, who was preparing to take her bed with the influenza, and I have not heard of her since.

I was agreeably surprised to find that Dr. Lovel of Bristol was the invisible link by which you and I have been so strangely connected. You, of course, are no stranger to my obligations and attachment to that "beloved physician." Very much retired as I have lived, I have found in the course of my acquaintance, that knowing one valuable and amiable character is like discovering a vein of some precious mineral, which, by adhering to it, is sure to lead you on to other treasures of the same nature. The children of truth and affection have a simple yet peculiar language of their own, by which, among all the rude tumults of a jarring world, or the smoother tones of artifice and dissimulation, they distinguish, comfort, and delight each other. Of this more hereafter.

I cannot leave off without telling you that when the second edition of my volumes — now in the press — comes to be disposed of, there is a reasonable prospect that my worldly matters may be so arranged that I may live with my family in the quiet sphere to which my "regulated wishes" are confined, without being the prey of solicitude for the future. A very moderate share of this assurance will do for me, as I

really am one of those good children who never cry but when they are hurt.

Without telling you how much I feel myself obliged by Mr. Hook's liberal encouragement to your wish of commencing a friendship, which most of the lords of the creation would consider as a very visionary project, and very little desirable, all things considered, pray tell him how much I admire his generosity of sentiment. I am, dear madam, with grateful affection, and, I must now add, warm admiration, your sincere friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

Stirling, 24th March, 1807.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

I am sure you think me the most ungrateful of all creatures,—and seemingly with cause; but you do not know how very much I have been indisposed since I came here, and what distress of mind I have laboured under. I hoped daily to have some good news to communicate, and deferred from time to time giving you the pain which you must necessarily share with me.

About three weeks ago I got a letter from Charlotte, informing me that she and all in the house were attacked by an influenza which raged at the time through London, and that she was just lying down to nurse herself. Day after day I waited and hoped to get

good accounts of her, but in vain; and this night I have received a letter summoning me up to Richmond, where, it seems, she is with Mrs. Furzer, who, being very apprehensive, and a great invalid herself, is most anxious for my coming up. These alarms and journies have quite worn me out: I have no longer constitution for these exertions. Mr. Dundas, the surgeon at Richmond, says that she has outgrown her strength, and that it would not be safe to return her to the London air and confinement for the summer, and that I ought to take her down to Scotland. Now they say that she is visibly the better of the Richmond air since she went out, and Mrs. Furzer being to the last degree nervous and apprehensive, I doubt not that they see things in their darkest aspect; and I therefore partly think to defer going till I hear from the surgeon, to whom I shall write this night. But think how dreadful my suspense must be in the mean time, and how great my self-reproach should any thing happen! Pray to the God of mercy to direct me.

How bright were my prospects and great my hopes till this cloud overwhelmed me with tenfold gloom! Write me what you would do if you were in my place, and tell me if ever you knew one more the victim of vicissitudes: but I am too soon elated, and needed this.

Give my love to your sister. I had her letter, but cannot answer it. Alas! I can only tell you that I am, in grief or hope, or whatever I must do or suffer, very affectionately yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MISS CATHERINE MARIA FANSHAWE, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON.

Richmond, 7th April, 1807.

My dear Madam,

I was much affected by your unwearied kindness, when I saw, on coming here, your letter to Mrs. Furzer, relative to my darling Charlotte. Of her, there is hope, sublime, elevating hope, that penetrates and exalts my soul; but it is not, to all human appearance, of this world; yet, considering it as a duty to use every means, I am trying your kind prescription.

I am at my beloved child's bedside; she has had a dreadful night, but is all awake to every generous feeling, every pious sentiment: her great distress obliterates no benefit, no affection, from her strong ardent mind.

In this hour of extreme anguish, I feel satisfied that the happiness that so visibly awaits her should hush my selfish sorrow: all she seems to regret is, that her plans for advancing our comfort are frustrated; but it is very comfortable to claim kindred to this admirable creature in the high advancement which, I trust, awaits her. I am, dear madam, with warm gratitude, the affectionate and much obliged servant of you and your sisters,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXX.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET.

Brompton, Sunday, 19th April, 1807.

My dear consolatory friend, whose kindness is the present cordial of my life,—Charlotte, since you saw her, has been better than I hoped.

Mr. Laing, my honest Scotch surgeon, has spent part of the day with me, and thinks her no worse; but I am conscious of her weakness, and see every transient gleam like a setting sunbeam. She has been awake to all things sensible and pleasing, since you left us. I enjoy every moment that she neither suffers acutely, nor visibly languishes, as a reprieve from anguish too great to encounter.

I trust we shall be equal to to-morrow's proposed removal into town, and that it will be a prelude to comfort, either earthly or divine. God bless you, dear tutelar spirit, who seem commissioned to watch over the forlorn and sorrowful in a land of strangers. Great is the reward laid up for you, and such as you. May you anticipate it in a foretaste of the peace that passeth understanding! So be it. Adieu.

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MILLAN, STIRLING.

My dear Sir, London, 21st April, 1807.

To you I commit the mournful task of communicating to my dear children the afflictive providence with which I have this day been visited. My dear Charlotte departed soon after daylight: her memory will be ever comfortable to me, for, through her whole illness, her clear views of her Saviour's power and love, and the pleasure she took in spiritual things, were a consolation to my heart, the remembrance of which will ever be dear to me.

Tell them not to mourn for Charlotte like those who have no hope, but to imitate her, and hope humbly that when their hour draws near, they may find the same support she did. I send them my affectionate blessing, and will write whenever I am able. I can no more, but am, dear reverend sir, yours with much esteem,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXII.

TO MISS GRANT, STIRLING.

London, 22nd April, 1807.

My dearest Mary, be comforted; — no soul that ever escaped the fleshly prison here seemed better

fitted to share the felicity of the just than our beloved Charlotte's. Had you seen her suffer, as I did, you would almost have prayed for her relief; yet never creature bore severe distress with such cheerful patience: you have no conception how much the dear angel's soul seemed purified and elevated. I would fain indulge myself and you with particulars, but am indeed unable: my bodily fatigues have been great, and the mind, you may believe, had correspondent, though concealed, sufferings. What a pure and bright flame of love, filial and sisterly, burned in her bosom to the last! She mentioned you all by name a very little before she expired.

Now I shall be of all creatures the most miserable till I hear from you. While my sweet Charlotte soothed my heart with hourly constant expressions of endearing love, she engrossed me wholly; now I languish for you all.

Dearest Mary, submit patiently to the manner in which it has pleased God to make your sister happy, and exert yourself to comfort the most affectionate and most afflicted of mothers. God bless you all, prays your affectionate mother,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET.

My dear Madam, South Molton Street, 24th April.

Your offer of attending the sad ceremony with your carriage is in a high degree flattering and sooth-

ing. I shall be happy as any thing can make me to see you and your sister to-night. Sir Walter's kind compassionate visit was most gratifying. Now, my beloved, cordial, consolatory friend, accept the warm blessings of an oppressed but not overwhelmed heart. Once more let me say —

> "My strength and heart do faint and fail,
> But God doth fail me never;
> For of my heart He is the hope
> And confidence for ever."

Adieu!

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO SIR JOHN LEGARD, BART., SUNBURY, MIDDLESEX.

Albemarle Street, 1st May, 1807.

Sir,

I have just got your letter, and very much regret that I did not receive it sooner, that I might, whatever were the event, indulge myself a few days with the sight and conversation of a person of whom I have learned to think very highly.

I was so gratified by the genuine kindness, candour, and hospitality displayed in your first letter, that I was anxious to know more of a person who appeared to me to possess not only genuine worth, but that originality and strength of character that enables the possessor to think and act independently. Mrs. Fielding of the Palace fully gratified my curiosity in this respect, and, by her account of you, left on my mind

the pleasing conviction that you were just the kind of person I wished to find you; and though I did not know how to say so, I certainly did feel a great wish to see you before I returned. But my affairs call me home, and I have made an appointment that I cannot properly break, with a lady who takes a great interest in my family, — Miss Fraser of Castle Fraser, — who is now on a visit at Hagley, and whom I am to join on Monday, and accompany in her carriage to Scotland.

I will affect no false modesty in saying that you might be disappointed, &c., because I sincerely think, that from my strong natural wish to please and soothe those that suffer, and from my domestic and social habits, and taste for intelligence and literature, I should coalesce very well with such a person as you are said to be; and, by showing the due respect for her placid temper and gentle virtues, conciliate a lady, whose attention to your comforts, and indulgence towards those you wish for associates, prove her possessed of no common merits.

For me, tossed as I have been from wave to wave of sorrow and anxiety, a place where I could enjoy ease and security, elegant society, — I mean that of a virtuous and enlightened mind, — and a retreat from the corrosion of perpetual anxiety, and the harassment of uninteresting visits — such a retreat would be to me a renewal of life. But imperious duty, for the present, forbids this self-indulgence.

To renounce my dear bleak native land for a permanent residence in any other country would not suit my Caledonian habits. I, too, should be apt to say,

"Oh, still upon my withered cheek,
Cold let the breeze of Ettrick break."

But a visit to you at a future period appears to me very desirable, if my duties could be made compatible.

It will please you to hear that the death of my lovely and beloved Charlotte had every comfort mingled with the cup of bitterness, that lively hope and pious confidence on her part could afford, and that I had every aid that the sympathy and friendship of worthy minds could afford me in supporting this heavy stroke.

The great haste in which I write, instead of making me concise, has made me diffuse, and I fear unintelligible. You will forgive this; and if you at any time think of writing me a few lines to let me know how this relentless disease, the gout, deals with you, and what your state of mind and spirits are, your letter will find me at Melville Place, near Stirling. I am, with gratitude and esteem, Sir, very much yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXV.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

The Swan Inn, at Birmingham,
6th May, 1807.

My dearest Madam,

I snatch the first moment of ability to write you, for till now I was most completely disabled. I have tasted all the bitterness of travelling during a general election, and suffered a little in consequence; yet my usual good fortune of meeting with obliging fellow-

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travellers has not altogether forsaken me, as will appear in the sequel. My friend Mr. Tod, at my own desire, left me at night, after taking every possible precaution for my morning accommodation. When I went to take early possession of my place in the coach, I found Lad Lane all in commotion from the crowd of voters who were going down to different counties; and sure am I, since Laggan was a parish, there have not been so many oaths sworn in it as were there vociferated in one little half-hour. For my further encouragement it appeared that there were exactly twenty voters of the humblest description attached to my carriage. True, however, as trite is the observation, that there is nothing so bad that there may not be a worse: my new friends declared in one voice "that they had never been in the inside before;" yet they proved themselves not unworthy altogether of that new privilege; for, whether it was that my visage, so wan and wo-begone, excited sympathy, or that some emanation from my "Presbyterian austerity" checked familiarity, so it was, that they treated me with much more deference than my old pelisse was entitled to,—the only mark of distinction that to them would characterise me,—and on all occasions were unanimous in expressing concern for the lady, whom they imagined ill, and who really became so at last. Indeed, the lady expressed no useless contempt nor disgust at her situation—received offers of accommodation civilly, and, though silent, did not appear sulky: upon the whole, never was Hydra tamer. I took care not to insult them by receiving what they meant for civility with contempt; and, by a kind of

tacit agreement, they preserved decency in their discourse. As for the exalted personages on the roof, I knew nothing about them, but that they were noisy and heavy; the consequence of which latter quality was breaking one of the springs of the carriage. This, in all amusing narratives, is the prelude to an adventure; but, as my narrative is too true to amuse, I humbly confess nothing followed, but my threatening to complain to Colonel Montgomery—the candidate they were going to support—of their over-loading the carriage, &c.; which threat was borne with becoming patience, and the lady was still pitied and respected. This fair discourse, after the carriage was mended, brought us to Coventry about two in the morning, where I parted with this worshipful society, who seemed to the last anxious for my safety and comfort. I proceeded in another coach with two beings of rather a superior order to my ragged, though not rugged friends, and about six o'clock this morning arrived here extremely feverish, with a severe headache, which, though it blunted the stings of recollections, bitter though tender, gave me too much room to say, that this day's journey had indeed produced "variety of wretchedness."

I have now had six hours of calm sleep; my tormenting headache is gone, and I feel comparatively cool, refreshed, and tranquil. I must now conclude this very dry narrative; my next shall not be so entirely about myself; nor can I conclude this querulous chronicle without requesting you to offer my kindest wishes to Dr. Hook, whom I sincerely wish I had known better, and whom I love for making you

happy. Of you and Miss Eliza* what shall I say? Not all I feel, or it would appear exaggeration to those who have not suffered as I have, nor, like me, looked for comfort to beneficent beings, who came like ministering spirits, "with cordials in their hands and eyes," to cheer and soothe me in the darkest hours. And I was cheered and soothed; and in knowing that I was so, you both have your reward. Say something for me to Sir Walter, expressive of the utmost kindness, gratitude, and veneration; and believe that I shall ever be yours most tenderly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO GEORGE CHALMERS, ESQ., BOARD OF TRADE, LONDON.†

Stirling, 14th May, 1807.

My dear Sir,

It is not easy to say how much I regret not seeing you when you had the goodness to call again upon me; no dark hour, however dismal and afflicting, could for a moment extinguish the sense of your kindness, of which every day affords new proofs: I have, however, the comfort of thinking that you derive a high and pure enjoyment from being to me not only beneficent yourself, but the minister of the beneficence of others. This to you is an unmixed enjoyment: of such, few are allotted to my darkly shaded life; but,

* Miss Eliza Farquhar, the sister of Mrs. Hook.

† George Chalmers, Esq., author of "Caledonia" and other well-known works.

instead of repining that clouds so often intercept the day to me, it becomes me, with the humility of one long taught in the school of affliction, rather to admire those gleams of sunshine which break through the clouds that obscure his brightness.

My young people, not being willing to disturb me with business till they knew exactly where I was,—for I had thoughts of going to Bristol when I left Scotland,—kept your letter. At length, after depositing its valuable contents with the bank, they sent me your letter announcing and enclosing the benefactions of those truly illustrious traders who make so noble a use of the bounties of Providence, and can drink of their full cup with a higher relish after having replenished the empty ones of those to whom they are the ministers of Divine goodness.* Truly, indeed, may England boast that her merchants are princes, when such princely deeds of beneficence adorn the annals of commerce.

Though I know the great minds of those distinguished individuals are as much above my acknowledgments as their state of life is beyond my gratitude, I earnestly wish you would convey to them my sense of their munificent liberality, and assure them that, though I were not personally the object of their bounty it would give me very great pleasure to know that

* Extract from Mr. George Chalmers's letter to Mrs. Grant.—"London, 31st March, 1807. I have now the great pleasure to enclose you a post bill for 800*l.*, the sincere tribute of three gentlemen to your virtues and your talents, and to the useful application of both to the best interests of society. You have gained this tribute from the opulence and feelings of Mr. Angerstein, Mr. Thomson, and Mr. Bonar, three merchants of London, who have the sea for their dominions, and for their thrones, their ships."

so much wealth was lodged in the hands of those who can "give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine."

In the literary race I see that your "Caledonia" has got the start of the second edition of "Letters from the Mountains;" but these humble epistles will gladly follow in its train, and perhaps fare the better for the interest excited by the transcript of our common parent.

Miss Fraser, who had the goodness to bring me from England in her carriage, protracted her journey to indulge me with a view of the lakes of Cumberland; and I certainly felt that quiet and solemn scenery very soothing. I was worn out and indisposed, however, and rested three days at Edinburgh. Last night the long-dreaded interview with the mourners at Melville Place opened every source of anguish; but all-healing time will, no doubt, have its usual lenient influence. Never family were more fondly attached to each other; this endeared affection, long a source of comfort, now embitters calamity. I can only add that I am, with much esteem and gratitude, most sincerely yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO MRS. HOOK, HERTINGFORDBURY, NEAR HERTFORD.

Stirling, 15th May, 1807.

My dear Madam,

You must not think that anything less than great fatigue and extreme despondency would have prevented

me from writing immediately on my arrival at home; but indeed the scene was so overpowering that I was not able. Judge of the state to which my mind, so subdued by calamity, was reduced, when I utterly forgot my darling son: he was absent when I came; all the others surrounded me in my agony. I embraced and soothed them, but never thought of the one missing; and when he arrived from school, some time afterwards, and came to my arms, I started with the guilty sensation of one who had neglected some paramount duty. But these details are unavailing.

Now to return to Miss Fraser. Nothing could exceed my surprise when I met her at Birminghani. She was occupied with giving directions to her servants, and scarce withdrew her attention when I entered. I was nervous and exhausted after the last night's watching and fatigue, and felt beyond measure timid and embarrassed. Her manner at first appeared to me cold, haughty, and abstracted, though polite. I went into the carriage in a tremor, and never felt so forlorn; to mend the matter she does not hear well, and is liable to frequent mistakes. In a little time, however, her real character began to shine through this ungracious crust. She is a woman of a vigorous and masculine mind; sincere, candid, and generous, without a shadow of cold caution, or littleness of any kind; knows a great deal, and does a great deal, for her activity of body and mind is boundless: so is her charity and friendship, when once excited. Were I at leisure, I could tell you many characteristic anecdotes of this ex-

traordinary personage, who is, upon the whole, a very *gentlemanly* woman, more attentive to the essentials of kindness, than to its soothing forms; yet her kindness is not without a sort of delicacy. For instance, on my account, solely, she went round the lakes of Windermere and Keswick, and showed me all the beauties of those charming scenes, which to herself were quite familiar; and this without once saying it was on my account. What days of sad and tender luxury were these! There, undisturbed, and in a manner alone, I could recollect scenes ever dear to memory, and in the rapt visions of fancy hold high communion with the pure spirit of my angel Charlotte; there, grief and love flowed uninterrupted, and there I could convince my senses that she was really gone from me, which, before, my reason scarcely credited; there, indeed, my tears flowed, yet they were not tears of bitterness;—it was at home that these were wrung from my worn-out heart.

But come, I must narrate. After leaving the Cumberland lakes, we took the road by Langholm and Hawick. What a beautiful country we came through on Saturday morning! Its features, which I am not at leisure to describe, were not like any other scenery that I had met with; yet, with the aid of pastoral, feudal, and predatory recollections, they were not only beautiful, but very interesting, and their darksome dens and wooded glens seemed a fit retreat for the "flowers of the forest" that once shone the foremost, or the gentler swains who woke the pastoral reed in a milder period. I travelled awhile by the side of the Tweed, where its banks are steep and woody, and the

sound of its waters is deep and plaintive: I felt myself saying with Bowles, —

> "The murmurs of thy wandering wave below
> Seem to my ear the pity of a friend."

We had breakfasted at Langton, and travelled over steep green hills, through what seemed just a world created for sheep and shepherds, to Walter Scott's Selkirk, the ugliest of old Scotch burghs, though Inverkeithing were its rival. This ancient town seemed to have fallen asleep with all its inhabitants during the stagnant period which immediately succeeded the Union, and to have just waked that morning. We staid I cannot well say where that night, and came to Edinburgh early on Monday forenoon. On Tuesday I dined at Lady Stuart's of Grandtully, with Mrs. Arbuthnot and Lord Elibank. On Wednesday and Thursday I remained with Mrs. Arbuthnot at home. She is a person I both love and venerate; there is something peculiarly true, kind, and amiable running in the Arbuthnot blood. Adieu tenderly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

Pitfour, near Perth, 4th June, 1807.

My dear Madam,

I will direct this under your brother's cover, taking it for granted he is member for Canterbury. I have been upon another pilgrimage of sorrow, which

has more distressed me and worn me out than even that in which you cherished me with the cordial of sympathy. My poor Catherine's health has received a great additional shock in her beloved Charlotte's death. This infliction is an aggravation of the former, the bitter dregs of which I am now drinking; for the fortitude which you admired, and which I indeed wondered at, was merely, I fear, owing to a hurry of spirits that did not permit my mind to dwell on the privation which I scarce believed real, so rapidly did the succession of events and persons rush through my mind.

I am just returned from the beautiful braes and sweetly rural glens of Atholl, where I carried my dear Catherine, to change the scene, and renew the recollection of early happy days spent in the bosom of the most fondly attached family that ever loved each other. We went to the house of an excellent person, Mrs. Stuart, at Stragroy, where we met with every kindness. I was strongly advised to send Catherine to sea-bathing, which I have now done at her own desire, under the care of a medical friend, where she will be in a quiet and cheerful family. I write this in great haste, and under much dejection, at good Mr. Richardson's, where I am staying a few days.

Pray do write to me soon. Believe me, that even through this dark cloud I see you all with my mind's eye, and shall remember you with tender gratitude while my blood flows. I live in the thoughts that I am remembered with some affection by those whom I esteem, and the more sorrow I suffer the tenderer my

heart grows, and the harder I lean on my friends. Adieu tenderly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

Stirling, 12th June, 1807.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

I received as much pleasure from your letter as in my present state of mind I am capable of, and, without waiting for it, meant to have written you, were I but able; but never in my life was writing such an effort to me, — never was I so utterly borne down by the weight of calamity. Surely, though I was not conscious of it, I must have been unduly elated, or have in some way or other provoked this severe chastening.

Daily and hourly I seem to feel more deeply the loss of my incomparable Charlotte, whose sterling worth, besides her warm affections and premature abilities, were beyond what you can imagine. Catherine's illness sinks deeper into my heart than all my other sorrows, and has for the time disconcerted all my plans. Charlotte's death greatly aggravated her distress; indeed you never saw a family so dejected. Isabella is sunk in silent and incessant sorrow, and Mary's health seems much shaken by the late sad changes. I feel myself, now, like the wicked, who fear where no fear is: every cough I hear, every dejected

look I see, alarms me, and I am trembling for my children from morning to night.

Your mother is a noble example of Christian fortitude. That a life so chequered by calamity as hers should continue to be useful and desirable at her age, is wonderful; but she was always an extraordinary woman, and will be a blessing and example to you all to the last gasp.

I could please you by telling how my friends triumph in the success of the Letters, and many things of that nature; but I am really afraid to say any thing on these subjects after all my sad domestic humiliations. Pray for me, dear and faithful friend; pray that in the bottom of this bitter cup I may find lasting consolation; that my mind may be driven from all the strongholds of earthly dependence, to seek for peace where it can alone be found. You cannot think how much need I have of rest to my worn and agitated spirit. Write to me, for I never had such need of the counsels and sympathy of friendship such as yours, — the friendship of a Christian. Yours most affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XL.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., LONDON.

My dear Sir, Stirling, 13th June, 1807.

Some degree of indisposition, attended by a severe depression of spirits, has prevented my sooner

acknowledging your kind note. It is a great proof of your accurate attention, that only one considerable error seems to have met with your researches in looking over the volumes which have engaged so much of your care.*

In the midst of my dejection I feel a certain satisfaction in observing that your benevolent exertions in my behalf are likely to be attended with success beyond my most sanguine expectations. I daily hear of some distinguished name honouring my unstudied efforts with approbation. There is a lady in this town on a visit to her sister, who is married to an officer; this lady is, I am told, a person of talent and literature, and every way respectable—her name is Jackson; she expressed a wish to meet with me, having, she says, a letter from Miss Seward to show me, expressive of the most flattering sentiments relative to these said Letters. I have indeed need of some cordial to support me against the Reviews, &c., which are as liberal of contempt as Dr. Aikin is of praise. The Critical Review, in particular, speaks of the Letters with unqualified scorn, and concludes with a sneer of the most illiberal nature, unwarranted even by the imputed demerits of the book. I am almost tempted to quotation:—

> "While cheered by thy superior praise,
> I bless the silent path the Fates decree."

My daughter is, I trust, better; the spirits of my

* Alluding to a new edition of Mrs. Grant's Letters, which Mr. Hatsell had taken the trouble to revise before printing.

family begin to rise, and mine—but too dependent on theirs—return in consequence.

We are all here lost in amazement at your election frenzy; in Yorkshire you have certainly outdone your usual outdoings. The Thane of Fife, with whom Lord Lonsdale seems to have left his mantle, is the only person I hear of in Scotland that seems fired with emulation of your wonderful doings on the wealthy side of the Tweed. He, however, has another mania of better tendency, that atones in some measure for this perversion of the gifts of fortune: I do not know if any man living has planted as much; certainly no man has covered so bleak and barren a waste with future forests, and that in the most forlorn and hopeless district, where we thought that nothing could grow. We are all mourning over Mr. Wilberforce, and puzzling ourselves to conjecture what can be his motive for risking his independence to preserve his legislative powers, when the great object he has pursued with such honourable perseverance is finally attained. But to us little people at a distance, the projects of these eager combatants, and the objects they have in view, are equally inexplicable.

I hope the sun looks out upon you amidst the rich and varied scenery of Devonshire, so as to give full effect to its rural beauties. It will gratify me very much to know that you and your amiable connections find all the pleasure you expect in your retirement. It is comfortable to me to think of your family and Mrs. Fielding's, who, in the harmony of domestic attachments preserved by mild affections and simple manners, add, to all the elegancies suited to your own

sphere, those endearing tendernesses of domestic intercourse, which we in humbler life are apt to think peculiarly our own. I congratulate you on the leisure your present retreat will afford you to enjoy the society of your accomplished nieces, who, I am sure, will delight to exercise their attainments for your amusement. The only letter, properly so called, that I have written since I came home, was to Miss H.; not that I felt myself capable of contributing to her amusement,—never was that less in my power,—but it was merely the overflow of the heart. Of the excess of this overflow you will have some reason to complain, if I do not in time subscribe myself, dear sir, your much obliged, faithful, humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLI.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

Stirling, 30th June, 1807.

My dear Madam,

I have only had your letter a day in my possession. I told you, as I tell you every thing, of Lady Louisa Stuart's letter, about a little boy whom his friends wished me to educate. This charge of mine (for I have accepted him) is a nephew of Mr. Morritt of Rokeby Park, and is likely in the end to be his heir, he having no children. Now it is the misfortune of this little boy to have lost his mother, so his uncle takes charge of him, and commits him to my care.

My endeavour must be to make an honest man of him, by the best possible means, and prevent his being bred with the idea of succeeding to an estate, as he is intended for some profession. Mr. Morritt writes excellent letters, and appears to be a man of sense and principle: he earnestly requests that I would come myself, and spend as much time as I could spare, and take the little boy down to Scotland with me, as he wishes to have some conversation with me, on this same very novel subject of education.

Mary has had a cough in consequence of her Edinburgh excursion in spring, which lingered too long, and has reduced her a good deal. I think she would be the better of a little air and exercise,—a change of air I would say;—I am therefore inclined to take her with me as far as Mrs. Dixon's residence of Fellfoot on the English lakes, and leave her there till I return from Rokeby Park with Master Morritt. Pray direct your next to me at Fellfoot near Kendal, whence I shall write you concerning many good things and persons. Yours most truly and tenderly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

My dear Friend, Fellfoot, Westmoreland, 20th July, 1807.

My constant wearing sorrow, and the exertions I use to prevent its entirely preying on my mind, so confuse me that my memory seems decayed, and

what I wrote in my last letter I cannot possibly recollect, so that I fear you are doomed to read a repetition of what at first was not very amusing. I will proceed, then, to tell you that I got your letter the day before I set out for England: I have taken Mary with me, her health and spirits having been indifferent for some time. I came to Dunchattan on Saturday when I left home, and had the pleasure of finding Mrs. Macintosh better than I hoped, and her worthy mate arranged to accompany us to Penrith, where he had promised to meet some friends. On Tuesday we took our places in the mail, that is to say, Mr. Macintosh, Mary, and I, with the addition of a well-looking gentleman, with a most pleasing and benevolent expression of countenance, who spoke English exceedingly well, with very little of a foreign accent. We were much pleased with this accession to our society, who was modest, well-bred, and intelligent: judge of our surprise when we found this gentle and polished being to be a merchant of Archangel on the White Sea, on the northern coast of Russia, where we, poor ignoramuses, imagined that there were no inhabitants but a few savages in bear-skins. He soon, however, transported us to the banks of the Dwina, and convinced us that, though it is one of the "rivers unknown to song," the bounties of Providence are richly spread upon its banks, and that cheerfulness, plenty, and even an unlooked-for degree of mental culture prevail in this Arctic paradise;—for such he seemed to think it.

We stopped at the pretty village of Moffat, which is like an oasis amidst the heathy wilds that surround

it: there we took some refreshment, and proceeded to Carlisle. We found our nocturnal journey more pleasant than we could expect, the ever-changing landscape appearing in softened beauty, as the twilight, moonlight, and dawn successively threw alternate shades and dim lights over the wild scenery of the Border. At Carlisle we breakfasted, slept a little, and also parted with our gentle Russ; and the regret seemed mutual. We then came to Penrith, and were charmed with it; 'tis the prettiest, cleanest, most fanciful-looking town you can imagine. Here we met our good Mr. Macintosh's friends, who were well-bred, well-informed, and seemed very glad to meet us. We dined and passed part of the day with them; but, resolving to be here in the evening, proceeded on to Kendal. We found Fellfoot was farther up the lakes than we imagined, and deferred coming on to it till Thursday, when we arrived; and here we are, in the most delightful place you can imagine, on the very brink of the Windermere lake, at the upper end of it.

I wish I could convey to you some idea of the place and its inhabitants; as for the former, I must briefly say, that every thing without is simply wild, and every thing within simply elegant. Were I at leisure, or in humour for description, I could not do justice either to the place or its owners, both are so far beyond what I had imagined. Mrs. Dixon is truly an elegant, enlightened, and most ingenious woman: she excels in music and painting, and in kindness and hospitality seems all heart and soul. She has two engaging nieces with her on a visit, who

are "unto her as daughters;" and her husband seems an excellent person, of plain, unaffected manners.

Since writing the above, Sunday has intervened. I have been at church, and have spent some time in a well-managed Sunday-school, which Mrs. Dixon has built, and supports at her own expense. I never, indeed, saw more active unwearied benevolence than hers. But I will not fill up my letters with mere narrative, though affliction has so deadened my mind that I am only fit to tell what I see and hear:—what I feel and think is best kept to myself. What would it avail to draw the picture of a gloomy whirlpool continually circling round its own dark vortex? Not that I am "as those that have no hope," either: bright gleams sometimes cheer this darkness; fancy takes a short flutter, like a wounded bird, but too soon returns to brood over fear and sorrow. Yet, in society, a faint reflection from the joys of others gives a temporary relief; and in solitude I know where to seek more permanent consolation; and by earnestly seeking, I hope to obtain "that peace which passeth understanding."

Mary is much better as to health, but her cheerfulness is visibly, and not successfully, dissembled. When it pleases God to restore Catherine to health, we shall all breathe again; and I have a letter from my medical friend, saying he doubts little of my finding her much better when I return.

I fancy you know that I very much wish to go to Sunbury, would the state of my family admit of it; and that spending a little time with you, too, would be a darling object, you need not doubt. But all

depends on dear Catherine. If she is better, I shall not lose time in giving her the advantage of a sea voyage. If I had none but myself to think of, I should be the happiest of human beings; for there is nothing enjoyable —

"No wholesome fruit that borders virtue's way,"—

but what I taste with the keenest relish, and every short interval of ease is to me like a child's holiday. You must not let yourself once think that I am a whiner or a manufacturer of misery. Far from it. Perhaps this, of having a mind so open to every pleasurable emotion, is the very reason why I am kept under such constant discipline: I should love the world too well if my affections were not kept constantly in arms against my peace.

Upon my arrival here, I found your sister Mrs. Hamilton's marriage in the newspapers: pray be kind enough to offer my very sincere congratulations. No person certainly ever entered the holy state with fairer prospects of rational happiness; clouds must and will come, but few may they be, and quickly may they pass! Congratulate likewise Miss Farquhar on her accession to that title and to the sceptre of dominion in Conduit Street, which I hope she will not very quickly be induced to quit, for the sake of that venerable worthy of whose domestic comforts she is the guardian. Adieu most affectionately.

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLIII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Glasgow, 3d August, 1807.

Now, my dear friend, after wearing out my very soul and spirits with communicating sad tidings to others, I come to claim your sympathy and gratulation at once,—for you will both feel my distress and duly estimate my consolations. Catherine, my admired and truly admirable Catherine, is at rest! My old attached friend, the Rev. Mr. Hall, who, with his whole family, was particularly fond of Catherine, had lodgings near her, and some of them saw her daily. I found a letter addressed, by my desire, to Fellfoot, in which they told me that she had not at any rate been worse than when I saw her, and that they hoped she would be better by the time I returned. Some days after, I got a letter at Rokeby from Mr. Hall. I opened it, and found the first lines a preparation for some wounding intelligence. I feared it might affect me so powerfully as to force me to distress a house full of strangers, and particularly alarm Mary, whose mind had suffered so much from former distress, that she was ill prepared for a new shock. I put the letter, unread, in my pocket, and feigned indisposition to Mary, to account for the tremors I felt, which shook me every now and then almost to fainting. I sent Mary to bed before me, and when she was asleep, opened the fatal letter. I will not describe my anguish on finding the dear creature had got beyond my cares and tenderness, at the very time I

was languishing to clasp her to my breast. Nothing could be more sudden or more quiet than her departure.

My dear friend, I can write no more. When I arrive at Stirling and settle quietly, I will tell you at large of my Catherine, that you may know how valuable she was. And yet how much fitter her fervid spirit was for the bliss of angels than for the struggles of suffering humanity! Adieu! my grief will in time be tranquil as she who caused it.

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLIV.

TO MRS. HOOK.

My dear Friend, Stirling, 10th August, 1807.

You will no doubt wish to know how I bear the late most afflicting dispensation, and how I am supported in endeavouring to support the spirits of my distressed family. Alas! my dear and sympathizing friend, I dread to wound your feelings with accounts of anguish too bitter for description. I wrote to you from Glasgow, after having gone through the distress of communicating this most unlooked for stroke to Mary. The telling it to Isabella was still more terrible, and its effect was really beyond my fears; so that, instead of indulging the sorrows of nature, or even that sad peace that so

often succeeds a violent mental conflict, I am forced to exert unnatural spirits to comfort others, and tremble all over with terror for some new infliction. My lovely and much admired Catherine is at peace; her purity of heart, her ardour of devotion, her trust in her Redeemer, have now been found available. I desire to be thankful both for her painful preparation and for her easy and peaceable departure, the particulars of which I suppose I have given you in my last. I have had so many anxious inquirers to satisfy, and have so often detailed it, that it is wearing agony to repeat it. Anne, that truly amiable creature, is my chief consolation; deeply does she feel, and bitterly does she weep, though silently; yet her anxiety about my health and peace so far conquers her own distress, that she constantly watches my looks, reads me asleep at night, and is, at a very early hour, at my bed-side to read to me again: in short, nothing can exceed the industrious tenderness of her attention.

You see how powerfully all my designs have been overturned; but do not let the idea that you cannot, by your hospitable kindness and cheering society, do me all the good you wish, prevent you from doing what you can,—that is, writing to me. Nothing chills benevolence like the thought of its being unavailing. Do not let your imagination put me into the hospital of incurables. I do indeed suffer very deeply; my affection and my vanity are both wounded in thus suddenly losing the ornament of our family; of whom we were all too proud. Yet I will not forsake the living, nor omit any thing that can do good or

give pleasure to my friends, while life or ability are left me.

In my next I will tell you how well I liked the Morritts, and what a very charming boy I have brought home from them. Tell me of your boys, of Dr. Hook, of all that pleases and interests you; for I am, under all this extreme pressure, very truly and most affectionately yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLV.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ.

Stirling, 20th August, 1807.

Dear Sir,

I found two kind letters from you on my return from England, accompanied by two copies of the Report on Vaccination. Amidst the poignant sorrows that then and still prey upon my mind, it was comfortable to think I was so remembered. My dear sir, it is not my eldest daughter whom I have lost, though she was, on a former occasion, the object of my anxiety and greatest apprehension, — Catherine, my admired and truly admirable Catherine, is no more: uncommon beauty of person, and superior elegance of mind, distinguished her as the flower and ornament of our family; purity of heart, strong devotional feeling, and singularly warm affections, rendered her most interesting. Lovely and pleasant she and Charlotte were in their lives, nor have they in death been far divided. I must not forget that I have still good and

dutiful children. Mary was greatly benefited by her excursion, and continues better, notwithstanding this heavy stroke. • I have very good accounts of my young soldier from India; he has the advantages of an excellent understanding and prepossessing appearance, and seems likely to make his way very well.

Your friend Mrs. Morritt seems, indeed, to be a worthy and excellent person, and I think very highly of her: you have most exactly characterised her mate in saying that he is lively and learned; he seems to be both in a very high degree: had you been his guest, as we were, you would also discover that he is extremely obliging, and very entertaining. My young pupil, Mr. Morritt's nephew, is the finest child imaginable; not a well-taught parrot, but a creature that thinks and feels, and will, with due management, I trust, be all that his friends can wish. Nature has certainly done a great deal for him, and I think his uncle's solicitude on his account very amiable.

I have had an admirable letter from your niece, which gives me great pleasure, as being the transcript of a mind candid and feeling—a mind whose unfolding graces bloom in some degree for you, and must greatly contribute to your entertainment and satisfaction. Surrounded with so many comforts, and the object of affection so tender, yours is, indeed, a cherished old age, and may be protracted beyond life's usual limits. I am, dear sir, with the greatest esteem and attachment, your obliged friend,

ANNE GRANT.

P. S. You make a most respectable figure, glazed

and gilt, above the parlour fire, with Sir Walter Farquhar on one side, and Lord Kenyon on the other.

LETTER XLVI.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Stirling, 27th August, 1807.

My dear Friend,

I received your affectionate letter on the very day that I wrote one to you, which I hope has reached you. This will possibly be a repetition of it, for never, sure, was memory so wrecked as mine; yet I have seen others recover faculties which the shock of sorrow had suspended, and perhaps I shall be in some measure myself again,

> "When time on memory's dusky urn
> A softer shade of sorrow throws."

Yet, what is there valued and admired, what is there truly valuable or admirable, that I have not lost! —youth, beauty, innocence, understanding, affection, such as few hearts are capable of conceiving, of which I was the first and darling object. To be thus beloved by creatures so lovely and so excellent,—this, indeed, is a privation. But they love me still; I am conscious that they do:—no, indeed, I will not say a word more of them, nor degrade unutterable feelings by language unequal to them.

Well, I mean to tell you of my fortitude; here I am with my mother, who, being quite deaf, is no companion, and Anne, who is a most affectionate though

not amusing one. Isabella, after her violent grief, became very feeble and languid; I had been advised to send Moore to the seabathing, to brace her, as she grew very rapidly. I thought I would send them both to lodgings at Queensferry, where there are fine views and delightful walks. Mary wished to go with them, and took her great favourite, little Morritt, with her, and a boy with him from the family of a friend, to be his companion: so the whole party, with one of the maids to wait on them, have gone. They have been there now nearly a fortnight, and I am going in two or three days to see them. This surfeit of solitude and thought will perhaps make me again relish society and comfort.

General and Mrs. Graham called here lately: Mrs. G. spoke much of you, and says she has a letter from Lady Charlotte Campbell, describing Hertingfordbury as an earthly paradise. I have an affectionate letter from Sir John Legard, who really seems to feel most sensibly for my distress: he invited Miss Catherine Fanshawe and Mrs. Holroyd—a sister of Lord Sheffield—there, to meet with me: their society he seems to have enjoyed very much. I heard a great deal about him at Fellfoot, for he is an intimate friend of Mrs. Dixon: he has a certain selfishness with regard to his intellectual luxuries,—the only ones he prizes,—and seems to think that his sufferings and the sincerity of his piety and virtue entitle him to indulge in a kind of sincerity that the world is little inclined to bear,—that of declaring his sentiments and emotions just as they rise in his mind, without much regard to common opinion. Whoever does this much and long,

unaware of the deceitfulness of the human heart, will indulge chagrin or fastidiousness, perhaps spleen and passion, when they think they are only sincere: this I have both seen and severely felt in other instances. But, what you would not expect, this "Arthritic Martyr" bears his gout with serenity and fortitude. I like him exceedingly, now that I have heard all his "*pours et contres.*" My excellent friend Mrs. Steuart of Allanton does not come this season to Touch, because her lord is ill, and gone to drink Gillisland waters: she has written me a letter so like herself,—such truth of kindness, such genuine piety! I revere her as much as I love her: yet she is generally accounted rather estimable than amiable.

Come now, tell me in your next letter all the gossip of your excursion; your sister's house, husband, and all the etceteras; how your father holds out, and how the dear Eliza bears a *Summer in London.* Adieu tenderly.

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLVII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Stirling, 5th September, 1807.

My dear Friend,

I have just arrived from Queensferry, where I have been visiting my colony of invalids. If you had my last letter, which was long and comparatively cheerful, you would know who these were; all the girls, then, except Anne, who is my companion, went

to the beautifully situated town of Queensferry for sea-bathing, which is always a renewal of life to Mary, braces Moore while growing so quickly, and has been most serviceable to Isabella. It was wounding to see that gentle creature languish as she did; nor was it wonderful; the hand of death never broke a more close or tender bond:—but this subject I have forbid to myself.

I can't express how good I think it of you to write to me amidst all these engagements. Yours is what Madame Sevigné calls friendship of the right kind. I must tell you, however, more of my excursion to visit my family at Queensferry. I said I might possibly come to see them, but did not assure them, nor say when. The Friday of the last week I took a place in the mail, and stopped at Kirkliston, a village two miles from Queensferry, through which the mail passes, and where any letters to the girls are left. I alighted, and, walking on, saw at the first turning two nymphs in black, Mary and Isabella: you never saw a surprise more delightful. How is anguish itself sweetened by the cordial of affection! Shall I complain, while conscious that angels hover round me, and while those that still on earth love me so tenderly are themselves so worthy of love? The fire of heaven has indeed scathed my branches; but while the stem is bound by such tendrils as these, life will still remain in it. How tender, how interesting were these eight days we passed together! The dear souls live in a voluntary seclusion, that they may cherish the precious memory of my beloved children,

and indulge those aspirations after a happier state, so natural to the wounded heart.

Never were finer and more varied walks than are around Queensferry, and the sea-breezes and bathing have braced my Isabella, whose pure mind seems refined and elevated by affliction: she is indeed like "a thing enskyed and sainted." You cannot think how estimable she is. I am apt to say, in some moments of "anguish unmingled and agony pure," "O Catherine, Catherine, thou hast split my heart;" and I think I hear her melodious voice reply, "Then live the purer with the other half." Sure I must have told you of Catherine's voice; the day that we parted she sung the Judgment Hymn to me like a seraph. "Angels hear that angel sing." There is no speaking of that admirable creature without soaring into rapture or sinking into anguish. "Turn, hopeless thoughts, turn from her!"

Now as to my seeing you again, do you know I think it is not impossible: there is a business that may require my presence in London for a few days this winter, but it depends entirely on the state of Mary's health. If I do go, I will bring Isabella with me, to try what change of society and the sight of a world so new to her, will do to dissipate the grief that hangs so heavy on her heart, and shall by so doing avoid what is always very severe on my nervous frame, the bustle and confusion that so large a family, cooped together in a small house, occasion in winter, when the younger members cannot go out to play. My room has the nursery above it, and the kitchen below it, and my nerves are torn to pieces with noise and

running out and in; the only other habitable room is occupied by my mother: I except the dwellings of Misses and Masters. The drawing-room is liable to a succession of morning visitors, and the dining-room wants but "armed knights and whistling hawks" to be like Branksome Hall. Where then could the Memoirs of an American Lady be born and nursed?* More of this again. Adieu, beloved friend. I am truly yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO SIR JOHN LEGARD, BART.

Dear Sir, Stirling, 20th September, 1807.

Your letter, which I received some time ago, gratified me, and soothed me not a little. I think I never sunk so much under any calamity as the present,—never felt the uses of this world so stale, flat, and unprofitable. Yet this very sinking of the mind, this incapacity of all exertion, makes me lean harder on the sympathy and kindness of my friends than ever. I well know that my trust ought to be fixed on the Rock of Ages, from whence alone true and lasting consolation is to be derived; and I feel a firm assurance that my angel children rejoice in that Redeemer in whom they trusted. But I am now drinking the dregs and sediments of agony; I am

* Alluding to the Memoirs of an American Lady, published by the author in the following year, the composition of which she was now about to commence.—*Ed.*

sinking under the feebleness of an exhausted mind. Could you but know how amiable they were, how warm their affections, how fondly they loved their mother, whose pride and joy they were! Do you know I never knew till now how truly Constance painted nature,—I mean how truly Shakspeare painted nature, when he makes Constance afraid that when she sees her son in heaven, he will be so altered, that she will not be able to trace the lineaments of that beauty she was wont to contemplate with delight!

My dear sir, you must not think that I am so far lost to the dignity of real sorrow, as thus to inflict my griefs on every one: it is a theme I keep sacred but from a chosen few; and if I say more to you than others, it is because I somehow think you will pity me more, and because I think, too, that you see and feel pretty much on many subjects as I do myself; which leads me to place this mournful and unavailing confidence in you.—I wish I could explain to you what I mean by this congeniality, which, like many other points of faith, I believe, though I cannot exactly explain. Thus it is I see all the world grown old about me but myself. People begin the world all truth and warmth, all fancy and feeling, thinking and acting for themselves; as they go on, however, the flowers fade, the plumes drop off, and half a century's abode in this planet makes them as worldly, as great copyists and slaves to custom, and to the opinions of people whom they neither love nor esteem, as others:—and this in the very teeth of their genuine feelings and unbiassed judgment. When I was very young

I reflected more, and acted more from the result of those reflections, than most other people of my age; and to this hour I see things of consequence in the very same light, and act on the same principles, I did then. Except Mrs. Dunlop, Burns's patroness, and Mrs. Henry Erskine, married to the late Lord Advocate, I do not find a creature who has oil enough in the lamp of enthusiasm, to burn on to advanced life. Were it to go out with me, I should be dark indeed, irrecoverably dark. Now by what I have heard Mrs. Dixon say of you, I should suppose you, too, have the same unaltered notions, and think as much for yourself, as ever you did.

I was greatly pleased with Mr. Morritt * of Rokeby Park, the uncle of my little ward: he is learned, without the least pedantry, lively without levity, and has such frankness and simplicity of manner, and seems to have a temper so obliging and affectionate. I have not seen a person so completely educated, and who has been so much in the world, that retains so much nature. Then I really think him a man of virtue, and am charmed with him for being so great a Tory; for I love a Tory with all my heart; I hope you are one. By a Tory, I mean not in any way a Jacobite, but one that loves the establishment under which we live, and abhors all those innovations that strike at the root of those principles we have been taught to lean on as our "boast through time, our bliss through eternity." Mrs. Morritt is, I think, an excellent woman, little less intelligent than her hus-

* The late J. B. S. Morritt, Esq., of Rokeby, Yorkshire. He died in 1843. — *Ed.*

band: with the same kindness of heart and kindred virtues, she has more calmness and prudence, and promotes his comfort and interest by attending to many things that he is too classical to think of while he is roasting chines with Achilles and Patroclus. But with all this Greek, he is neither frigid nor pompous,—which is exactly what I like.

Now I am the better of writing this long dull letter, and I hope you will not be the worse of reading it; it is the only return in my power to make for your long kind epistle that cost you so much pain to write. A line, to say you are as well as ever you are, would oblige, dear sir, your friend and servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLIX.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., LONDON.

Stirling, 2nd October, 1807.

My dear Sir,

I have just been honoured by your letter, and am scarcely able to answer it, so much have my nerves been shaken by writing a long letter to my son in India, which opened afresh every source of sorrow and tender recollection. His being wealthy or distinguished is little to me, who scarce indulge a hope of ever seeing him; but let him enjoy that calm of conscious rectitude, and the sweets of natural affection, made more dear and sacred by the participation of virtuous sorrows. I feel extremely obliged to you, however, by your recommendation of him to General

Hewitt, and your niece's good offices, which I think I could always depend upon. It is mortifying to him to be cooped up in an unhealthy corner, where there is no spur to diligence, nor motive for emulation; he most certainly has abilities, but requires some spur to urge him to exertion, and seems to feel the temporary stagnation to which he has been condemned. My son is only nineteen, and has lost no time for serious business; but the way in which such as he are favoured, is by annexing other offices to their military one.

Longman, who is doubtless the prince of booksellers, has written me a letter expressed with such delicacy and liberality, as is enough to do honour to all Paternoster Row: he tells me that the profits of the second edition of the Letters amount to 400*l.*; of this they keep a hundred to answer for bad debts and uncalculated expenses, and against the beginning of next year, I get the other three. How differently have my betters been treated, and how painfully must I feel my own insignificance when I compare their rewards with mine! He urges me for the errata, saying, and possibly thinking, the third edition will be out in a month. Meantime I buy stock, calculate and wonder at my own wealth, to which, however, you may believe the sad occurrences of this summer did not add. I am proud of being remembered by Sir George and Lady Robinson, of whose merits I heard much this summer in Westmoreland. With affectionate regards to your nieces, I am, dear sir, your faithful humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

Letter L.

TO MRS. HOOK.

My dear Friend, Stirling, 6th November, 1807.

Have I, or have I not, written to express my heartfelt satisfaction at Dr. Hook's preferment? You will say that pleasure could not be very lively that left so dubious a remembrance of its expression: but, oh, my dear friend, you know not how confused my over-watched and oppressed brain has been ever since I received your letter, which was truly to me like a sunbeam gilding the storm that threatened to wreck my peace. Without metaphor, or wandering from the point, then, I have suffered for nearly a month past what I cannot describe, nor you imagine. Yet my sorrow had no tragic pomp to dignify it, — the sickness of children, — that evil so common, that it seems nothing but to those immediately interested, yet so severe that it wrings the heart's core in such instances as this; for I truly thought the sickness was unto death, and, in one instance, am still doubtful. You have heard me speak of my youngest girl, Moore, (for I am conscious of having, to a great degree, the weakness of talking of my children). She is quite a character, — correct, firm, collected, most affectionate where she loves, "but not," as we Scots say, "everybody's body." She was a pet of her father's, and she is the youngest girl, — all excellent reasons for being very fond of her; and so I am. She got a great cold in September, and lingered on, still

getting remedies, and still getting worse, till it became, three weeks since, a serious illness. I was so engrossed by this darling, that I could scarce spare a thought to that model of patient sweetness Anne, who, in the mean time, was attacked with a feverish complaint. *She* now fills every thought, and I cannot breathe easily while she respires in pain: yet this evening they tell me she is much better, and in the strength of new hope I write. I could not do it unless to one, like you, that will kindly endure the description of all my sensations, and hear my tale of symptoms with compassion.

Now I do from my very heart congratulate you on the late acquired church dignity, and hope Dr. Hook will yet, with evangelical charity, pour a bishop's blessing on my Calvinistic head. You, whose family — as was said of the regal power — has increased, is increasing, and ought (not) to be diminished — you, who were bred in the bosom of softness and indulgence, and Dr. Hook, whose open temper would lead to kindness and hospitality, and whose manners qualify him as much for elegant society, as I suppose his piety and diligence do for filling the most important stations in the church — what pity that either of you should be hid in obscurity, or confined within the limits of a narrow income. I, who sprung in a hard soil, and had no title to pine for the luxuries of life, have little merit in frugality or self-denial; yet in these latter days I think that hardship much diminished, for it gives me even retrospective pain to think in what narrow limits the elegant and liberal mind of my beloved partner was confined, — how many indul-

gences that his fine taste would have enjoyed with superior relish were withheld from him. Absurd regret! as if the heavens were not brighter, and the earth more fresh and verdant to those minds endued with this discerning faculty: "his lavish charter, taste, appropriates all he sees."

I obeyed your directions most literally with regard to dear Miss Eliza's note. I must plead guilty to a little vanity, or self-gratulation rather, to be so highly esteemed by a mind so pure and artless as hers. To receive praise from the praiseworthy, and share the affections of so warm a heart, I consider as one of the first enjoyments of life. Indeed, there is nothing like being beloved; 'tis a cordial containing in itself a charm against the seductions of the world, whether they appear in the shape of vanity or interest.

Tell the Doctor how I rejoice in his preferment. Do not let your excellent father forget the existence of one who so greatly regards him. Say something to Eliza for me, sweet, kind, and prepossessing, like herself. Adieu, my friend,—friend of my adversity; what can be dearer? I am ever, with affection, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LI.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., LONDON.

Stirling, 21st December, 1807.

Dear Sir,

I am happy to find from your letter, that your winter of life is still "frosty but kindly," and hope,

more for the sake of others than your own, that many peaceful and prosperous years may still be added to the ensuing one. I am encouraged in this hope by an occurrence of to-day, for this morning I received a present of "Faber upon the Prophecies," from Lady Stuart of Grandtully, now above ninety years of age, who has read this work with great pleasure, and recommends it to me in a letter at once nervous and kind. She, too, is rich in those cordials which best support declining life. She has a brother, Mr. Ferguson of Pitfour, who is worthy of her, and a niece who lives with her, and whose mind, masculine and vigorous as her own, is fitted to participate in all her enjoyments. She is the person whom Sir John Stuart, father of Lord Douglas, married after the decease of the amiable and hard-fated Lady Jane Douglas, who is still a saint in my calendar.

To Faber, however, I can attend very little at present, being occupied with a task which I began upon a suggestion of yours. It is a Memoir of the life of my most respectable American friend, Mrs. Colonel Schuyler.* Several of my other friends—perhaps to please me—had urged me to this; but I was discouraged by the difficulty of recollecting and properly arranging the materials. The chasms, which I cannot at this distance of time fill up, invention might supply; but there is nothing to me so despicable and disgusting as those vamped up narratives, where truth and fiction are so mingled, that the former is discredited by the latter. Such a memorial, with a golden head and

* See note subjoined to Letter XLVII.

"feet of iron and clay," would be singularly unsuitable in recording the character of a person so truly genuine, so entirely unsophisticated, as she was. The state of society in that district of America, at the time she inhabited it, was so intimately blended with her history, that it must be described to render it comprehensible; this, however, to those who love to trace the progress of society in a new world, gives added interest. I find too, upon retracing the scenes once so familiar, many long-departed images rise to my recollection, and that in this instance, memory "is not dead, but sleepeth." In short, I begin to write *con amore*, and hope to succeed. This new occupation of mine I find very useful in blunting the stings of painful recollection, and erasing for a time "the written troubles of the brain."

As for my little pupil, John Morritt, he is everything I could wish; the sweetest temper, the warmest affections, and the best disposition possible, are in him united with an uncommon capacity for such a mere child, and an insatiable desire of knowledge. There cannot be a more pleasing charge, nor one who promises more to do credit to the education bestowed on him. He is extremely fond of my youngest son, who is a complete original, though only three years older than the little Morritt: never were the lines of a character more distinctly drawn; he is generous and kind-hearted, but impetuous and hasty; yet an excellent scholar so far as he has gone, and adds solidity and energy to his impetuosity; he is, in short, a manly boy, firm, undaunted, and thinking for himself. This, I think, will have a good effect with regard to John

Morritt, who, with every indication of superior capacity, has a gentleness of temper almost feminine. I hope you will forgive my dwelling so much on these young friends, to which trespass on your patience your inquiry encouraged me.

I hope this will find you happy in the society of your friends Sir George and Lady Robinson, of whom I heard much praise in Yorkshire. I am, dear sir, with warm esteem, yours very respectfully,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LII.

TO ALEXANDER TOD, ESQ., LONDON.

Stirling, last night of the departing year, 1807.

Dear Sir,

I begin to long to hear of your safe arrival at London, and to be assured that the short visit you paid your native land has revived all the kindly impressions of local attachment to the rugged soil and bleak climate that make so great a part of a true Scot's happiness. This feeling belongs to an expatriated Scot: hope, the cordial of life, is always setting him down in some broomy glen, or on some thistly lee or heathery knowe; and though he should be doomed to see his loved country no more, yet the very loving it keeps his heart warm and open, and thus contributes both to virtue and to happiness.

I find I must go up to England sooner than I intended. I had a piteous letter from Sir John Legard some days ago, in which he tells me he has

had two of the severest paroxysms of the gout imaginable,—worse than ever:—in short, his life appears, from his own account, a very precarious one, and he has the childish impatience natural to the sick and solitary for the society he considers likely to gratify him. I suppose I shall make my appearance in London, if we all continue as well as we are, in the end of February.

When I am near the scene of action, I shall be better enabled to judge whether the plan which my friends daily urge me to pursue will be truly eligible, or indeed practicable. In the mean time, with every good wish for the return of many happy seasons to you, I shall conclude this letter, and with it this year of affliction. Adieu, dear sir; believe me ever your obliged affectionate friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LIII.

TO SIR JOHN LEGARD, BART.

Stirling, 3d January, 1808.

My dear Sir,

I had too sure a presentiment that illness was the cause of your silence. Your last letter, which I see with great concern is written by another hand, is a truly arthritic letter;—I read agony in every line. I hope your cruel enemy will soon relax his fury; every attack, however long its continuance, or dreadful its effects, will more prepare you, at some future period, for an amicable meeting with Him who is indeed the

friend of the afflicted. I trust that this "long dark approach through years of pain" will terminate at that narrow portal, which, opened by the hand of your Friend, pours forth a flood of splendour on those who can say, "It is good for me that I was afflicted." If this cross had not been appointed for you, 'tis hard to say what effects health, affluence, continued prosperity, and the consciousness of abilities might have produced on a mind which had never learnt the wholesome lessons of adversity. I hear you say, "All this is very true, but very trite," and wonder that a person whose heart has bled should attempt to "charm ache with words, and agony with air." I am only offering you the balm I have repeatedly poured into my own wounds, and which, if it did not heal, at least soothed them.

I mean to bring with me a young Highland damsel, whom no inducement would persuade to accompany me if she did not imagine that yours was a dwelling in some degree retired and tranquil. Isabella is my third daughter, and has always lived at home: she was peculiarly attached to my dear Catherine, by whose death she was quite overwhelmed, and I feared for some time that the blow would have been fatal to her health. I hope the change of scene will prove beneficial to her; she is to me the object of peculiar tenderness, from her singular attention to her duties, and uncommon filial affection. In this none of my children were deficient, yet I used sportively to call her my Cordelia.

I have been deep in all the wonders of unfolded prophecy for some time past. I very seldom find

leisure for reading that requires such intense application; but having lately received a present of Faber's work upon the Prophecies, I thought I could do no less than endeavour to explore the wonders of the Apocalypse through the telescope thus afforded me. One comfort I have derived from the perusal of these mystic volumes,—I am pretty clearly convinced that the Pope is not Antichrist. Now it always has grieved my catholic spirit not a little, that the whole Roman Church should fall under a description which I think, with Faber, far more applicable to the infidels of the Encyclopædia, whose ashes the bigotry of Atheism canonized in the Pantheon. Whoever hopes for salvation through the only merits of a Redeemer I must recognize as a Christian, if sincere,—however deep his fringes, or tawdry his embroidery, though I would avoid his errors and guard others against them. I think Faber would amuse you, if, like me, you are not so worn out as only to recreate yourself with light reading.

I assure you I anticipate a renewal of life from the genial gales and peaceful shades of Sunbury. So near Windsor, too, where I have a fair and faithful friend. I am, dear sir, yours, with true sympathy and regard,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LIV.

TO THE REV. DR. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

Dear Sir, Stirling, 9th January, 1808.

A thousand thanks for your delightful intelligence, which would communicate to your friends a sensation of delight, only inferior to what you felt at the moment when you found yourself the father of a daughter: — a daughter I always insisted it would be, and therefore not only rejoiced in your joy, but triumphed in my own prescience. Now what, my dear sir, farther can I wish you, blest as you are in your family and connections, — rich in this additional blessing of the most endeared and tender kind, in the rising sunshine of worldly prosperity, and, more peculiarly, "a cheerful heart, that tastes those gifts with joy?" I can only wish you a long continuance of them, and that the children whom God has given you may adopt your attachments, and share your emotions, with as much sensibility as mine do in those I feel. This wish in a great measure includes that of their resembling their parents in character, which, you know, seldom fails to happen when their parents live not for the world but for each other. This, I am happy to think, is most likely to be your case. Tell your beloved friend and mine, that I shall offer my congratulations in form to her, by the time it will be proper for her to receive them; this is to you merely. All my family send their love to *Miss* Hook; mine attends that young lady's aunt and mother, who will

be ever dear to, dear sir, your affectionate obliged humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LV.

TO ALEXANDER TOD, ESQ., LONDON.

Stirling, 26th January, 1808.

Dear Sir,

I received your letter with every sentiment of affectionate gratitude, that so affecting a proof of interest in my feelings was calculated to excite. I am very much pleased with the inscription for the tomb of my dear Charlotte, and very sensible of the delicacy with which you wished to gratify me in this tender instance, without putting me to immediate expense. That same consideration of expense weighs less with me than it ought; but then, being complete mistress of the system of occasional privation, and having no inconvenient habits to indulge, I never sacrifice the gratifications of my heart to those of my vanity; and this gives me a little sea-room. The true reason why I did not sooner indulge this wish was, that I did not think myself at liberty to do so till I had performed the same duty to a memory ever sacred to my solitary recollections, and uppermost in all my thoughts. I do not recollect whether I showed you, when here, an inscription which is now engraved at Edinburgh on a tablet of white marble, and to be inserted in the stone wall of a small enclosure round our burying ground at Laggan:

evergreens planted by a hand now cold beneath them, overshadow this little spot I wish to consecrate. The inscription is simple and modest as the manners of him whom it commemorates.

My family improve in health, and my journey to England is likely to take place; I am, in the meanwhile, very busy with a literary task set me by Mr. Hatsell, and urged also by many friends; this I mean to finish at Sunbury, where I shall have leisure not allowed me here. All join in affectionate compliments with your obliged obedient friend and servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LVI.

TO DUNCAN JAMES GRANT, ESQ., ENSIGN IN THE 7TH REGIMENT, N. I., BOMBAY.

My dear Duncan, Stirling, 26th January, 1808.

I really have scarcely spirits to write to you, having been so disappointed in being so very long without hearing from, and so cruelly mortified by the miscarriage of my letters to you; our spirits were, however, a little supported by finding that Mr. Tod had received a letter from you lately. Though the chastening hand of the Almighty has fallen very heavy on me, yet mercy has been so far granted to me, that while I live and am able to continue my exertions, nothing but returns of kindness and affection will be expected from you by a family now, alas! much diminished.

It pleased God, before he called my dear departed children from me, so far to subdue their minds to himself, that I feel ease and confidence with regard to their eternal welfare; insomuch that it is a kind of consolation to me to think that their pure spirits may perhaps have it in charge to watch over you, and preserve you from the greatest of all evils, — a lapse into habits destructive of your present comfort and future peace. Oh, may that God, in whose awful presence we must all shortly appear, impress on your mind my earnest entreaty, when I beseech you to listen to the voice which cries from the graves of those you loved, and by whom you were beloved. Think that they are softly whispering what they would cry aloud, if the eternal laws that separate embodied spirits from those released permitted: — "Return, return and live; live to your God, your country, and your friends; live to pour balm into the bleeding hearts of those that pray and weep for the salvation of your immortal soul!" Chastened and subdued as I am by many and deep sorrows, believe me, even with the fair prospects that are now open to your view, I would rather, could I be assured of the fact, hear of your dying now, if you left the world in the same frame of mind that they did, leaving a conviction that you were taken away from the evil to come, — than be told that you commanded the army in India, living without God in the world, and hurrying through the glare of worldly grandeur to final destruction. My dear son, you must needs taste of the bitter cup we have been drink-

ing; sisters so affectionate and so beloved cannot be removed without making an impression on your mind; but, oh, do not pass this cup lightly by; drink deep of it, and you will find the sweetness of divine consolation in the bottom. You will think of them as guardian spirits, as friends ready to meet you, when from the field of battle, or from the bed of sickness, your soul departs from this scene of sad vicissitudes, granting that you are found in the number of those who have not rejected or trampled under foot the free grace, the inestimable salvation purchased by the blood of a Redeemer.

While thus earnestly solicitous about a soul whose alliance with its clay covering I consider as very slight and insecure, from the hazardous profession you are engaged in, and the noxious climate whose influence is so fatal to your countrymen, I am not negligent of your worldly advantage. To promote that is, indeed, one motive for my present journey to London. But though your prospects at present, from the number and influence of my friends, are very flattering, your own conduct and manners must recommend you, or all that even zealous friendship and powerful patronage can do for you will be ineffectual. Read, my dear son, I beseech you, read; there are many bad people, but comparatively few bad books: from almost every book of established celebrity some good is to be learned.

Moore sends her love, and is much disappointed that the size of the packet will not admit of her writing to you at present. What more can I add, but my earnest prayer to Almighty God that he may

protect and enlighten you. I am, as you well know, your most affectionate mother,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LVII.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

Stirling, 8th February, 1808.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

You can have no idea of my disappointment in not being able at this time to see you. It was settled in my mind that I should spend some days with you in particular; I had for this purpose packed up a large parcel of letters and papers for Mr. Brown's amusement,—I might add edification, for some of them breathe the true spirit of Christianity in its most engaging form. But all my plans are overturned, or rather I am over-persuaded to renounce them, on account of my intended visit to England. Isabella is to be my fellow-traveller, and is now in Edinburgh with a young friend of hers who married in autumn.

I have a literary task in hand, which I have been persuaded into by Mr. Hatsell, and Mrs. Fielding of the Palace. This I should scarcely have been induced to undertake under any other circumstances, for truly I am "weary worn wi' care." But rest is not allotted to me; the common routine of life does not divert the frequent recurrence of acute mental suffering, and I flee to severe occupation to escape from sinful anguish. Why am I going to England? I could not, without entering into many details,

answer that question with precision: but one reason, not ostensible, is, that I shall do, if I live this summer in the leisure and quietness of Sunbury, what I hoped to have done last winter amidst the cordial ease and tranquillity of Jordanhill—carry on this same work which I entered on most reluctantly, and thought I should make nothing of; but I find I kindle as I run, and begin to have better hopes of success. I forget how much I have excited your curiosity, while I thus delay gratifying it; know, then, that the subject pointed out to me was the life—no ordinary one, I assure you—of my early and invaluable friend, Aunt Schuyler of Albany in New York. Now Aunt saw few changes in her own family; but what makes her life interesting is, that it is connected most intimately with all the public events of her times in that quarter, and that it affords an opportunity of describing the state of society in that country, and many extraordinary particulars, at least many peculiarities belonging to the events of those times, and the manners of that people. You dread a novel, but it will be nothing of that nature.

Why have I so long omitted to tell you that I have had a letter from Duncan—a long affectionate one—within these two days? He writes by the same ship to Mary a long and amusing description of the country. I am, with most affectionate regards to Mr. Brown, about whom I have been truly anxious, my dear friend, yours unalterably,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LVIII.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

Sunbury, near Hampton Court,
16th March, 1808.

My dear Friend,

I must begin by telling you how much I was gratified by finding a card with the names of Mrs. Grant and her daughters, when I returned to Cecil Street yesterday. Observe, it was Mrs. Grant, Russell Square,—Charles Grant's wife,—one of the best, but most retired of women, and her daughters, who very rarely come out, and one of whom, I am told, is in person and mind the very copy of her deceased aunt, Mrs. Sprott, who was my dear friend, and possessed much heart and soul, with considerable fancy and genius. They were indeed a wonderful family,—Charles, good, able, and eminent as he is, was the only one of them that was not brilliant and extraordinary: but theirs was a transient blaze, and he, less exquisitely sensitive, burns steadily on.

All was wrong when I came home: Mr. Tod had gone off in high dudgeon, because I did not arrive sooner,—being obliged to keep an important appointment somewhere else,—and left an anathema against us, that if we would venture to set out after four, we should be both robbed and benighted: in fact, he wanted us to stay till to-day. The driver whom he had engaged, and who filled Cecil Street with his murmurs, waited; I was obdurate, and after all these terrors we arrived safely here as day was closing. Nothing could be more attentively kind than Lady

Legard. We found here the elegant Mr. Swinburne —the same gentleman whom Sir John Legard sent to conduct me here last year: he is brother to Sir John of Northumberland. There is also Miss Harriet Wykeham,—a strong-minded ingenious lady, I am told,—of whom I only know that she is quite an Urania, and sat up all night studying the stars: what sweet influence the Pleiades have shed on their fair votary we shall discover by-and-by. There is a family, too, newly arrived on a visit from London: they seem intelligent and willing to please and be pleased. Miss D., the pretty artless girl to whom Lady Legard is so kind, is here, and, in short, we are a large family.

Sir John has had another fit—a comparatively slight one—of the gout; he was ushered in, a little after we came, in his wheeled chair, and is really both frightful and delightful; that is to say, his prodigious amplitude and the manifold coverings with which he is invested make him really alarming at first sight; though his fine, benign, yet sallow countenance soon dispels that impression, and his conversation is truly delightful,—rich, not redundant; full, not overflowing; well-bred without ceremony, easy without negligence, and kind without officiousness. Isabella is not well; she is languid, and overcome with struggling against this heavy cold. I am trembling with anxiety for letters from home, but all here is promising, and the silver Thames runs poetically under my window. The post calls; adieu, beloved: in haste,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LIX.

TO MISS GRANT, MELVILLE PLACE, STIRLING.

Sunbury, near London,
24th March, 1808.

My dear Mary,

I am thankful beyond expression to that God who in the midst of deserved judgments remembers mercy, for the recovery of my dear boys. I am thankful to you likewise for not letting me know at Edinburgh that my own John had the measles. Now that all is over, my chief concern is for your health, which must have suffered much during this period of painful anxiety.

I take it for granted Isabella has told you of the flattering attention paid us in London by those most worthy and distinguished, from which we were obliged to break off very suddenly before we had walked half the round, having imprudently fixed too early a day to come here; but in April we go to town for a few days again. I missed the Morritts of Rokeby by a day; Mr. Hatsell—dear good man—told us of their being in town, and proposed how we should meet; but Mr. Morritt was summoned to Yorkshire by an express, his mother having been suddenly deprived of speech and motion by a paralytic stroke.

I told you, surely, of my introduction to Mrs. Stuart, the best and most amiable of women; so say those that know her.—She is the Primate of Ireland's lady, and daughter to that Penn who now represents the celebrated Quaker, who was legislator and proprietor of Pennsylvania. It is singular that she should have asked

me about Aunt Schuyler, whom her father knew intimately, as indeed did every person of note on that continent. General Cuyler, her nephew and my old acquaintance, sat on General Whitelocke's trial, but retired from it indisposed. I was introduced to Lady Charlotte Campbell, the Colonel, and Lord John; she showed me all her children, her work, &c., and was not merely polite, but extremely kind; she bears a morning appearance extremely well. I also met Miss Barry, and two or three other renowned Misses, there. From thence I went with Mrs. Hook and Eliza to the house of Mrs. Preston, an old lady looked up to for half a century past as the charm and ornament of society, which her virtues benefit as her conversation delights: she is, in short, a model by which every one wishes their young friends to be formed, and her verdict stamps credit on any work to which it is annexed. With this Mrs. Preston I had a long and interesting conversation, which you will less wonder at when you hear that she was sister to Governor Hamilton, once the accomplished and witty Captain Hamilton, of whom you have so often heard me speak. I have not time to tell you of my visit to Mrs. Fielding at the Palace—of my introduction to old Lady Charlotte Finch, and of the sad relapse which has again confined that angelic being, Matilda Fielding, to her sofa. How lively, how charming, how interested she is about you all, I cannot tell you.

I would give you, if I could, some idea how agreeable Sir John Legard is, and what unwearied pains Lady Legard takes in attending not only to our comforts, but amusement: to Isabella she is affection-

ately attentive. Mrs. Barnet, daughter of the Archbishop of York, is a clever and pleasing woman, with wit at will, cathedral principles, and much information; she and I are great friends, though I found her a little cold at first. Her husband, who is a gentleman all over, has your father's modest gentle dignity, and his shy retiring manners, without his humour or peculiar turn for observation: they have a fine little girl here, whom they bring up extremely well. Of Mr. Swinburne, our deputy landlord, you have already heard, and all you heard is true. He and Sir John commenced in Italy that friendship so pleasing to both in its consequences. He and I assort extremely well.

Sir John Macpherson was invited to dine with us at Sir Walter Farquhar's; he did not come, but wrote me a pleasant letter, containing, with many other things, his full testimony to the truth of what I said of Ossian. Love to all my children. I will write you regularly every week, but must now break off abruptly. God bless you all, prays your affectionate mother,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LX.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

Sunbury, 25th March, 1808.

My dear Friend,

Ought I to be two days happy so near you without sharing my joys with one who will so fully participate? Now do not think they are golden joys; I have neither got a legacy nor a prize in the lottery.

What have I got, then? Why a letter from Mary, saying that both my dear Johns are recovered from the measles. Now think of Mary's judgment and her boldness; when she wrote to me at Edinburgh she did not tell me that my darling son was then very ill, though not dangerously; if she had, I would have gone back directly. There is a mountain off my breast since, for I had a presentiment that all was not well at home.

I wish I had time to sketch out our party here for your amusement: were any thing amiss to be said of them, I should violate the confidence of hospitality by amusing myself, or you, at their expense; but they are worth drawing, both for their merit and originality. The society is so pleasing, and new books, fine walks, &c., hold out so many lures, that I fear I shall be like Hannibal in Capua, idle and good for nothing; but you cannot think what relapses of sorrow and sleepless nights I had till I heard from Mary. I hope, among the thousand claims on his attention, your father keeps a little place in his memory for one who always thinks of him with affectionate respect. Happy, thrice happy father, with such a family around him, flourishing in prosperity, and what is much better, love and unity.

I wish you saw Sir John Legard; his amenity, his good breeding, his refinement, would charm you, and efface the impression which his mistaken views, in one instance, very naturally left on your mind. Isabella is a great deal better, and begins to get courage and unfold. Tell Eliza I am not going to say one word to her; for, in addition to the sun, who shines in most reproachfully, two swans, three ducks, and forty

pigeons are oaring, and quacking, and cooing to draw me out to see the crocuses. Adieu, my dear kind-hearted friend, whom I never see or write to without feeling at ease and getting into spirits. I am very much and very truly yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXI.

TO MRS. HOOK, AT THE REV. DR. HOOK'S, WINCHESTER.

Sunbury, 9th May, 1808.

My dear Friend,

I was much occupied before I left London; and though I left unseen some of those I was most desirous to see, I was glad to escape to the peace of Sunbury. I think we did not see the Bishop of London* till the day you went away: kindly indeed were we received by this right venerable prelate, and his fair and gracious mate. On Monday we dined with Lady Sutton; of the select party whom we expected to dine with us, one was dead, and two were fled to some other previous engagement; so we dined in comfortable quiet, and after dinner went with her to Lady Stanley's, widow of the late Sir William Stanley, who lives in Park Place or Park Lane, with her father old Mr. Townley, uncle and heir to the owner of the statues in the Museum. The house is magnificent, and the owners have a great air of respectability. On Tuesday we spent the morning at the Exhibition of paintings, which was very fine and very

* Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London.

interesting, and where I could have gone again with great delight. We afterwards dined with the Grants of Russell Square, having previously called on Mrs. G. of Rothiemurchus, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, where, to our joy, we met with two of the beloved Glenmorriston family, whom we had not seen for many years. What a congress of Grants? We proceeded to Russell Square, and found the family by themselves, and a charming family they are; the eldest youth, Charles*, possesses distinguished abilities, and the second, Robert, is also promising. There is one girl called Charamile, who is very like her aunt, my deceased friend, and, like her, witty, lively, and extremely entertaining; the rest seem sensible, affectionate, and natural. Mr. Grant had been very ill, so that they could see no formal company, but he came down and took his chicken-broth and lemonade beside us, and we, on the whole, benefited by his illness; he seemed greatly to enjoy talking over old stories with me, and we had the pleasure of seeing the delightful assemblage of this amiable family round their excellent parents, and of receiving from them kindness marked, tender, and tranquil, such as could not be interchanged in a crowd. They had just begun to entertain us with music, in which they all excel, when Mrs. Clark sent up to say she was with her carriage at the door. Mr. Grant urged me to put off going to Sunbury till Saturday, because on Friday they were to have the Master of the Rolls and other friends. I therefore wrote to Sir John Legard to send the carriage a day

* Now Lord Glenelg.

later. Meantime, Mrs. Lowe, niece to aunt Schuyler, and I had been missing each other continually. At length we met, — and such light, such recollections, such clear and authentic information, such an affectionate meeting, and affecting retrospections! My cruel engagements prevented my spending the time I would wish with her. We dined on Friday again at Russell Square, where we met Sir William Grant, the Master of the Rolls, Sir David Baird, and Captain Gordon, who is brother to the Earl of Aberdeen; a Mr. ——, to whom Walter Scott has addressed one of his introductions in Marmion, and Governor North, late of Ceylon. I will amuse you another time with our interview with the Duchess of Gordon, who was very kind and most original. I called on Mrs. Fitzhugh, and found her, like the Queen of Flowers, in an elysian apartment. I also visited Mr. Hatsell of the House of Commons, whom I am to meet at the Bishop's at Fulham. I got a better reception than I expected from Sir John Legard, who is very jealous of his visitors being occupied by others. Isabella sends love. Adieu affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXII.

TO MISS MOORE GRANT, MELVILLE PLACE, STIRLING.

Sunbury, 18th May, 1808.

My dear Moore,

I thank you for your letter, which, considering the absence of the penmaker, was wonderfully well

written, and pleased me very much. In return for your account of the *delightsome* bower which Mrs. B. has created for you, I wish I could describe to you the exquisite beauty of this place. First, the house stands as near as it can to the river Thames, a row of trees which overhangs the road and a slight railing being all that is between it and the said road, which is just on the banks of the river; every instant there are boats of all sizes sailing past, and carriages driving almost under the window, so that there is a constant moving picture in the front of the house, while behind, it is as quiet and as lovely as Woodend, with more regularity and embellishment. The house is surrounded by a lawn about half a mile round; on two sides of this there is a continued flower border against the wall, rich with a variety of the most beautiful flowers and the finest shrubs, and within that, walks of lofty trees; all this grand and beautiful edging surrounds a lawn covered with the richest verdure, amongst the grass of which tulips, the jonquil, narcissus, and other beautiful flowers grow in tufts, like wild ones; through this lawn, too, are dispersed a number of apple trees, which are now in the richest bloom. There are three different gardens; two little ones for early productions, in which are three hot-houses, whence we are now supplied with grapes, peaches, and pine-apples in turn every day, and there is a large kitchen-garden, which contains a number of fruit trees: in short, if the comforts and luxuries of life in great abundance, among which I count an ample and well-stocked library, and very elegant society, — if all this, and good morals and good

sense, and a well-ordered household could make people happy, our friends here would be completely so. But our Heavenly Father only gives these things as cordials to support us under the evils of life on our way to a better world. Poor Sir John Legard suffers a great deal in the midst of all this; he begins now to go out in warm days in a carriage, which has another seat hung on behind it; I sit with him in the first one, and Miss D. and Isabella go in the rumble, as it is called, behind.

I am preparing to go to Fulham, to visit the good Bishop of London, writing letters, &c. Adieu, beloved Moore; I hope you are very respectful to Mary, and that you and Anne live in love and confidence, the first of earthly blessings. God bless you, dear child! I am yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXIII.

TO ALEXANDER TOD, ESQ., LONDON.

Sunbury, 27th May, 1808.

Dear Sir,

Herewith receive Marmion, which we should have returned sooner, but for our visit to Fulham. I have seen Jeffrey's cruel criticism on this poem, and am the more vexed at it as I think some of it quite true, particularly Scott's want of patriotism in not more bemoaning the irreparable loss, and the gallant and accomplished, though hard-fated monarch

of his own unequalled country—I mean unequalled as a theme for a troubadour. He is not half vindicative nor vindictive for "our nation, famed for song and beauty's charms," whose crest fell on that fatal day, never to rise in equal pride again. The forgery was a trick unworthy a baron bold, like Marmion, sure enough; yet what shall we say of the matchless powers of that poet who can dress such an ill-constructed story in such beauties of diction, imagery, and pathos, as to thrill us by turns with horror and delight? Where he has put forth his whole strength, it is exerted in vain for me; for Flodden Field has so often filled me with anguish, mortified pride, and indignant horror, that, in pity to my woe-worn nerves, I shun the pain of reading the description. Isabella sends you her thanks for her share of Marmion; let me know by a line of its safe arrival. I am, dear sir, your obliged affectionate friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXIV.

TO MRS. HOOK, THE CLOSE, WINCHESTER.

Sunbury, 1st June, 1808.

My dear Friend,

I can only account for my silence by saying that I was for some days very stupid, unwell, and feverish, after I came here: then on the 20th of May I went to Fulham, where I staid four days, enjoyed myself very much, and got quite easy with the Bishop, who is certainly as amiable as he is venerable, and no one

that has heart or soul can see him without lamenting that he draws so near the entrance to perfect felicity.—Mrs. Porteus, too, is pleasing in a very high degree, and seems truly worthy to be his help-meet. She appears to relieve him entirely of his temporalities, without any anxiety or bustle, having her mind and her countenance free to entertain her friends, and enters into all his amusements or concerns with as much interest as if she had nothing else to think of. Now this is what I much admire and seldom see. On Sunday the Bishop preached a most impressive sermon from these words: "Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." How affecting to hear consolations so sublime from the lips of one who will so surely and so soon hear the approving sentence of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" What a clear melodious voice he has; what a light rises in his countenance when animated by devotion; and how very cheerful, nay playful, can he be, during his hours of relaxation! I saw shoals of fine people there, that came to call in a forenoon, particularly the Countess of Harcourt, who overwhelmed me with compliments. The last day, Mr. Hodgson* and his lady came to dine, accompanied by that great original, Mons. Dutens, who amused us exceedingly. Mrs. Hodgson is extremely pretty: I like her much; but her husband, if possible, exceeds her,—I mean in being pleasant to meet

* Now Dean of Carlisle. He was nephew and chaplain to the Bishop of London.

with: his other excellencies I am not discussing. I should have mentioned the person I like best, next to the Bishop, Mrs. Kennicot, the most engaging and certainly the most estimable of old ladies, to whom I owe a great deal; she exerted herself most powerfully to forward my interest last year, and has still a kindly concern for me. You must have heard of her; she is the widow of that eminent Hebrew scholar Dr. Kennicot, and lives at Windsor, where she is a great favourite with the Princesses, whom she sees very often, and who look up to her,—as well they may.

Ever since I came here I have proposed seeing dear Miss Grant at Windsor. I have been induced to defer this visit from day to day, but early on Sunday last I set out with Isabella, and arrived to breakfast: afterwards we went to chapel, which I admired exceedingly; but when our good old King came out, I felt a sensation not to be described; my heart and eyes filled at once. Good old man! I wonder what makes me love him so: his blindness, and the many sorrows he has encountered, have an effect on the mind that softens respect to tenderness. Now, do not, as you value my favour, once think of laughing at my endearing manner of talking of His Majesty. I feel something like this, sometimes, when I see, for the first time, old pictures of those who have filled great stations and suffered great calamities.

Windsor Castle, and the view from it, far exceeded my expectations, which, to say truth, were not high set; for, though I expected and found much beauty, I did not look for sublimity. Westminster Abbey and

Windsor Castle and Terrace pleased me more, in that respect, than anything I had seen in England. I would have luxuriated awhile in these delightful walks, had I not been obliged, in civility to Miss G., to stay in to see several of her neighbours. Of these there were many whose very names have escaped me; among them, however, I must not forget Dr. Lind, who is an antiquary surrounded by curiosities of his own collecting; he has many points of interest, for he is a circumnavigator, a Scot, a virtuoso, a cousin of Sir James Grant's, and moreover, and best of all for him, physician to Her Majesty's household. There was, too, Miss Knight, author of Dinarbas, who is Reader to the Queen, and Miss Burgess, a sister of Sir James Bland Burgess, very learned, but extremely odd. To describe her is impossible, and to me 'tis impossible to judge whether her peculiarity of manner is the result of affectation, or some odd habit.

Now, with my cordial benediction to you and all you love, I must conclude; for though it is a treat to me to write in this careless manner, I encroach on my hours, being forced to task myself to carry on Aunt Schuyler's memoirs, which now and then grow very drowsy. I am quite in spirits, having got the sweetest letters possible just now from my children at Melville Place. Isabella, who, though not easily won, is your great admirer, sends her love to you and your Eliza. I run to my task. Adieu, dear friend, to whom my heart always opens,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXV.

TO MISS GRANT, MELVILLE PLACE, STIRLING.

Sunbury, 24th June, 1808.

My dear Mary,

I spent a few days in Windsor last week with Miss Grant; she has the goodness to propose copying for the press the manuscript of my American Lady's Memoirs. Do you know she was the friend of Mrs. Carter, and of Lady Hesketh whom she assisted at Clifton in singling out such of Cowper's letters as were fittest for publication?

Poor Miss Catherine Fanshawe is very unwell: I have known very few persons possessed of talents so great and so various; when here, she received a letter from Hayley, who now lives in a retirement which he calls his hermitage; it was to announce the marriage of Norfolk Johnny * with a lady, young, lovely, and truly amiable; she was an orphan of independent fortune, well educated in the country, where she lived with her relations. She was elegant, pious, musical, and studied Cowper with ever new delight. Charmed with the playful innocence, cordial friendship, and disinterested kindness that appear in Cowper's sketches of Johnny's character, she sighed and wished "that Heaven had made her such a man." Her worthy and liberal-

* The Rev. John Johnson, cousin of Cowper, by whom he was playfully called "Johnny of Norfolk."

minded relations, notwithstanding Johnny's confined circumstances and unprepossessing appearance, —for he is little, and diffident in manner, —her people, in short, told his people that Johnny might try: so he did, and succeeded; for when you know him, he is charming, innocent, sweet-tempered, full of fancy and humour, and a delightful letter writer. They went to Bath, about three weeks since, to be married, and proceeded straight from the altar to Hayley's Cottage, where Johnny's charmer sung and played to the poet every one of Cowper's lyrics, and some he never meant as such; in short, brother William was in as great raptures with Johnny's bride as he himself could be. Now, of all the great and wealthy who read and praised Cowper, not one ever thought of giving their interest to promote this faithful friend of his infirmities, who did for him what no other being would or could; but this sweet creature loved virtue for *itself*, and rewarded it with *herself*. * * * * * *

Windsor is the town of all I ever saw in which I should like best to live, having this charm to recommend it beyond every city not a capital, that it has few of the purse-proud vulgar in it that crowd inferior cities in England; the dissolute and splendid great also avoid it, as being under the eye of royalty. There are few places where you meet so many good and pious, elegant and worthy people, who live in small houses on moderate incomes, and where one may in summer see so many strangers, if so inclined; it is quite of a different cast from other places in England.

* * * * * *

The loss by C. will be serious, if it happens, but I am not afraid; "goodness and mercy all my life will surely follow me," undeserving as I am. God bless you all, prays

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXVI.

TO MRS. HOOK, HERTINGFORDBURY, HERTFORD.

Sunbury, 16th July, 1808.

My dear Friend,

Since I received your affectionate letter, much of my time has been devoted to the task of attending Sir John Legard in a most painful, really dreadful illness, during which he expressed great confidence in the Divine mercy, yet often wished and prayed to be dismissed from that extremity of suffering, of which I have for some time been an afflicted witness. At four o'clock this morning it pleased God to call him, I trust, to his own peace; I was witness to the conclusion of his painful pilgrimage. Was ever man so truly amiable, so blest, or replenished rather, with the best gifts both of nature and fortune, and virtue to turn all these to the best account? Was ever such a person doomed to such incessant suffering both of body and mind? Dear happy and deserving friend! Think of him, and think of me, and then turn with gratitude to the contemplation of the felicity awarded you, even in this land of shadows. I must remain with Lady Legard till her north-country friends arrive; then I

go to Windsor for a few days, and finally conclude my travels with you. I have had a sad vigil, and have written many letters this morning: forgive, then, the abruptness with which I assure you that I am, very affectionately, your sincere and grateful friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXVII.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., LONDON.

Hertingfordbury, 23d August, 1808.

My dear Sir,

I have now come to fulfil an engagement I made before I left Scotland, by spending a month here with Mrs. Hook, daughter of Sir Walter Farquhar who is your acquaintance, I think. When I came to London I found good accounts from my family at home. Mary writes me that your friends, Mr. and Mrs. Morritt of Rokeby, who are on a tour through Scotland, went to Stirling, and spent five days with her, part of which they occupied in making excursions in that romantic neighbourhood. They were very much pleased with the appearance of my little charge, their nephew, and his progress in learning, and with everything they saw. Since I came here, a gentleman in London, with whom my son in India corresponds, has had a letter from him, from which I find that he is now a lieutenant, for which I am apt to suppose he has to thank your recommendation to General Hewitt, he being so very young an ensign.

My friends in Scotland begin to grow clamorous

for my return; but I find my stay hitherto, in so far accommodating, as I have sent my American memoirs to the printer's, and daily expect the first proof sheets. Sir William Grant, the Master of the Rolls, has permitted me to address them to him, and seems much disposed to take an interest in what concerns me.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of this place, which is set off to the highest advantage by the taste and fancy of its owners. I had the happiness of getting one more sight of the truly amiable and venerable Bishop of London, for whom Isabella has a reverence and affection tinged with superstition, and thinks she shall thrive the better for his benediction. Will you forgive all this egotism, which is a presumption on your benevolence, and offer our grateful respects to your nieces. I am anxious to know how you all are, and shall be gratified by a few lines before I leave this, being ever, dear sir, your affectionate, obliged, humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO ALEXANDER TOD, ESQ. BUCKINGHAM STREET, LONDON.

Hertingfordbury, 29th August, 1808.

My dear Sir,

I was fully resolved no more to disturb your peace, or encroach upon your time, conscious as I am of having deeply transgressed in that way already; but I am worried with the booksellers, and I find no one distinct and correct but yourself: to you I must

apply in my extremity. They wrote me that there was matter enough in the Memoirs of an American Lady for three volumes like the Letters; and three volumes they seemed determined to make of it;—at this I am justly annoyed, having told all my friends it was to be only two, and having a mortal dislike to mere bookmaking, and grasping and shuffling of every kind. These Memoirs are a subject by no means pleasing to me at present, because they remind me of the late nights and early mornings in which I wore out my spirits at that toilsome task; sometimes writing twice, nay thrice, the same passages. Poetry or fiction gives loose reins to the imagination; history is fed by rills of authorities and documents, that flow in from all quarters; epistolary writing is supported by a variety of subjects, the topics which your correspondent suggests, &c.; in travels, if your mind be fertile and cultivated, little more is requisite than to copy with ease and accuracy the picture of nature which that mind reflects, and to record with grace and fidelity the occurrences you meet with. But this retrograde, crab-like march over the years that are no more—this tale of other times, where you are neither allowed the liberty of embellishment, nor the collateral lights that in other cases aid research into the past—is a cheerless toil, where all the faculties must needs mount upon the memory, as the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters did upon Blackberry, in the notable procession to Church.

We have been reading, or rather, Dr. Hook has been reading to us, Mr. Fox's history. Of the politics of it we said nothing: on these topics people ever have thought differently, and ever will; but the exe-

cution we wondered at, to say no more. None but Mr. Fox himself could have persuaded us that anything could come from his pen so feeble and so cumbrous; elegance and brilliancy we did not expect,—perhaps they might have been here misplaced; but we looked for vigour, clearness, and animation. We can never have done wondering at the folly and egotism of his friends who have thus tarnished his memory by publishing a sure evidence that his talents have been greatly over-rated, and thinking to pass the work on the public for a happy effort of a superior mind, by ushering it in with a train of feeble apologies, and feebler attempts to mislead our judgment by applause which should rather come from us at the end of the volume, than from them at the beginning of it. We were not a little surprised to find the Edinburgh Reviewers so entirely of our opinion, though they qualify it by much personal and party panegyric.

Isabella improves in health, and sends you her best wishes. I am, dear sir, very much yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXIX.

TO MISS MOORE GRANT, MELVILLE PLACE, STIRLING.

Hertingfordbury (Dr. Hook's),
6th September, 1808.

Now, my own dear Moore, I am very much afraid, because I am so hurried, that I did not answer the well-written letter you sent me: you think I am full of fine sights and fine people, and have forgot my

beloved children; but indeed, my dear, it is not the case. It is for your good, or what I think such, that I have taken this journey to England; you occupy my heart and my prayers, and I think of you oftener than you could suppose.

I wish you could see this beautiful place; it is less grand, but more pleasing, than Sunbury. 'Tis in a beautiful valley, between two sloping little hills; the clearest possible little river winds below the house over clean gravel, like the Spey. The lawn has the largest walnut-trees I ever saw scattered over it; behind the house is a pleasing confusion of mingled garden and orchard, and this enchanting little river is bordered with weeping willows, such as you never saw.

Now, dear Georgina*, how do you do? I fear you are, like Moore, a little delicate. Dear children, how happy that would be for you, if it would induce you to think seriously of the futurity to which we are all hastening, and to remember your Creator in the days of your youth, who remembers you every day, and without whose knowledge no hair of yours falls to the ground. Pray, dear children, habitually and earnestly, and you will find it one of the chief comforts you have in sickness, or in health: it would remain with you, though every friend were to forsake you; and when this short journey of life, which we are all running rapidly through, comes to a close, the time you have spent in making yourselves acquainted

* Miss Georgina Thomson, the young lady referred to, was then on a visit to Mrs. Grant's family at Stirling. — *Ed.*

with your Creator and your Redeemer, will be the only period on which you will look back with pleasure: on that, indeed, will all your future comforts be founded. Girls just about your time of life, left, as you are now, to do what you please, are apt to be giddy and idle, or to lounge in profitless indolence; now, dear children, you know not how much pleasure and self-esteem, you will lose by indulging such habits. Do say your prayers, read your chapters socially together, and then say to yourselves, we shall not trifle away this day, but divide it into certain portions, — so much for reading, so much for work, and so much for walking, &c. Keep steadily to your allotment of time; read by turns to each other, while she that listens works. Invaluable time! was ever anything so precious! Keep up your French, and speak it to each other; watch over your respective tempers: Moore, do not take pets; Georgina, do not fly into passions. This is just the time to tame those tigers, the passions, before they have strength to master you. I am, dear Moore, with love to you both, your affectionate mother,

ANNE GRANT.

Letter LXX.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

Hertingfordbury, Hertfordshire,
23d September, 1808.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

I would have written to you before, but always thought I should have left England sooner, and besides, was pretty frequent in my addresses to your sister, which I knew would, as I wished, be submitted to your perusal.

There is no describing the sweet rural elegance of this interesting spot; the taste, the talents, and many charming qualities of the owners, no doubt add attraction even to the beauties of this fine country and the favoured spot in which they reside. There is a close and agreeable neighbourhood, who vie with each other in admiration of Mrs. Hook, and in attention to me as her friend. I had lately the great good fortune to meet with General Cuyler* who took Tobago; he has purchased an estate here, called St. John's Mount: lives splendidly, has a fine young family, and is beloved in the neighbourhood. His daughter, a girl of nineteen, was lately married to the rector of Welwyn, who lives at her father's door. Only think of my calling on the successor of Young, the poet of the Night Thoughts, and looking into his garden and walks, sundial, &c. I am to go next week again, and then I shall visit the church, and see his pulpit,

* General Cuyler was nephew to Madame Schuyler, whose life formed the subject of the Memoirs of an American Lady, which Mrs. Grant was then preparing for publication. — *Ed.*

his tomb, and the altar-piece which Lady Betty sewed with a luxuriant vine, having, for its motto, "I am the true vine, and ye are the branches." You may suppose the General and I had much interesting conversation about America and Albany. We were like Lord Thomas and fair Ellen,

> "When sun was set and day was done,
> We had not talked our fill."

I should greatly wish to refresh your spirit with an account of the amendment and improvement that is really taking place among the superior classes in England. There are abundance of dissolute and unworthy persons among them, no doubt, amidst the corruption of great wealth and idleness; yet you would be delighted to see how many devout and worthy characters there are among the higher ranks here. Next to us lives Mr. Baker, member many years for this county: the piety, regularity, and decorous manners of this family are most exemplary, and their ten children are brought up just as you would wish your own to be: Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Fielding of the Palace, and Mrs. Stuart who is married to the Primate of Ireland, are all cousins to each other, all distinguished for excellent principles and conduct founded on sincere and fervent piety, and, I am proud to add, all warmly partial to me.

Have you read a late publication of letters which passed betwixt the Countess of Pomfret, when she was in Italy, and the Countess of Hertford? This Countess of Pomfret was mother to Lady Charlotte Finch, who still lives, but is 86, and was grandmother

to the three ladies I have mentioned. The letters I speak of have a great deal of the starch of the old court in them, yet are full of pious and just sentiments; and 'tis pleasing to trace this character through all the Countess of Pomfret's descendants.

About the middle of October, I hope to be at Glasgow, on my way home, and shall pass some days at Jordanhill. They urge me to stay another and another week, and to see another and another person that comes here to see me; but I grow uneasy and dispirited, and ready to say

> "How ill the scenes that proffer rest,
> And mind that cannot rest, agree."

Yours affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXI.

TO MRS. HOOK, HERTINGFORDBURY, HERTFORD.

My dear Friend, Edinburgh, 24th October, 1808.

According to my promise, I will now endeavour to sketch our journey to Scotland, after leaving our dear friends in Hertfordshire. Well, then, after joining the stage-coach at Hertford, sixteen long hours did we sit without moving in that same vehicle. 'Tis a happy thing for me that, like little children, I suffer neither in anticipation nor retrospection, and so all this is now only like a tale that has been told. At Doncaster we were joined by a very large, but well-

dressed man, who took his seat opposite to Isabella and myself in the carriage. All this while whenever I was capable of thinking, I had been considering with myself what could have become of my travelling angel, who never fails to appear in the shape of some beneficent being, who begins in being my companion, and ends in being my friend, whether I travel by land or water. It proved only a suspense of kindness; for that never-failing guardian appeared under the form of this great burly personage, who, though abundantly inelegant, was kind and attentive beyond measure, and is, I believe, a benevolent and worthy man. He began by telling us that he came from Forfarshire to visit two daughters at a boarding-school at Doncaster, and went on to settle a little business at London, and was now hurrying home to the best wife imaginable. His name is R.; he is a banker in one of the northern towns, and has an estate near it, where he resides; he is very artless and communicative, and I soon became well acquainted with him, and so may you, if you will take the trouble to look at Miss Baillie's comedy of "The Election," where the youngest of the brothers is his exact portrait, only this is not quite *so new a man.* Now this good gentleman, who, by the by, was quite captivated with Isabella, thought her so bonny and me so good that he could not endure to part suddenly with either of us; his intention was to go on from York, either in the coach which proceeds without stopping or in the early mail. When he found we would do neither, the good soul owned that he could not lose our society, and would share a post-chaise, and go on in our own way.

Mr. R. accompanied us in the morning through the Castle and Cathedral at York, and waited with the utmost patience and good-nature till I spent two hours with the relations of my little Johnny Morritt; that is, first with his grandmother and aunt, whom I like exceedingly, and then with his two grand-aunts, most respectable and animated antiquities, one eighty, and the other above that. We then took the direct Edinburgh road, and reached Durham that night. Meantime Mr. R. became so charmed with us, that he blest his stars for bringing him into such "worshipful society." To render himself worthy of this high privilege, he ransacked all the stores of a memory truly good, for classical and poetical recollections, which were happily blended with descriptions of such a wife and children, such a house and garden, and such an estate and neighbourhood, such a zest in the enjoyment of them all, as must have delighted benevolence, and disarmed fastidiousness, while listening to the egotism of overflowing good-humour and felicity. Next day we were persuaded to spend a couple of hours with our benevolent protector, in viewing the Castle of Alnwick, which is grand and impressive, beyond any place of the same kind that I have seen; yet I was disappointed at seeing so few family pictures. We proceeded rapidly, dining at some favourite village of our companion's, and slept at Berwick. We reached Edinburgh the following afternoon, where I was made happy by learning that all my family at Stirling were well.

Tell your sister Mrs. Matheson, that I desire her to cast the anchor of hope in the slough of despond,

and look cheerfully on the cherubs that surround her. To Mrs. Hamilton I wish all the joys of maternity, as well strained from the prelusive bitters as possible; and to good Sir Walter, convey remembrances replete with esteem, gratitude, and veneration. Dr. Hook knows well my sentiments of him, and would rather guess them than hear them. Believe me ever your tenderly attached,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXII.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., HOUSE OF COMMONS, LONDON.

Stirling, 20th November, 1808.

My dear Sir,

I was honoured with your kind letter two days since, and now hasten to answer it, before a busier period opens on you to withdraw your attention from the very little amusement such letters as mine can afford, and before a new occupation engrosses my time and thoughts.

I had the comfort of finding all my family in pretty good health, upon my return here; I had some difficulty in getting away from the Syrens and *Lotophagi* of Edinburgh, but found my mother in better health and spirits than old Laertes seems to have been when Ulysses found him pruning his hedges; and my young housekeeper, Mary, as diligent, modest, and domestic as Penelope could be for her life.

I was sitting quietly at the fireside one night lately, when I was summoned, with my eldest daughter, to

attend the Duchess of Gordon: we spent the evening with her at her inn, and very amusing and original she certainly is: extraordinary she is determined to be, wherever she is, and whatever she does. She speaks of you in very high terms, which, you know, always happens in the case of those whom the Duchess "delighteth to honour:" as the highest testimonial of your merit that she can give, she says you were one of the greatest favourites Mr. Pitt had, and then she pronounced an eloquent eulogium on that truly great man. Her Grace's present ruling passion is literature,—to be the arbitress of literary taste, and the patroness of genius,—a distinction for which her want of early culture, and the flutter of a life devoted to very different pursuits, has rather disqualified her; yet she has strong flashes of intellect, which are, however, immediately lost in the formless confusion of a mind ever hurried on by contending passions and contradictory objects, of which one can never be attained without the relinquishment of others. She reminds me, at present, of what has been said of the ladies of the old *régime* in France, who, when they could no longer lead up the dance of gaiety and fashion, set up for *beaux esprits*, and decided on the merits of authors.

Having said all this of her Grace, it is but fair to add, that in one point she never varies, which is active—nay, most industrious—benevolence. Silver and gold she has not, but what she has—her interest—her trouble—her exertions—she gives with unequalled perseverance. She was at as much pains to seek out an orphan, the son of a gentleman who died

lately in the Highlands, leaving a numerous unprovided family;—she was at as much pains to seek out this orphan, who lodged in some obscure corner of Stirling, as if he had been a fit match for her grand-daughter who accompanied her.

I see by the papers that General Dalrymple's trial is going on, and that party rage is kindling all its fires for his destruction. I pity people in power very much for the difficult part they have to act in this instance. To give up to popular fury a person who acted to the best of his judgment must be painful; and to seem to shelter anything like a defect in courage or conduct, at this crisis, must be dangerous. A vigorous and comprehensive mind, qualified to "ride the whirlwind, and direct the storm," without being ridden himself and directed in his motions by distant ministers, seems wanting; and even if such a destroying angel should be found, it will not avail, if other angels of destruction are daily to supersede him and each other. Great abilities are called forth by great exigencies; and if this glorious struggle in Spain is to succeed, some Marlborough or Peterborough will arise to direct the thunderbolt to its destined aim. I am this moment interrupted by a lady, who says there is bad news arrived from Spain, but I am not easily daunted. The Spaniards are unworthy of their ancestors and their mountains, if a single check will dismay them; if ever their vessel comes to port, it must be through a stormy sea, and under jury-masts.

I read two or three of Paley's sermons in England: they are admirably clear and satisfactory. I greatly

revere his abilities, and the application of them. I had previously read his Natural Theology, and shall never forget what comfort I derived from the disquisition on the Goodness of God which concludes that admirable work.

I wish you all the happiness which your calm and cheerful philosophy—or rather your rational and pure Christianity—ensures; and, with offer of my respect and regard to your nieces, I am, dear sir, your grateful, humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO MRS. HOOK, HERTINGFORDBURY, HERTFORD.

Jordanhill, near Glasgow,
15th December 1808.

My dear Friend,

You wish to know my plan of removing to England, and I told you I would explain it on my arrival at Jordanhill. My purpose, then, is to take a house fit to accommodate a few young ladies, the children of wealthy persons in the upper circles of life. This is a most unsentimental opening; but my first object is to do good to my own children, and my next is to do to those of others that species of good which people tell me I have done to mine already; that is, to cultivate and inform their minds, and to give a right direction to their feelings and principles; to endeavour, in short, to give them that which forms the proper basis of what is called accomplishment, and gives it the due value and effect. This, with the

desirable accomplishment of cherishing home feelings, pure affections, domestic habits, and a just, solid manner of thinking, and of digesting the knowledge acquired by reading, is a thing utterly impossible to be done in a school, in consequence of the unselected, and often uninformed—or worse—numbers that must necessarily be collected there, in order to defray the great expense of such establishments; in which, however well they may be conducted, things are, of necessity, too much generalized, and carried on in the very best seminaries so systematically, that the particular temper, disposition, and abilities of every individual are not consulted.

It was a consciousness of this, and feeling the inconvenience and deficiency resulting from it, that made the Countess of Glasgow desirous that I should take charge of her daughter, whose progress in music, languages, &c. was highly creditable to the teachers in the great school where she has hitherto been educated. That amiable and enlightened family, who know better than many how to estimate things at their true value, were not, however, satisfied with this: and it is to have her taste properly directed, and her principles confirmed and established, as well as to be incorporated for a time in a family where simplicity without vulgarity, and tranquillity without torpor, are the ruling habits, that Lady G. wishes me to make her daughter for a time as it were my own. I should prefer taking a very limited number about her age—fourteen, or a little younger, provided they were such as were fit to be associated with her, both as to their previous culture and innocence of

mind. That I should entirely devote myself to the cares and occupations resulting from such a charge, I should by no means promise; for it is not likely that I shall be constantly equal to it, and I mean this establishment solely for the benefit of my daughters; but my affection for them, as well as my tenderness for those committed to their care, will stimulate me to do more perhaps than I promise in the way of superintending the whole. I need not descend to minutiæ: to those whom my mode of instruction will suit, that is unnecessary; they merely centre in treating the young ladies as if they were our own. My only pretension to favour is that of having, with little or no assistance, educated a large family so as to retain the satisfaction of having thorough dependence on their principles and conduct; and more than this, it becomes me not to say of my own. There is no possibility of saying much on this subject, without seeming to exalt oneself, or reflect on others; the zeal of my friends will abundantly supply this deficiency, and that they are so numerous and zealous, is of itself a recommendation. You know I always am, very truly, your attached and grateful

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO MASTER WALTER HOOK, HERTINGFORDBURY, HERTFORD.*

Jordanhill, near Glasgow,
21st December, 1808.

My dear Walter,

I have been of late much indisposed, yet one of the first things I thought of, when my head and eyes left off aching, was to answer your kind letter, which I see is all your own diction. I am here, my dear boy, with some of the earliest friends I had, whom I loved when I was a young girl, and love much still; not merely because I loved them then, when I was full of affection, and ready to love every thing and every body, from the wren to the elephant;—no, it is because I was so happy as to be, as you are now, well taught, and to have so proper a bent given to my feelings, that they were attracted to the peculiar preference of what was in itself truly lovely and excellent, which puts it in my power to continue that preference now, when many things that I once thought fine, appear trifling and worthless to my better experience. This habit of loving the Divine image in those of his creatures on whom it is most strongly impressed, and who most carefully preserve it from debasement, is a happy propensity, because it is a guard to virtue, and a cordial for declining years; and should these objects of a pure and holy affection attain, before us,

* Now the Rev. Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds, and Chaplain to Her Majesty; he is the son of Mrs. Hook, to whom many of these letters are addressed. — *Ed.*

the happy immortality which has been so dearly purchased, we have amidst our misplaced sorrow something sweet to look back to, and something more delightful to anticipate.

I am glad to hear you are at school, though your dear mother and you must have had a sad parting; but you have only to be thankful that you had the society and the tuition of your parents so long, and that they are so near you, and that you are not like my John Peter, dependent on an only parent; but he has a parent out of the reach of worldly sorrow, to whose society he may yet attain. I hope you received the copy of the Memoirs of an American Lady I sent you: be sure to keep it till I die, for my sake, and afterwards for your own sake. Now I should like much to say something to divert Robert; but I am very grave, and cannot divert any body. I hope, dear boys, you will both be manly, and not let the other boys have to say that you are grown soft by staying so long at home. Never begin a quarrel, nor come sneakingly out of one. I need not tell you what you ought to do; you have better advice than I can give you: tell your beloved mother that I am thankful for her last letter, and all the information it contains. Adieu, my dear boys; I am yours, with warm regard,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXV.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

My dear Mrs. Brown, Stirling, 28th December, 1803.

I have the satisfaction to say that I am this day a great deal better; yesterday I was very ill with that kind of cold and all those nervous aggravations that tormented me at Jordanhill.

You cannot imagine how much I am delighted with my son, though his boisterous rapture at seeing me had well nigh overset me at first; his notions are so upright and original; there is such a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, of energy and tenderness in the rudiments of his unformed character, that I think he bids fair, with proper management, to be both respectable and amiable. What is most necessary in his case is more pruning, and otherwise just to let him alone, and keep art from intruding into the province of liberal nature. He will not have genius, but he will have that happy faculty of mind, the result of fancy and feeling, which enables us to taste and enjoy the intellectual feast which superior intelligences furnish.

Forgive all this egotism, and accept my grateful thanks, for all your quiet, watchful, and friendly attention while I was your troublesome guest; not that I think you accounted it a trouble, for I know that you did not. I sent you a copy of Paley's Sermons: they are very characteristic of the author, having all his power of argument, energy of thought, and purity

of doctrine, with his careless, inelegant, and unfinished diction; they are much run after, I suppose because they are scarce and were printed in the face of his dying prohibition: he did not think them sufficiently accurate or polished for the public eye. Pray remember me with much esteem to your mother, to whom I have also sent Faber on the Prophecies; time will show how far he is skilled in opening the gates of futurity: I am, in the meantime, very ready to acknowledge Antichristian France as the personage making the kings of the earth drunk with the cup of abomination. I was always reluctant to brand with that epithet a Church, however corrupt, that acknowledges the propitiation of the incarnate Saviour as the only means of redemption.

Send my love to your beloved sister, and that matchless mate of hers, whom I think I like better now than any other man,—the Bishop of London being so far out of my way and reach. I am, dear Mrs. Brown, ever, with sincere attachment, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXVI.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

Stirling, 3d January, 1809.

My dear Friend,

I had the great satisfaction of receiving your letter at Jordanhill, where I had been much indisposed while I was wicked enough to repine that I should be sick where I would have so greatly enjoyed my-

self with this most happy, and most excellent pair, for you must know I like Mr. Smith fully as well as I do her. I wish you did but know him;—such charming tranquillity of temper, without languor or torpor; such general intelligence, such happy ease, and unaffected goodness and benevolence. I always liked him; but, from their numerous connexions and visitors, never had an opportunity before of seeing them for any time quietly and happily at home by themselves, as I love to see so happy a couple as they are.

My illness was a great cold, attended by a nervous sensation all over that defies description, but made me indeed "smart and agonize at every pore;" my disorder was, I am sure, greatly aggravated by a thousand painful recollections that this meeting with the associates of early life renewed in my mind. I felt, too, that they, so surrounded by elegance and abundance, and by the friends that these appendages to merit, in the course of the world, draw about people, were too much engrossed by their own happiness, their children, and their pursuits of various kinds, to feel me as necessary to them as they are to me; and this, too, I felt painfully, having really an inordinate avarice of affection.

In Glasgow, some one sent me the Eclectic Review for January or February last: I think it is favourable, and extremely well written, having more of talent in it than any review of my Letters—for it is those I allude to,—that I have yet seen. The writer, who appears to be very pious, charges me—too truly—with making too great an idol of friendship. I plead guilty; for in no instance should one

place that dependence on the creature, such as the Creator only can be worthy of. But perhaps it is the prevalence of this sin that makes me feel a preference for you a kindred transgressor, that is scarcely warrantable; but it is you only that I feel loose from the engulphing world, when the considerations of affection stimulate you to exertions for others.

Being exalted in my own eyes by certain adulatory epistles from Mr. Hatsell, Mrs. Fielding, and other literate ancients in praise of "Aunt Schuyler" and her noble Mohawks, I took heart of grace, and wrote a sharp expostulation to Longman about coarse paper, bad printing, &c. It cost me no small pang to be so harsh to my poor dear Longman. Mark the sequel; no lamb, if lambs could write, could possibly have sent a meeker answer than he made to this lion-like epistle: he says he will assuredly have the next impression printed on fine paper; begs me to prepare without loss of time for a second edition, and tells me that on the 20th of December above a thousand copies had been sold.

You will be now in town, busied with your brother's marriage.* With such a heart and such a temper he must make a delightful husband, and the cares and affections resulting from a happy marriage will be a cure for all youthful errors. I am yours ever tenderly,

ANNE GRANT.

* Sir Robert Townsend Farquhar, Bart. married in January, 1809, to Maria Frances Geslip Latour, daughter of Mr. Latour, of Madras, by whom (who married, secondly, Thomas Hamilton, Esq.) he left a son, the present Baronet. — *Ed.*

LETTER LXXVII.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

My dear Friend, Stirling, 26th January, 1809.

I received your long and kind letter, and since that, your sweet little memorial of both time and friendship, and the note glowing with your own native cordiality that accompanied it.

'Tis hard to say whether you have most gratified Mr. and Mrs. B. or me by the unequalled kindness of giving them the use of your elegant residence during your absence from home. A person great in little things, who made seraphim of her furniture, would as soon leave them in possession of her nose. I know who has half the merit of this liberality; but I do not wonder so much at *him*, for men take wider views, and value little things less than we do, and generosity in him is almost culpable, because excessive on all occasions. I have great comfort in considering that you are safer than you would be with most people, for I know your guests to be possessed, in a high degree, of that rare and charming quality,—delicacy,—which, though it cannot, like charity, atone for many sins,—for it is never found associated with them—certainly makes up for many defects, and is a pretty sure indication of purity of mind, as well as of tenderness of heart. A college pedant, if he is young, and has parts with his pedantry, I can very well endure; he is only a young bird run away with the shell on his head, who amuses without disgusting me. As for Mrs. B., though she could not

amuse, she would interest me, because I should, like you, feel gratified in adding, in any way, to the comfort of so much gentleness and innocence that feels finely, though quietly. Master has, what in a greater and older man would be called splendid abilities; he is awkwardly conscious of them, and has neither the art to conceal that consciousness, nor the noble simplicity which carries minds of the very first order even above the contemplation of their own excellencies.

Talking of genius leads me naturally to congratulate you on the awakened brotherly feelings of that Theodore* for whom I know your sisterly concern is restless and extreme. You may believe I rejoice over the capture of this shy bird, for his own sake, as well as yours: I do in my heart love genius in all its forms, and even in its exuberance and eccentricity. You will teach him, for his own good, to make a due distinction between living to please the world at large, and exerting his powers in a given direction for his own benefit, and the satisfaction of his real friends. The uncultured flowers, and even the early fruit of premature intellect form an admirable decoration for a dessert; but woe to him who would expect to feast on them daily and only. Of a person depending merely on talents and powers of pleasing, what more brilliant example can be given than Sheridan? and who would choose to live his life, and die his death? I talk of his death as if it

* The late Theodore Hook, Esq. author of several popular works. He was brother-in-law to Mrs. Hook, the correspondent of Mrs. Grant. — *Ed.*

had already taken place, for what is there worth living for that he has not already outlived? and who, that ever knew the value of a tranquil mind, and spotless name, would be that justly admired, and as justly despised, individual? And if the chieftain of the clan be such, what must the tribe be "of those that live by crambo clink,"—as poor Burns called those hapless sons of the Muses, who, without an object or an aim, run at random through the world, and are led on by the unfeeling great and gay to acquire a taste for expensive pleasures and elegant society, and then left to languish in forlorn and embittered obscurity, when their health and their spirits and their means ebb together.—Raise, then, your voice of truth and affection, and out-sing all the syrens that, on the coast of idleness, strive to attract Theodore by the songs of vanity, pleasure, and dissipation; teach him to love those that love him, independent of all that flatters or pleases, for himself; and make auxiliaries of all those kindred among whom you are now placed, to make him know something of more value than empty admiration.

I was lately solicited to take charge of a young lady, whose father was son and heir to Sir John A.; her mother is a near relation of the Duke of Hamilton's. She knew of my proposed removal to England, which was one motive for her wishing me to take her daughter: the affair was settled, and she was to come to us next week. This day I see in the newspaper the death of her father, General A., who was upon service in Spain: what difference this may make I know not;

but this young lady, with respect to age, was what just suited me. Yours, tenderly and unalterably,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO MISS CATHERINE MARIA FANSHAWE, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON.*

Edinburgh, 13th February, 1809.

My dear Madam,

You grieve and surprise me by saying that your late tour extended no farther than Oxford. Admirable as I am sure that is, I would have you in Alnwick Castle, among the shades of the Percys and Douglasses, which still seem to frown on these embattled towers: and even in Scotland we have many things worthy of being seen by you, and which I know you would see with the eye of a painter and a poet, though at the same time you would long to return to your fertile plains after the first effervescence of sublime delight. The power of habit is, however, astonishing: when I first went to the Highlands, I thought it pretty and poetical to admire the general face of the country,

* Miss Catherine Maria Fanshawe, to whom several letters in this collection are addressed, was the daughter of John Fanshawe, Esq. of the Board of Green Cloth. She was distinguished by her attainments in literature and the fine arts, and was the intimate friend of Lady Hesketh, the cousin of Cowper, who thus describes Miss F. in a letter to Lady Hesketh in 1793: —

"Her pen drops eloquence as sweet
"As any Muse's tongue can speak;
"Nor need a scribe like her regret
"Her want of Latin or of Greek."

Miss Fanshawe died in 1834, in the 69th year of her age.—*Ed.*

and spurred myself up to something like approbation; but it was—without a pun—uphill work. Particular spots charmed me; but the general aspect of the country made me always think myself in a defile guarded by savage and gloomy giants, with their heads in the clouds, and their feet washed by cataracts; in short, it appeared to me awful as it would be to live night and day in that mighty Minster that so filled my eyes and my imagination when lately at York. Time, however, went on: I began to grow a little savage myself;—"not a mountain reared its head unsung;" and when I grew acquainted with the language and the poetry of the country, I found a thousand interesting localities combined with those scenes where the lovely and the brave of other days had still a local habitation and a name: cherished traditions, and the poetry of nature and the heart shed light over scenes the most gloomy, and peopled solitude with images the most attractive and awakening. When, after a long residence in this land of enthusiasm, I left the abode of ghosts and warrior hunters and heroines, to come down to common life in a flat country, you cannot imagine how bleak and unsheltered, how tame and uninteresting it appeared; except the society of my early friends, it had lost all its attractions for me, and I gladly returned to dwell under the sheltering shadow of my mountains, and to see—what I shall never see elsewhere—delicacy of sentiment and generous tenderness, courtesy and gentle manners, in cottages.

Do you know that I began this letter in Stirling, and am finishing it in Edinburgh, a place into which

business now and then drives me, and where inclination would keep me if I had more self-dependence; but the society in this northern capital is so ensnaring, conversation so lively and so easy, and every one knows everybody so well, that I could not possibly reside in the midst of so many seducing attractions without giving up my quiet habits, my domestic *endearments* shall I call them? and perhaps my economical regulations, — the mortar that binds together the fabric of independence. I know I could never lash myself to the mast when so many syrens were singing around me; and, truly, in many instances, though the song is sweet and specious, it is delusive and perhaps destructive.

But I must tell you why I came to Edinburgh; it was to bring home with me a daughter of the Earl of Glasgow, who is committed to my care, having finished the routine of boarding-school education, and being to stay with me unconditionally, that is as her mother expresses it. I have seen the young lady, who looks modest and sensible, composed and collected, yet like a child without being in the least childish, I mean she is no premature miss in haste to be a woman.

I called on the Duchess of Gordon yesterday, she and I having a joint interest in an orphan family in the Highlands, which creates a kind of business between us; she had a prodigious levee, and insisted on my sitting to see them out, that we might afterwards have our private discussion. Among other characters at her levee, I saw Lord Lauderdale, who made me start to see him almost a lean slippered

pantaloon, who, the last time I saw him, was a fair-haired youth at Glasgow College; he was really like a "memento mori" to me: had I much to leave, I would have gone home and made my will directly. More gratified I was to see Sir Brooke Boothby, though he, too, looked so feeble and so dismal, that one would have thought him just come from writing those sorrows sacred to Penelope, which you have certainly seen. Being engaged to dinner, I could stay no longer; the Duchess said that on Sunday she never saw company, nor played cards, nor went out: in England, indeed, she did so, because every one else did the same, but she would not introduce those manners into this country. I stared at these gradations of piety growing warmer as it came northward, but was wise enough to stare silently. She said she had a great many things to tell me, and as I was to set out this morning, I must come that evening, when she would be alone. At nine I went, and found Walter Scott, whom I had never before met in society, though we had exchanged distant civilities—Lady Keith—Johnson's Queeney—and an English lady, witty and fashionable-looking, who came and went with Mr. Scott. No people could be more easy and pleasant, without the visible ambition of shining, yet animated, and seeming to feel at home with each other. I think Mr. Scott's appearance very unpromising and common-place indeed; yet though no gleam of genius animates his countenance, much of it appears in his conversation, which is rich, various, easy, and animated, without the least of the petulance with which the faculty, as they call themselves, are

not unjustly reproached. Lady Keith and Mr. Scott said all that was civil, and offered to call on me; but I return to Stirling to-day, in spite of all these seductions, and I have risen by daylight to finish this letter, which, after all, I fear you can scarcely read. I have taken my sober glass of Edinburgh: this much exhilarates, more would intoxicate.

I hope you have received a splendid present I sent you; I mean the Memoirs of dear aunt Schuyler, who, though in very homely array, and terribly misprinted, has been civilly received here; everybody finds fault, yet everybody mixes praise of some kind with certain very just criticism. You have your opinion previously formed, and but for you the faults would be more numerous.* I am, dear madam, your much obliged, faithful servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

Stirling, 17th February, 1809.

My dear Friend,

Many thanks for your last letter, which I wonder you found time to write, occupied as you are. I am charmed to find you so pleased with Mrs. Dixon; her ardent affections and vigorous mind are so well regulated by sound sense and genuine piety, that one has none of those harsh movements, those sudden

* Miss Fanshawe, had seen the work alluded to in manuscript, during a visit to their mutual friend Sir John Legard, where Mrs. Grant happened to be at the same time. — *Ed.*

irregularities to dread, with which people of that temperament are apt to distress you. It is really a privilege to know one who has done so much good with so little means proportionably; and who unites a thorough knowledge of the useful arts of life, and of every thing that preserves independence and extends beneficence, with the fervour and elevation of genius, and what one might call a glowing simplicity of manners. What an inestimable advantage in prosperity — what an unspeakable consolation in adversity, is it to be known and loved by people of genuine worth and abilities! They are really "a crown of rejoicing," and, moreover, a second conscience; for who would venture the loss of their esteem?

I have no desire, in the way of curiosity, to know any one's private affairs, but in this instance I am so glad you have made me the depository of your confidence; for the rationality, the piety, the sober steadfast dignity which you display in unfolding them, have raised you in my eyes; I assure you I look up to you as if you were ten feet high. Restricted circumstances must be particularly hard on those whose taste is elegant, whose minds are liberal, and whose habits are social; yet, if one's circumstances admitted of indulging so many bewitching propensities, these are tastes that have no defined limits: they are like a circle in the water, daily enlarging; and they lay us open to such perpetual incursions, and keep the mind so hurried and occupied, that the most amiable and deserving slide insensibly into embarrassments which make them first the prey, and then the scorn of those whose whole merit lies in a cold caution

and exact calculation. Hospitality is no safe virtue, when all the world, as certain people call themselves, are so gay, so idle, and so perpetually flying about. Simplicity of life, that nameless powerful charm which has actually taken the wings of a dove and fled to the wilderness, is so completely banished, and so much incumbrance of expensive nothings have been introduced into the system of housekeeping, that without going to festivity and excess, easy open-handed kindness cannot now be indulged but at a ruinous expense. You are not aware how much hurry and impertinence, how much anxiety and embarrassment, you will escape, and how much better you will like your new plan of life when once you stubbornly bend your mind to it; for it must cost an effort to get out of this too well beaten track.

I should have been delighted to see such a party as you, Mrs. Dixon, Miss C. M. Fanshawe, and Lady Louisa Stuart together; your favourable verdict on my book is doubly gratifying, as I know how it would delight you to gain the favourable vote of these hypercritics. Accept much love from us all, and believe me faithfully and tenderly yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXX.

TO ALEXANDER TOD, ESQ., BUCKINGHAM STREET, LONDON.

My dear Sir, Stirling, 10th March, 1809.

I received your letter with the enclosure, and write to inform you of its safe arrival, and to congra-

tulate you on having no particularly disagreeable business to urge you northward; but amidst the selfish atmosphere which surrounds you, your retaining warmth enough to come on a visit of kindness to the land of your nativity, I consider as no small merit.

Mrs. Kennicott's notes for the new edition of the Memoirs of an American Lady will come too late; I do not much care; I understand that the design of them is to obliterate a certain familiar and colloquial set of phrases, which, from my not being a voluntary or professional author, have become habitual to me; and, were they taken away would also take away from that characteristic manner, from that ease and originality which those who live in, and talk for the world cannot attain, and which borrowed elegance and studied correctness would ill replace.—When people are pleased, upon the whole, with such nondescript performance, they do not exactly know whence their pleasure results;—part of it, perhaps, arises from that unstudied simplicity which extreme correction and embellishment would eradicate. I, who am neither learned nor fashionable, wish not to borrow aid from fashion or learning: conscious that, by attempting to change the style of any of the few works that deviate from the beaten track, what is gained in elegance will be lost in strength and ease.—In short, I want on all occasions, in public and private, to be my very self.

This place is now in great beauty, and I shall feel regret in quitting it, but of all this we will talk soon fully.—I am, with sincere regard, yours truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXI.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

My dear Friend, Stirling, 15th March, 1809.

I was happy to learn by a letter from Miss G. that you are well in London, and busy for me. Pray do not let that excellent being's over eagerness to do impracticable things distress you, by making you vex yourself that they are impracticable. Ease I do not look for; difficulties and struggles of one kind or other must be my lot while I travel through this dim vestibule, as Young calls it, of existence. These are useful, perhaps necessary. How much do my secret meditations follow the departed, as it is! Were I, then, at ease from outward anxieties, I should grow melancholy; the ardour of my imagination carries me away from sorrow, but too faithful memory, and attachment too tender, bring me back to redoubled anguish, in the hour of solitude and quiet. It is good for me to be anxious, and at times agitated; so never let yourself be uneasy because I have not a hundred things I can do very well without, and because my worldly matters are not in every respect what your kind partiality would desire. If I carry through my plan of removing to England, I must lay my account to meet a little hard weather at first; but matters will mend, if we manage properly, with due confidence in that Providence which has so wonderfully befriended us.

I am sure, from the attachment you all have to the

Wellesley family, this shocking elopement must give you great concern. When things are at the worst, they must needs mend, and surely morals cannot be at a lower ebb of depravity. The traces of gratitude can never be erased from my heart; for which reason, and many others, I am grieved beyond measure for the poor Duke of York, and could spend a long summer day in telling you all the good things I know of him in his official capacity. I do by no means defend his morals, but is this fault worse in him than in his accusers? I hope and trust he will be found free from the stain of peculation, for the sake of his humanity. God bless you, dear and truly excellent friend; believe me ever truly yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXII.

TO MRS. HOOK, THE CLOSE, WINCHESTER.

Stirling, 20th March, 1809.

My dear Friend,

I do not lose a post in informing you that I am perfectly disposed to comply with the proposal you make me upon the part of Mrs. Jones, and shall consider it as a particular mark of confidence to have a young lady of such uncommon promise, and so peculiarly the object of parental fondness, entrusted to me. You know very well how much I shall be interested in so near a connection of the dear Grahams, as well as your own, and of how much importance it is to my feelings that the young persons under my care should

be such as I have some tie to love. But of this I shall say little; I only venture it to you, because you will not think, as many others might do, that this is merely a parade of sentiment.

With Lady E. Boyle I am more than satisfied; but a creature of so firm and pure a mind, of such fixed principles, and with notions at once so elevated and delicate, is so very rarely met with, that her being so very suitable and attached, as I am convinced she already is, to the family:—all this, I say, would scarcely induce me to take another at that most critical age, when they are neither children to be guided nor women to guide themselves. So notwithstanding this excellent sample of misses in their teens, my general opinion of them remains unchanged, and I still abide by my choice of young creatures, who can be made what she already is. I hope at any rate to teach them early to love truth and goodness, and have a sense of religion deeply impressed on their minds. An absolute devotee,—a person who lives only in pious exercises, and being dead to all the attractive and amusing varieties that assail the young mind with the added charm of novelty, makes no allowance for the gaiety of youthful imagination, and is not apt to give those impressions that will enable one to mix safely in the gay and busy scenes of life. Religion, in the young mind, is like a bird in a child's hand; if it lie too closely grasped the life escapes, and only the dead and cold form remains; and if it be too loosely held, it takes flight entirely.

I hope you will not think me an immoral wretch for my pains when I tell you, that I grieve beyond

measure for the Duke of York: I fear he will cry, like Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." If a sense of morality had armed the House of Commons, whose scandalous levity is disgusting, against him, it might be borne; but he is the victim of party, and that truncheon will never more be held so steadily. Believe me ever your attached, affectionate,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO MRS. HOOK, THE CLOSE, WINCHESTER.

My dear Friend, Stirling, 27th March, 1809.

I most thoroughly sympathise with you on Lady ——'s loss, which I see is a great and real affliction to you both. Though very much interested in the admirable survivor, I do not pretend to feel as you do, who have known and loved her so long; yet I have a peculiar feeling of my own on this sad occasion, such as none can have that have not passed that cruel Rubicon. —I cannot see before another that thorny path through which I have so long walked with aching heart and bare and bleeding feet, without feeling anxious concern for the defenceless traveller. When I speak of bare, I mean the aggravation of having limited circumstances to encounter, without the defence of habitual cold prudence, and a callous hard mind that is not seduced from the onward path by pity, taste, or fancy. High born, justly admired, and nursed in the

lap of affluence and indulgence, as she has been, besides the breaking of "those ties so hard to tear," she has,—according to the very great difference betwixt her lot and mine,—as much worldly difficulty to encounter as I had; that is to say, she will find as much difficulty to keep her children in the sphere and in the possession of the advantages and indulgences to which her rank entitles them, and to give them all a suitable education, as I had to keep mine from encountering those trials for which the delicacy both of their minds and constitution utterly disqualified them.

Yet, from her Ladyship's sweet and equal temper, and her vigorous and active mind, I hope much; and more from the sense of religion which seems to have been alive in her heart amidst all the scenes of gaiety and temptation through which she must needs have passed. Her present state, it must not be dissembled, is not only a painful, but very hazardous one, and on that sacred and immoveable pillar only can she safely lean; but then devotional feelings must not terminate in bright gleams and fervid impulses. It is in the bosom ploughed up by affliction and watered by tears, that the severe yet salutary habits of self-denial and steady exertion must spring up. Who is it that says of true pleasure,

> "On virtue's awful hill, sublime enthroned,
> Sits the immortal fair;"

and adds, very truly, that "the steps are peril, toil, and care?" They are indeed; but the reward is rich and abundant, the air pure, and the prospect delightful, when one does arrive. I am not flourish-

ing on paper to tell, in other terms, what every one must know, but speaking from the fulness of my heart, from a mind deeply impressed with the delicacy and critical importance of the arduous duties upon which your friend is entering, in which, unless she earnestly supplicates the divine aid to direct her, I see not any other that she has to depend on. After all, the whole detail of our joys and sorrows comes so very soon to an end, that I know not but the best lot is that in which our virtue is most exercised, and in which we are enabled to do most good.

I have worn myself out on this theme. Of myself what shall I say? Mary is come home, which certainly makes an agreeable addition to our society. She is preparing to go to England, on a visit to Miss Grant. I flatter myself you will like her: I am sure Dr. Hook will. We grow every day fonder of Lady E. Boyle, and she seems quite happy, and much attached to us; we go on dividing the day between music, languages and history, with the variation of writing on a wet day, and walking on a dry; making our general conversation, whether grave or playful, insinuate somewhat of instruction, and reading amusing books in those evenings that we spend alone together, which are many. I am much pleased to hear you like your new abode at Winchester so well, and, with our united love, believe me your attached and faithful friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO MISS C. M. FANSHAWE, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON.

Stirling, 1st April, 1809.

Dear Madam,

I would be ashamed to say how much gratified I am with your approbation of my good Aunt Schuyler*, and how vain of Mr. Sotheby's! indeed he is much admiration in my debt, and owes me at least good-will. I must own myself, however, agreeably surprised at the respectable success it has had. I wish you would read the Duke de Rochefoucault Liancourt's travels through America; not the whole of them,—that is a fatigue I should not think of inflicting on you,—but his tour from Upper Canada to New York, where you will find my Schuylers, and Renselaers, my Hudson's river and my General Hamilton, in full dimensions, and would have found my Aunt Schuyler, if Minos and Radamanthus had not given her their passport two years before. General Schuyler's daughter, whom he talks of as having been given in a disinterested manner to the truly admirable General Hamilton, was the playmate of my childish years, and dear to me from her good temper and attachment.

I am delighted with the pleasantry of your observations upon my defective orthography,—which can be the less excused as it is a thing to be learned

* Alluding to the "Memoirs of an American Lady."

merely by a common degree of observation.—But do you know that the first unshackled letter of my very own diction that I wrote in my life was that which begins the series of my printed correspondence;—this I have beside me, written in the most childish and unformed hand imaginable. I was taught to write, when a girl in America, by a soldier in my father's regiment who began life in the character of a gentleman, but, being an incorrigible sot, retained nothing but a fine hand to distinguish him from his fellows when he was chosen my teacher;—this tutor of mine visited the black hole so often, that I got copies,—perhaps twenty—at long intervals, when he was removed into another regiment. I was thus deprived of all instruction of this and of almost every other kind; but then it was intended to send me to a convent in Canada, where officers' daughters got some sort of superficial education. This was deferred from year to year, and then dropped because we thought of coming home, where I was to learn every thing; but, by that time, I was grown very tall, very awkward, and so sensitive that a look disconcerted me, and I went to no school except that where dancing was taught, which I very soon left from the same miserable conscious awkwardness.

Upon our return to Scotland I exercised my handwriting in little poems, where "mere description held the place of sense," inspired by the romantic banks of the river Cart, in Renfrewshire, where I passed summers with a family whose innocence of manners, purity of thought, and odd mixture of perfect simplicity with a degree of refinement that

one would have thought incompatible with any thing so primitive,—formed, altogether, an assemblage of qualities that I suppose were rarely blended in the same degree. I stop here to observe to you that a class of people then existed in Scotland,—of whom few relics now remain,—that were peculiar to this country, and died away with the broad Scotch of Allan Ramsay,—for they would not or could not speak English properly. They were to be found in middle life, among the clergy, petty lairds, and professional people of the second class; what distinguished them from all other people was a simplicity of manners, and plainness of language, amounting to rusticity, yet perfectly distinct from vulgarity and not the least allied to it; on the contrary, those derived from the most complete and intimate knowledge of scripture, of the English classics of Queen Anne's reign, and all the touching and ennobling productions of their own national Muse. And this was combined with a taste for simplicity, and a refinement of sentiment that one would little expect to meet among people moving in an humble and retired circle, without even the wish to quit it.

To make you understand what I mean, such beings as Miss Burney's Dubsters, Brangtons, and Mittenses never had an existence in Scotland: they are as new to us as the Caliban of Shakspeare. As the poet tells us, talking of the golden age, that "music held the whole in perfect peace," I verily think the pathetic strains of our national music, so very familiar to every one, and the soft and even graceful rusticity of our pastoral muse, had some share in this singular

delicacy of mind that existed often utterly independent of modes and forms, and is, I think, the prevailing charm of our bleak uncultured country, but which is vanishing fast, as the latter is more cultivated and improved. It is that which one misses in the middle rank of life in England, where one must really rise above the obscure recesses of life, before any degree of mental delicacy or culture is to be expected. Refinement, in short, is with you carried much farther, but not so generally diffused. This is wandering far from my first purpose, which was merely to account to you for my great deficiency in regard to orthography, of which mere imitation might have made me mistress. With offer of my respects to your father, and best wishes for your sisters, I remain, dear madam, yours very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO MISS C. M. FANSHAWE, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON.

Stirling, 15th April, 1809.

Dear Madam,

The opportune temptation of a neighbour just going to London induces me thus early to acknowledge the favour of your most obliging letter.

There is something in the destiny of this neighbour of mine so particular as to be worth relating. She is the daughter of a highland gentleman who lives here in Melville Place, and supports a numerous family, in a respectable manner, on the produce of a

West Indian estate. This young creature was not fifteen, when, by her sprightliness and musical talents, she attracted the attention of a very young man from London, of the name of B——, who is paymaster to a regiment then lying here. Upon examining into circumstances, the extreme youth of the lady was the only objection; they imprudently, however, permitted them to be very much together. The consequence was what might be expected: impatient of delay, and afraid of separation, they went off and married. This rash act was followed by a very sudden forgiveness, and she still continued the darling of her parents. She came here to be confined, in due time, not being then completely sixteen, and became as composed and matronly as if she had been married for years. In little more than four months after, they were alarmed with an order for the regiment to go to Botany Bay, where, it is to be observed, they are likely to stay fifteen years. Careless of consequences, she was ready to go any where with her husband; but the fear and fondness of her parents induced them to prevail on him to set off without her, and to conceal his intentions without taking leave. When she came down and discovered the deception, she was almost frantic, and her father was so moved by her agonies that he was fain to take a post-chaise and go off instantly with his daughter to overtake her mate, who was more pleased than surprised at the occurrence, having an interior persuasion that she could not be detained. She went off, hardly bestowing a look on her infant whom she had been nursing, or on any other of the family.

After a stormy and dangerous voyage, she arrived at London, and went off after a few days to the Isle of Wight, to be ready to embark. Finding they should be detained there a month, the yearnings of affection became distressing to the young mother, and she and her husband sent a formal requisition for their child. The little creature was by this time become so dear to the good people, that they could not endure the thought of parting with it for so long an exile. They got a surgeon to certify it was not equal to the journey to London, being but five months old, and not robust for its age. Meantime the parents were in the Isle of Wight, where, on Monday morning, they heard the ship would not sail for a fortnight. The little heroine, who wants still some months of seventeen, set out instantly for Portsmouth, went the same night in the mail to London, set out from thence on Tuesday, travelled almost without food or sleep, in the coach to Glasgow, and astonished all on Friday morning by her appearance in Melville Place, undaunted and unwearied, without a trace of fatigue in her looks or spirits, and here she is, going off in triumph with her child and this letter! How stupid will this narrative appear to you, though in the stupidest of little country towns it excites so much interest.

* * * * * *

I make no doubt that Mrs. Hook has told you my intention of removing my family to London or its neighbourhood. Surely the motives must be forcible that could make me quit this dear land of my nativity. I will not talk of my inducements, nor of the ties I

break, the direct answer being, "Why, then, do you break them?" Such chasms have death and absence made, that I have more friends, Scotch friends, now, in and about London than are collected in any other spot; and friends, too, that may be useful to a son who is dearer to me than I can say. I will not make you go over the thorny ground I have had to travel; I doubt not of your having heard enough of my history and of my motives to understand my views, and am not entitled to trespass upon your patience with details, unless you entitle me to do so by expressing solicitude about my motions. I am, dear madam, very gratefully, your faithful, humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., LONDON.

Stirling, 23d April, 1809.

My dear Sir,

I acknowledge myself very culpable in delaying thus long to answer your last letter. Believe me, dear sir, it was not owing to any deficiency in gratitude or respect, for there is only one person on earth—a worthy Scotchman of your own age, Mr. Richardson of Pitfour,—to whom I think myself equally obliged, and whom I regard with equal esteem and veneration. Your niece is just one of those young people whom it refreshes my spirit to contemplate; her letters, written with happy ease and elegant simplicity, are the pictures of a pure and

amiable mind, well regulated, well cultivated, and enriched with the soundest principles and best affections . . . . . The new novel "Cœlebs" I have vainly endeavoured to procure: nothing of that kind comes here till 'tis grown mouldy every where else; but when every one else is done with it, I shall get it from Glasgow or Edinburgh. "Zeal without Innovation" I have read more than once, and would read it again with pleasure;—I wish it were generally read, that many people might know what they would say when they talk about Methodists and enthusiasm without thought or discrimination, and, by confounding things most unlike, teach the young and thoughtless to associate the idea of spiritual vanity and enthusiastic rant with the purest and meekest Christianity. I think it a book not only of the best tendency, but admirably written, with a simplicity not void of elegance, and a purity of style seldom met with; it has also a candour, moderation, and perspicuity rarely attained in writings that have the remotest tendency to polemical controversy, and a happiness of allusion and range of thought that clearly show—though the author curbs his fancy in order to preserve the useful plainness becoming a serious address to all classes of readers—that he is well qualified to please as well as to instruct, and that he could be very amusing if he would descend from the gravity of his theme for that purpose. I think the cause of religion is sometimes as much hurt by its friends as by its enemies, and there are but a chosen few to whom its defence can safely be entrusted. Even a very good, well-meant, heavy book is more an encumbrance than

a help, for who reads it but those who do not need conviction? But the book which does most good is that which is most read; and this is written with such ability, and really affords such entertainment, that I should suppose it would produce much effect, were it only by making people think more deeply and clearly on the subjects it treats of. There was great need of such an author to step between the dead and the living.

I am glad to hear that the excellent Bishop's spirits still continue to animate his enfeebled frame. That clear and hallowed light will, in all likelihood, be gently and gradually extinguished, to rekindle with unquenchable lustre among those who inherit the crown laid up for them.

I have been tedious, dear sir; forgive me, and give my best respects to your niece Mrs. B. I am just recovered from a bad cold; all the rest are well. I am, dear sir, your obliged and attached servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXVII.

TO MRS. HOOK, THE CLOSE, WINCHESTER.

Stirling, 9th May, 1809.

My dear Friend,

Miss Grant is as faithful as Abdiel, and so I was sure she would be, when it came to the point of "do, or let alone." I have just received a letter from her full of hope and courage, steadiness and friendship, and, what at present is better than any thing, good rational notions—practical ones to be acted on.

Mary has just had a letter from Miss S. the cousin of Mrs. R., who is quite a different character, really a genuine and valuable one. Mr. and Mrs. R., observe, are to give up their residence in the country—that country for which she languished, not because she had much rural taste, but because there she would not be disturbed nor intruded upon. Well then, she and her husband were to educate that idol son: to accomplish this, a man qualified by his learning, his abilities, and his virtues to make a distinguished figure in public life, and possessing a very great stake in his country, was withheld from Parliament—into which the confidence of his fellow-citizens would have gratuitously sent him—and from every other public-spirited or useful exertion, to doze away the very prime of life on a sofa, giving occasional lessons to the boy, till indolence, bile, and spleen sent him to some watering place. And thus years have gone by, spent neither pleasantly nor usefully, and *his* candle has been kept under a bushel, because *her* bushel had no candle under it. At length they got tired of the task of tuition which was to add an eighth wonder to the world, and got a tutor: that measure did not answer, which I do not wonder at; and they are coming, for the sake of getting proper tuition, to live in London, that mass of pollution, of which Mrs. R. used to speak with such unqualified horror, that she seemed to think herself contaminated by passing through it. How sorry I should be to be Mrs. R. with all her unenjoyed wealth! Cottage of Laggan! ever dear to my recollection, what an abode

wert thou, compared to the dead and stately stagnation of B——! How sweetly calm was thy peace—how pure and animated thy pleasures,—how many found joy and comfort under thy roof!

This is perhaps the egotism of retrospection; but how can I help a comparison, or contrast rather, so obvious? Yet these are good people, but they have hung all their lives between heaven and earth like Mahomet's coffin: they never tasted adversity, never got near enough to the earth to see the minute objects on its surface, and feel their humble wants; nor did they rise near enough to heaven to take in comprehensive views, or be elevated into sublime beneficence; yet I suppose they never in their lives withheld money from a subscription,—they are so mechanically good.

I have a letter from Mrs. Arbuthnot in Edinburgh, in which she warmly urges forward my present undertaking, with full assurance of its success. * Remember me kindly to Dr. Hook; may you both enjoy the blossoms of your Georgina's unfolding faculties! Incense is not sweeter than this flow of mind. Affectionately yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., LONDON.

Stirling, 24th May, 1809.

My dear Sir,

I do not know that I am justified in condoling with you on the death of the late excellent Bishop of London.* The sorrow felt on such an occasion must be entirely selfish; our feelings, when we think of what he was and what he is, must be not merely tranquil, but carry with them a kind of triumphant elevation, "beyond the flaming bounds of space and time." It is not with trembling hope that one thinks of his present felicity, but with a full assurance that carries to the mind direct conviction such as we receive from the evidence of the senses. How is the mind exalted, and the imagination enriched by the sublime and beautiful ideas that a death so near translation suggests! Does the glorified spirit wear a form resembling that now present to my eyes, and which will ever live in my memory? Who that ever beheld it can forget the expression of sanctity in that countenance so placid and serene, the benignity of his smiles, and those mingled rays of fancy and benevolence that animated his mild and heavenly countenance amidst the last decays of nature? How much honour and happiness must you have derived from such an intercourse; what comfort must you feel in the retrospection, what joyful hope in the anticipated renewal of a friendship worthy of immortality! What

* Dr. Porteus.

a field is open to the aspiring thoughts that strive to follow the departed saint into the presence of that Redeemer in whose path he endeavoured to walk! Has he already heard a voice saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Or is this gracious welcome and the full enjoyment of the beatific vision reserved for the consummation of all things; and does the enfranchised spirit repose in some abode of tranquil enjoyment, with the spirits of good men made perfect, to await the conclusion of the great drama, and enter into final rest when time shall be no more? Thoughts like these crowd upon the mind, and suspend for a while the painful feeling of privation; but the weakness of humanity returns to lead them back from what he has gained, to what we ourselves have lost. With Mrs. Porteus I particularly sympathise; and if you think the expression of my affectionate veneration for the deceased, and tender concern for the survivor, will be acceptable, I shall request you to mention it to her in any manner you think fit. I am, dear sir, your grateful and faithful humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO LIEUT. DUNCAN JAMES GRANT, 7TH REGIMENT, N. I., BOMBAY.

Stirling, 31st May, 1809.

My dear Duncan,

I have received with much satisfaction your long, affectionate, and rational letter, which, however, was long on the way, for it only arrived here ten days ago.

I hope the grief you felt for the loss of sisters who loved you with such fond affection, may leave a due impression on your mind, in making you earnest in your supplications to the Almighty to give you that frame of mind, and that view of your past life and future prospects, that will inspire you with an earnest desire to rejoin them in the regions of a blessed immortality. Life, uncertain every where, is doubly precarious under the burning sun of India, and thoughtless as you were of your immortal concerns here, you will, I fear, meet with none there to wake the slumbering spark of religious principle. But God is every where, and his holy Word is in your hands. If you humbly and sincerely ask His assistance, through the merits of your Redeemer, to keep you in the ways of truth, He will not withhold it. You will find the Scriptures full of light and comfort, if you read them with reverent attention, and ask a blessing on your endeavours. "My grace is sufficient for thee," is a promise given not merely to the diligent and early seeker of that sacred aid; it is to you and all that lay hold on it. Thus far I have thought

it my duty to remind you of yours; I do it as a duty, well knowing, however, that if the awful concerns of your own eternal salvation, as you find them pointed out to you in the word of God, and the voice of so many beloved relatives which seem to cry from the grave, do not touch your heart with a concern for your eternal welfare, I need not hope to do it. But, perhaps, the Divine Power, which, as we are told, makes His angels ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation, may permit those who are gone before us to minister unseen to you and preserve you from temptation.

I wrote to you last year explaining why I then went to England, and that I had taken Isabella with me, hoping the change of air and scene might be advantageous to her health which the loss of her dear sisters had much affected. In July I was preparing to leave Sir John Legard's at Sunbury, above Richmond, to visit excellent namesakes at Windsor. When I was about to move, Sir John was taken very ill; I staid some days longer, when death deprived us of that amiable and highly accomplished character, whose piety and virtue, and great sufferings while on earth, made the change most desirable to him, though grievous to his numerous and much attached friends. It would be tedious and ostentatious to detail all the civilities I met with when in England, from people every way distinguished; those I most valued were received from the good and venerable Bishop of London, now a saint in heaven, and Mrs. Porteus. I staid some days with them, and was delighted with their manners and their kindness, as well as edified by their

piety and example. I spent a fortnight in London, mostly with the family of Sir Walter Farquhar, a distinguished Scotch physician, of whom you must have heard. He has a daughter eminently elegant, and possessed of a fine and cultivated mind, and a warm and excellent heart, who is married to Dr. Hook, a dignified clergyman, a man of worth and genius like her own. She was my great comfort and consolation, and devoted herself entirely to me, when I formerly went up to attend your sister Charlotte in her last illness. I promised to pay this lady a visit at their delightful abode in Hertfordshire; but before I went there I was introduced to Sir William Grant, the Master of the Rolls, who is much inclined to serve me, and whose friendship I consider as a great acquisition: I met him and Sir David Baird, one of the heroes of Corunna, during the summer, having dined with them at the house of Mr. Charles Grant, of Russell Square, from whose family I have received much kindness and attention.

I took the advantage of my quiet and leisure at Sunbury, to do what I could never do at home,—write another book. This I have sent to you; but in case it has not arrived, I may tell you 'tis Memoirs of an American Lady, with sketches of manners and scenery, &c. I trembled for the fate of this book; but it has gone off with great success: the whole impression of fifteen hundred copies was sold in three months, and the second edition is now printed, and selling rapidly, I believe.

I am glad you read; it is a cheap pleasure, and an unspeakable benefit. If you could conquer the indo-

lence both of constitution and climate so far as to write, in a fair hand, abstracts of what you read, it would be of material service not merely in a literary but also in a worldly sense; for the only chance you have to acquire the independence which may enable you to return to your native country, and friends fondly attached to you, must be by holding some one of the many civil offices which can be held compatibly with military ones; and for this you cannot be qualified without application and attention to business.

Adieu, my dear son; write long and often to your most affectionate mother, and accept the love of all here, with the cordial blessing of

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XC.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

My dear Friend, Stirling, 4th June, 1809.

You have really created in me a great partiality for Winchester; and I am truly glad you found so many worthy and enlightened characters there. No one breathing relishes or values those delicacies more than I do, though having owed much of the comfort and enjoyment of a life of toils and struggles to the constant exercise of severe self-denial, I always wish

to caution those whom I regard against fastidiousness, even in such enjoyments as are purely intellectual, because it may so happen that our friends, neighbours, and even relations, may be incapable of gratifying these elegant desires and refined tastes that are the native growth of a mind rich in the gifts of intellect. On the other hand, we may meet *Sheridans*, people whose conversation is delightful, whose manners are enchanting, —

> "Who know the right, and who approve it, too,
> Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

And this, of all luxuries, is the most fatally bewitching; because such persons have too much sense and delicacy to shock you with an open avowal of dissolute principles, and in their greatest aberrations retain sense enough to distinguish, and taste enough to admire, the very virtue they have forsaken. No one is more alive to all the charms of talent than I am; but then no one is more sensible of that specious and shining abuse of them, from which the wide-spreading misery of the present times had its primary derivation, —I mean the abuse of taste and talent: but I am well aware of the light they communicate, and the dignity they confer; so much so, that I can never enough lament their seemingly entire desertion of a certain Assembly, that ought to be their most appropriate scene of display. What must all the people of taste and intelligence in Europe who understand the English language, have thought on hearing of the Legislature of a great enlightened nation being convulsed

with laughter, and rending the air with the applause of imputed wit at the

"Captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart,"

of the most impudent and despicable of women *, whose vulgar pertness had not a single atom of wit or humour to recommend it! How justly is such a tribunal styled the "House of Commons!" Very common indeed, quoth

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCI.

TO MRS. FLETCHER, CASTLE STREET, EDINBURGH.

Dear Madam, Stirling, 6th July, 1809.

I have received the copy you had the kindness to send me of poor Charlotte Smith's Poems, which are easy and flowing, and to which her peculiar situation gives that interest which want of force and originality would otherwise deny them. There is a correctness, however, in the language, thought, and sentiment, which makes them very suitable and not unimproving reading for very young people, who ought not to grow fastidious too early, and whom, I think, we generally feast by far too soon on the deli-

* Alluding to Mrs. Clarke's evidence before the House of Commons relating to the charges against the Duke of York, as Commander-in-Chief of the army.

cacies of literature. From these they would certainly derive a more exalted pleasure, if their minds were permitted to unfold more gradually, and simple and cheap pleasure were afforded to their unvitiated though uncultivated taste, at the age when mere existence is pleasure, and the new risen light of life throws its tender and cheering beams on all surrounding objects. I cannot well account for beginning what I meant as a mere expression of grateful civility with this profound reflection: but as there are some to whom it is labour to write easily, there are others to whom one's mind and heart immediately and insensibly open. After having said this, it is needless to say how much additional value your parcel derived from the accompanying letter.

I am not certain that after all I shall remove to England. Mary is now there, receiving much kindness, and making many preparations. She is, however, by no means sanguine, and rather alarmed at the great expense of living and of house-rent. She is calmer, more cautious and timid than I am; I therefore trust more to her than I would to myself.

I am much flattered indeed by Miss Edgeworth's approbation, and the more as I am deeply conscious of the slovenly haste and defective arrangement which disgrace the work in question. I have long been an admirer of the varied excellencies of her writings. The inimitable Castle Rackrent I consider as one of the very first productions of genius in the language, in its own way. I only lament that others are not as well qualified as I am to judge of the faithful drawing and vivid colouring of that admirable

work. To do this, one must have lived in Ireland, or the West Highlands which contain much rack-rent; but one must not have lived always there, as, in that case, the force of these odd characters would be lost in their familiarity. Belinda, too, though unequal and in some places absurd, contains more finely drawn and well sustained characters, more conversational wit, more salutary lessons against the abuse of wealth and talents, conveyed with equal facility and vivacity, and a more faithful delineation of modern manners, than any book of the kind that I know. I am impatient to see her Tales of Fashionable Life; but one never meets anything of that kind here till all the world are tired of it.

I admire and delight in Campbell; and pictures of quiet rural life, animated by the softer affections and gentler virtues, are my solace,—the very balm that calms and soothes me. Yet, comparing the extracts of Gertrude of Wyoming, given in the Edinburgh Review, with the lavish eulogium that accompanies them, I cannot help thinking of our mother Eve's speech on a certain critical occasion:—

> "Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt,
> The virtue of the fruit."

Not that I don't admire good-natured criticism, but the redundancy of it, in that region of wholesome bitters, surprised me.

Isabella is much gratified by your kind mention of her; and Moore, albeit unused to the *plausive* mood, speaks with delight of your charming family. Will you keep me alive in the remembrance of their father,

of Mrs. Allan, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton. I know not, my dear madam, when, if ever, I shall see you again; yet I am pleased that I have seen you, because an original mind is a rare and pleasant thing to think back on; and I am resigned to not seeing more of you, lest a final parting should be too painful. I am, dear madam, with very sincere esteem, your faithful, humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCII.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., LONDON.

My dear Sir, Stirling, 15th July, 1809.

I had the satisfaction of receiving your letter some time ago, and was delighted to find you were about to acquire a new connexion so entirely to your taste, and so suitable in every way. Your niece was in every respect so happy, and so conscious of the value of the blessings she possessed, that even the most desirable change of situation must be to her alloyed with regret, in parting with those to whom she is so fondly attached, and of whose happiness she has so long made an essential part. The connexion she is about to make, or perhaps has made ere now, is, by your account, peculiarly calculated to confer the utmost attainable happiness on a mind so sound, and so justly cultivated and well regulated as hers. Yet, amidst all these pleasing prospects, I pity her when I

think of the pain of separation; but, as the happiest and dearest ties must sometime be dissolved, those who are most closely bound by them are exactly those who most need to form new ones, to fill those chasms in the heart which time will too soon and too surely open. I am more pleased than you could easily imagine with this marriage; for in truth I do not often meet a young woman like Miss H., and when I do, I feel fear and concern lest such a one should not meet a companion deserving of her. This thought often struck me with regard to her, because I thought she had lived so long among the excellent of the earth, and the pure and cheerful serenity of her mind had been so little disturbed hitherto, that a different scene of life, such as might satisfy many other young people, might prove to her painful and disappointing. We, in quiet life, cannot easily understand how people find out each other's merits through all the ceremony and form that exist in large and mixed societies. I should not perhaps say this, for I believe ceremony is much banished; yet in mixed and numerous assemblies the undisguised character can very rarely appear.

I request that you will offer my best respects to Mrs. B., and believe that I ever am, dear sir, with sincere esteem and warm gratitude, your faithful, humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCIII.

TO MRS. HOOK, THE CLOSE, WINCHESTER.

Stirling, 5th August, 1809.

Now, my own dear friend, I know well you must have been very much occupied to defer so long writing to me. I am sorry it has so happened, from Mary's absence at Windsor, that she could not see more of our much loved Eliza Farquhar. This is like the language of romance; but your Eliza, though not in the least romantic, inspires very romantic feelings; so does every character so purely natural, and so naturally pure, if you can endure a quibble. One reason why you have been so slow in writing is, that you are much disappointed to see how slowly my plan of removing to England gets on, or rather that it does not get on at all. "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!"—the weights have hung so equal on my spirits, that it is a kind of relief to feel them preponderate to one side or other. My Edinburgh friends, though sincerely sorry to part with me, greatly encouraged this plan, as considering it a beneficial one for my family. My old and true west-country friends as much discouraged it, on learning the expense, and grieving to see me lost to themselves: that, indeed, I am, in a great measure, as it is,—rarely having an opportunity of seeing them.

What do you think of the new novel of Cœlebs in search of a Wife? I think there is considerable ability displayed in it: the principles are such as every one who professes genuine Christianity must

acknowledge as just, and regard as sacred. But to theologians such a book is unnecessary, and for those who must needs be caught by amusement there is not enough; and if the intention was to excite the curiosity of strangers to religion, and lead them to serious reflection through the avenue of amusement, there certainly should have been more story and character, more display of wit and fancy, and less of what is calculated merely to instruct. Against this criticism the general reception of the book may be weighed. What is universally read must have some very powerful attraction; and the voice of the people, in such an instance, may be at least called the voice of Apollo: and certainly we have not known a book go so soon through so many editions. One reason may be, that it has a separate charm for every class of people. Why the pious and serious—who, though a quiet, are still a numerous class—read it, need not be asked: curiosity, and the abilities displayed by the writer, attract very many; and a great number of both sexes, who have no character at all, read it merely because Cœlebs is in search of a wife.

Johnson, the majestic moralist of the last century, did more good to the cause of religion than half the divines of the age,—I mean their writings. When people are disposed to delight in devotional treatises, their hearts cannot be estranged from their Maker; "They that are whole need not a physician." But the book—supposing it to have a moral and religious tendency,—the book, I say, that does most good is that which is most read: and how many thousands were allured by the splendour of John-

son's diction, and the weight of his reputation, to read in his works what they never attended to anywhere else; and to learn from him that the best talents are best suited to the noblest purposes, and that wit and infidelity are by no means so nearly allied as many suppose. His works form at least a lofty avenue to the temple of truth, in which no one can walk long or steadily without wishing to reach the sacred fane which terminates the sublime vista.

I hope the delights of your Georgina's opening powers and artless smiles are not confined to her parents by this time: my daughter Mary, I am sure, will greatly enjoy them. I entreat you not to let her make herself in the least uneasy from the thoughts of my being so. I know that it is best for me to be where I am; and am certain, if it were otherwise, this plan of removing to England would have answered. What I meant to do in London I shall do in Edinburgh. Meantime believe that no time or distance can diminish the affection with which I shall ever be, very truly, your attached unchangeable friend,

ANNE GRANT

LETTER XCIV.

TO MRS. HOOK, HERTINGFORDBURY, HERTFORD.

Stirling, 26th August, 1809.

My dear Friend,

Your letter, which I received only yesterday, I thus punctually answer,—first, to show that I have a better opinion both of you and myself than to indulge in taking pets or supposing that you deliberately neglect me; and, secondly, (to be methodical) because to-morrow I expect the annual visit of some friends from Edinburgh, who will stay a week at least; and besides, the Earl and Countess of Glasgow are now in Edinburgh, on their way to their west-country seat at Hawkhead, where Lady Elizabeth and I are to join them at our first leisure. This furnishes so much occupation for the ensuing time, that, warned by your interruptions, I shall not trust to futurity, but write when I can. I shall begin with matters I am in danger of forgetting, and leave those things that take care of themselves for the conclusion.

I have got a new book lately, which you must have seen — Gertrude of Wyoming. It is very provoking that Campbell's democratic hoof should invariably and unnecessarily protrude itself through all the beautiful drapery in which he knows so well to clothe the children of his rich poetic fancy. Why should Waldegrave, a Briton born and educated, and married to the daughter of an Englishman,—Waldegrave, who had only for three months tasted the sweets of Transatlantic liberty,—why should he be seized with such

an unnatural rage of anti-patriotism as to light the banner of revolt against his native sovereign and the glorious land of which he had the honour to be a native, and in which he had the happiness to receive his intellectual nurture? My annoyance at all this, and at certain strange omissions, obscurities, and inversions, does not prevent my seeing and feeling all the charms of this exquisite poem, which unfolds new beauties at every renewed perusal: —

> "Closed were his Gertrude's lips, yet still their bland
> And beautiful expression seemed to melt
> With love that could not die," &c. &c.

Was ever any thing so exquisitely refined, yet so sweetly natural, as this stanza throughout! Nothing less than merits super-eminent, the irresistible enchantment of genius the most powerful, arrayed in diction of chastened sweetness and polished elegance, could make me forgive his flagrant violation of truth and national character, when he introduces "poor Scotia's mountaineers" as arming in the *Provincial* cause. Glowing with the love of their native land, and full of ancient, venerable, perhaps useful prejudices, they all to a man armed in the cause of Britain, whether right or wrong. If taking the other side were a virtue, 'tis a virtue they have no claim to, and will not thank Campbell for bestowing on them.

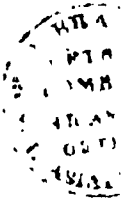
You are now tired of Campbell and his Highlanders, and would rather hear of my proceedings and intentions. That question seems to me evidently put to rest; and, in all probability, Edinburgh is destined to be my future residence. . . . . .

I fear your kindness to the Corydon of your woods,

and his pretty little Scotch partner, has been a snare to them in one sense. Such are the times and so inadequate are the affordings of a small income to them, or to the liberal heart of kind and guardless youth, that 'tis hardly safe for young warm-hearted creatures to be indulged with a place where they can receive and lodge their friends pleasantly. This is not the sneer of frigid prudence, sitting unconcerned upon its gathered heap, but the pang of sympathetic feeling, awakened by sad remembrance. People of inflexible unbending wisdom, in the cordial years of life may be very good, but they cannot be very amiable. It is for my poor fellow-sufferers, whose worldly wisdom does not come till it enters through the gate of experience, that I tremble. O this woeful *pecunia!* who is it that does not hold it too loose or too fast? This is the great error of life.

I hope Mary is now with you, and that you are not disappointed in her; you will, at any rate, find her void of pretension. I remain, my dear friend, unalterably yours,

ANNE GRANT.



LETTER XCV.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

My dear Mrs. Brown, Stirling, 22d Sept. 1809.

We returned home from Glasgow by the Kilsyth road, and found the scenery various and amusing, and could not but admire the rapid change which the canal is making on the face of the country. This was formerly bleak and gloomy, but now young plantations, beautiful seats, and comfortable farms, seem hourly rising on the banks of this channel of utility, which will soon be as well clad as those of a Dutch canal, with the superior advantage of an endless variety of rising grounds and opening vales appearing on each side.

Mrs. Dixon speaks with great praise of Mrs. W., who, she says, has been for more than a twelvemonth past "the anxious watcher of the precarious health and eccentric habits of her eldest son, who, among the aberrations of genius, which he decidedly possesses, is now bent on a wild expedition to Spain. 'Tis to be hoped, however, his mother's orisons may prevail, and prevent his going beyond Portugal," &c. &c. You see what helpless beings we are, and how little we know what we ought to wish or pray for. The combination of talent and virtues one should think the highest aim we could form for our children; and yet, "without that science, fairly worth the seven," even these are not available. Without breach of charity, the observation of several years has convinced me that when people forsake their early principles for these new vague theories, the naturally good and amiable

may for a time resist their pernicious influence, but in the end they are sure to produce something bad, or at least very absurd. Sancho Panza was perfectly right in blaming his master for desiring "finer bread than is made of wheat."

Tell William Smith, 'tis a shame for him never to have seen Stirling: he ought to come at the time of our races, when we shall keep a bed and a candlestick for him, though he is not in the least like a prophet. He must consider me as very considerate in endeavouring to provide for him this most unprophetical amusement.

Last week I was asked to Miss Colquhoun's, to meet an English family — Leach by name, now on a tour in Scotland. I went, and found them respectable, quiet, and modest people from Devonshire; the father, mother, son, and daughter composed the party; the daughter was young, little, clever, and decided. They have been a fortnight at Luss, sailed about Loch-Lomond, and moreover visited Staffa and Iona: they go on leisurely, and look into cottages and characters.

Tell me how Mrs. M. is, and where the young people are gathering the appropriate sweets of the honeymoon. This lunar period of felicity is, I believe, exhausted; but though the moon is done, it does not follow that the honey is done with it: I rather hope it will drop like manna in their path through this wilderness, till they reach the land of promise. I mean nothing less than a compliment, and here is one come unawares. I am, dear Mrs. Brown, your sincerely attached friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCVI.

TO MISS C. M. FANSHAWE, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON.

Dear Madam, Stirling, 23d September, 1809.

I was so much amused and delighted with your last letter that I was contriving how I could possibly assert my claim to another without appearing troublesome. Cares, however, — those cares that I never entirely submit to, yet can never entirely shake off,— came too fast on me to permit this indulgence.

After having sufficiently paused and pondered, I have determined to remove to Edinburgh. Whatever way I had decided, the decision must have distressed me. To renounce my Anglo-Scottish friends, and the advantages which my family might derive from their kindness, is severe; yet I feel how much more painful it would have been to leave all that I have so long loved in Scotland. . . . . .

I hope you have read the Edinburgh Review of Burns's additional volume, including the remarks on his genius and character. The bard said, "I believe in the iron justice of Dr. Gregory, but I believe and tremble." I, too, must believe in the iron justice which Jeffrey—for it is his own criticism—does to the character of Burns's mind and writings; but I writhe under the correction which a laudable severity inflicts on a jargon of outrageously morbid sensibility, which I was weak enough to be dazzled by while conscience murmured disapprobation. There is much fine writing in that Review; and if Jeffrey had never written

anything but that, and the criticisms on Marmontel, Moore, and Delphine, we should be tempted to say,

> " His grave rebuke,
> Severe in youthful beauty, added grace."

Jeffrey's morality is indeed of superior order; and it is here that one feels the value of his discriminative and satiric powers, when sanctioned by their application. I should like extremely to hear what you think of this review. I am gratified by the opinion you have formed of that wonderful being Burns, to whose memory I am so much attached that I cannot, without a pang, subscribe to the harsh truth that condemns his systematic irregularity.

Have you seen the Quarterly Review yet? Walter Scott is said to be one pillar; I forget who is the other, but am told that, like the temple of Dagon, it depends upon two. It is inferior in brilliancy and critical acumen to its antagonist; but in the contest between wit and truth—which one grieves to see on different sides — it is easy to see where the first advantage will lie, and as easy to foretell what side will finally triumph. I do not much wonder at the prejudice you in England have conceived against Scotch metaphysics. Our metaphysicians are not the votaries of pleasure, nor the partisans of vice for its own sake; they are *mischievously* orderly and moral, abstemious and decent; their whole end is the love of power, and all their thoughts and actions are devoted to the attainment of it. You are sensible that I mean the empire of opinion,—in which, in the long run, all other power is included,

and before which, in its progress, all other power must bend.

Mary is at Dr. Hook's at Hertingfordbury, charmed with the transcendant beauties of that sweet place, the feeling, intelligence, and sincerity of its inhabitants, and with the wit and science of the little rising Athens in its vicinity,—I mean the East India College. She, however, looks forward with pleasure to her approaching return to the rugged land of her nativity. Will you offer my good wishes to your sisters; I always indulge a hope that I shall at some time see you or them in this country. I grieved, when I was at Loch Catherine and the Trosachs last summer, that you were so far distant, knowing what charms they must have for an imagination like yours. Believe me, in the mean time, dear madam, your attached and faithful servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCVII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Stirling, 11th December, 1809.

My dear Friend,

Your letter—that innocent victim of needless precaution—did not outlive the perusal half an hour. I wish that you, or that Wilkie, the Scottish Hogarth, had seen the countenances of the family while it was burning; it appeared to them a prodigy, a portent, and a profanation.

Now you must not consider this as a letter; it is merely a vehicle to convey my congratulations to Mrs. Hamilton on the birth of her son, to whom I sincerely wish all good things in one,—that he may live to be a wise and honest man, and of course a blessing to his parents. One would think that some powerful voice had said to your family, "Bring forth men children only!" so much do the nobler sex predominate among you.

This has, unfortunately, been a very gay and social winter in Stirling. We have had strolling players, and balls, and endless invitations from our neighbours who are so sorry to part with us that they overwhelm us with kindness. All this I call unfortunate, for it aggravates the reluctance that my younger people feel at leaving Stirling: the thoughts of London they could not endure, and Edinburgh is merely tolerated from being at half a day's distance. Two things, however, I like; one, that they are so capable of kindness and gratitude; another, that they have not the folly to expect that they are to be of the least consequence in the capital. You cannot think what ease of mind,—indeed, what pleasure I derive from the consciousness of their delicacy of sentiment, and rectitude, and the certainty that their conduct and manners will be the same in my absence as when I am present.

I wonder you should suppose me so intolerant as to censure the innocent gaiety, laudable from its motive, that animated the last fortnight of Mary's residence with you. Very few are more alive to the ludicrous than she is; all the most grotesque and

fantastic shapes which the Proteus form of humour can assume are to her delightful.

To pursue your simile of the bird, there is one beautiful kind which can only be caught in a snare adorned with feathers like their own. Though you had not the generous and tender motives which actually instigate your endeavours to gain an ascendency over the volatile though accomplished mind of Theodore Hook, worldly prudence should induce you to woo into the paths of honourable exertion and permanent respectability the brother of your husband and uncle of your children; and mere worldly wisdom would point out to you the only means by which this could be brought about. "Sour advice with scrupulous head" would only produce the effect of driving him for shelter into the enemy's camp; no cords will draw him but that "silken band of love" that poor Burns talks of. I must now conclude with my love to Dr. Hook and your own Eliza. Yours, most affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCVIII.

TO LIEUT. DUNCAN JAMES GRANT, BOMBAY.

Stirling, 1st January, 1810.

My dear Duncan,

Both your sisters have written to you so amply that they have really anticipated all my subjects.

* * * * * *

Now, my dear son, my news are exhausted. Admonition, I fear, will be vain at this time, unless you have begun to take serious thoughts: if you have, it will be needless. I should not say that either; for we all have need to be daily reminded of that duty in which we daily fail. Would that I could write with the pen of an angel, to lead your thoughts and hopes beyond the transient scene that now occupies them;—transient to us all, and more peculiarly to you, who live in a burning clime, and follow a hazardous profession. By your hopes to rejoin in felicity the blessed dead—by the tender remembrance that you must have, at times, of the living earnest for your welfare—and by that peace of mind and hope of futurity, without which life is misery,—let me entreat you to think seriously of yourself as an immortal and accountable being, bought with the precious blood of our Redeemer. I entreat you to read the word of God; to implore his mercy and forgiveness for the past, and in time to come to quicken your industry, preserve your integrity, and give you that peace and hope which the world can neither give

nor take away. So prays your most affectionate mother,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCIX.

TO JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., LONDON.

Heriot Row, Edinburgh,
17th March, 1810.

Dear Sir,

I arrived in Edinburgh ten days ago, and found all things in far better order than I could have expected, and my house in the best possible regulation. I find it an exceeding good and very pleasant one, though so large that the furnishing of it was a pretty serious affair: but just as I was lamenting how far it had exceeded my calculations, I received another long and interesting letter from my affectionate and most intelligent friend at Boston, enclosing another hundred-pound bill, in addition to the one sent last year, which I think I told you of. In case I omitted to do so, I must inform you that some ladies at Boston, having got a copy of these Letters to which you are so partial, printed them at their own expense; and they sent me last year an eloquent and flattering letter to say that they took an affectionate interest in my concerns, and were earnest to know somewhat of my family history and present situation; to which I returned a simple and veritable answer. In the first letter was enclosed a bill for a hundred pounds, and soon after, I received a copy of

the work, beautifully printed and bound. The remittance was part of the profits resulting from the sale of the work; and I have now received, through the same channel, the remaining result of that sale.

I have every reason to think my residence here will be both pleasant and advantageous, that is, as far as I wish to make it so. Were I to go on in the way of taking under my tuition all that could pay me well for so doing, I could soon, I am sure, fill a larger house than this. But I see daily more reason to adhere steadily to my first intention of restricting the number of my pupils to three or four; and will not wear out an enfeebled frame and exhausted mind with the severe anxiety resulting from such a mode of life. I have still Lady E. B., and an amiable young lady to the last degree docile and artless, who is a daughter of Sir Hedworth Williamson in the county of Durham. I was induced to take this charge by Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, the well-known authoress of Letters on Education, who is very much my friend, and is in private life a most estimable woman, of exemplary conduct and pleasant conversation; and is much sought after in the society here. I live in a part of Edinburgh called Heriot Row, opposite Queen Street, a new range of buildings, with gardens in front, and a view of the sea behind: nothing can be more airy and pleasant. Mr. Henry Mackenzie, of the Exchequer, otherwise called the Man of Feeling, is one of our nearest neighbours; and several others whom we know and esteem, live in the same range of buildings. We have received many visits and invitations since we arrived; but, from the

hurry of a new establishment, we have not yet returned them, except in a single instance.

Walter Scott and the formidable Jeffrey have both called on me, not by any means as a scribbling female, but on account of links formed by mutual friends. You would think by their appearance that the body of each was formed to lodge the soul of the other. Having met them both formerly, their appearance was not anything new to me: but Jeffrey looks the poet all over; — the ardent eye, the nervous agitation, the visibly quick perceptions, keep one's attention constantly awake in expectation of flashes of the peculiar intelligence of genius: nor is that expectation entirely disappointed, for his conversation is in a high degree fluent and animated. Walter Scott, again, has not a gleam of poetic fire visible in his countenance, which merely suggests the idea of plain good sense: his conceptions do not strike you as by any means so rapid or so brilliant as those of his critic; yet there is much amusement and variety in his good-humoured, easy, and unaffected conversation.

I am sure, dear sir, you will be happy to hear of the unlooked-for prosperity that has dawned on my hitherto unfortunate son. He has been appointed Commissary and Paymaster to the expedition which took the Isle of Bourbon, with a liberal salary besides his army pay. I wish you would tell me whether there is any likelihood of our taking or keeping the Mauritius: in that case I should hope he might remain there. I should be delighted to have him so much nearer, in a milder climate. I am, dear sir, with warm and respectful attachment, very much yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER C.

TO LIEUT. DUNCAN JAMES GRANT, BOMBAY.

Edinburgh, 13th April, 1810.

My dear Duncan,

I give you joy of your preferment, and hope you will receive it with humility, bear it with moderation, and look both backward to the past and forward to the future, to balance your mind for bearing it as you ought.

About two months since I received a letter from Mr. Charles Grant of the India House, enclosing a transcript of one from Governor Duncan to this effect: "I have provided for your recommendee, Mr. Grant, by appointing him Paymaster and Commissary to the expedition now embarking for the Mauritius, with a salary of five hundred rupees a month besides his army pay." It would be tedious to enumerate all who wrote to their friends in India on your account; but it is Mr. Grant alone who has been the instrument of doing you this great service.

I am most thankful indeed for the unlooked-for door leading to wealth and prosperity which Providence has opened to you; yet it awakes much fear and trembling in my mind when I think what a dreadful snare sudden wealth is to a young mind, unless balanced by good principle and directed by good feeling. All things are ordered for some good purpose; yet, as far as I can see, I should rather the steps of your success had been more gradual. That

God who has brought you from deep adversity into this sudden glare of sunshine is able to save you from the unseen snares of prosperity. But He is only to be found of those that seek Him; and if you forget Him you cannot expect that He should remember you: and never did you so urgently require the divine protection as now. It is not enough for me, my dear son, that you should be rich; you must also be estimable and respectable. There is no saying what you yet may be, — setting out so early in so fair a career, and having such influential friends willing to assist you, and so many prayers put up for your welfare,—if you have but the just and noble ambition of gaining the respect and esteem of good men, and making yourself worthy of public confidence and private affection. By all that is dear in the tender attachment of which you have so long been the object; by all that is sacred in the remembrance of your excellent father's virtues — by his fair example and hallowed grave; by the memory of your departed sisters now rejoicing in the Redeemer in whom they trusted; by the fond love and daily prayers of which you are the object to those that survive; and, above all, by your hopes of happiness in that state of existence towards which we all rapidly hasten, let me adjure you to implore the divine assistance to shield you from dangers greater than any you have yet encountered — the dangers of early prosperity, from the voluptuous and luxurious habits too common to the climate you inhabit, from that love of gain which hardens and contracts the heart, and from that profusion which squanders unworthily what might do

honour to the owner and good to all within the sphere of his influence. . . . . .

Your cousin Peter Stuart has been sent out to Malta as partner and manager of a mercantile house there. Most unfortunately he was taken by a French privateer on leaving Gibraltar: however the captain was very civil, and your cousin went round the Greek Islands, was at length sent to Tunis to be exchanged by our Consul,—lived two months in Africa, was exchanged, traversed Sicily, and finally was comfortably established in Malta; from whence he wrote me a letter of twenty pages, expressive of his nephew-like duty and descriptive of his Ulysses-like travels. An excellent letter it was—I question if Ulysses ever wrote so good a one. God bless and preserve you, prays your affectionate mother,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CI.

TO MISS CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON.

Edinburgh, 15th April, 1810.

Dear Madam,

We have now been established here for upwards of a month, and find the society very agreeable. It is odd that some of the most attached friends I have in Edinburgh should be English people. Mrs. Fletcher, a Yorkshire lady, possessed of beauty and talents, claims the first place. She was married when very

young to a lawyer in town, a man of plain but genuine worth, whose mind she fell in love with, having a great aspiration after knowledge, and having seen few men before, but mere fox-hunters and common-place people. She is a very uncommon person, and one that I am certain you would admire. Her beauty is of a kind peculiar to herself: you have not seen such an ardent, soul-illumined countenance; you think of a Roman matron, a Cornelia, an Arria, or a Portia. There is so much energy about her, she is so entirely engrossed by benevolent exertions for her fellow-creatures and the pure enjoyments of intellect, that she thinks less about herself than any one I know; and though she has been, for her personal graces, and the charms of her enlightened, animated, and unaffected conversation, the admiration of all Edinburgh for years past, she is not in the least degree spoiled by the general attention. I never knew one of more ardent benevolence, or one who loves virtue more. I do not discuss politics with Mrs. F., for I know it would be to no purpose; but I am honest enough to say, "Such are not my principles;" and she is candid enough to allow for my *errors* of opinion.

One of our nearest neighbours is Mr. Henry Mackenzie. You have probably seen him as the Lounger: some call him the Scottish Addison, but that is too high praise; for, though he has much delicacy of delineation in moral painting, he totally wants humour or wit, or whatever you call that gay and playful faculty that assumes so many shapes to

dazzle or to please, and pleases most when it pretends least: and this is the salt, the incorruptible principle, without which a periodical work can never live long. This may be the reason why, notwithstanding the refined sentiments and elegance of expression which distinguish it, one never takes up the Lounger but when one feels inclined to lounge. But to return: Mr. Mackenzie is married to an excellent woman, in abilities at least his equal, though the cares of a large family have always kept her in the shade of privacy. Their sons and daughters are accomplished and informed young people; and their house is the resort of the best society in one sense, that is, people of fashion with cultivated minds. Lord Webb Seymour, Lady Carnegie, Lady Minto, and others equally distinguished, I have met with there.

We have all here for some days past talked of nothing but an expedition to Iceland, undertaken by a scientific Highland baronet, Sir George Mackenzie of Coull, and two accomplished English students. They are to improve, and, for ought I know, polish the Icelanders, to pierce the very midriff of Hecla, and to bring home unheard-of quantities of sulphur and crystals. They are to be absent till September, and may then be talked of again; but at present their fame is glimmering in the socket, for, to-morrow, Walter Scott's Lady of the Lake comes forth in all the charms of novelty, and nothing else will be spoken of.

I somehow imagine I shall yet see you in Scotland; and how very glad we shall all be! Isabella has held

out the winter very well. Convey my best respects to your sisters, and believe me, dear madam, yours, most faithfully,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 23d April, 1810.

My dear Friend,

How shall I sufficiently thank you for your most affectionate letter! The fact of your writing it in that state of fatigue contains a volume of love. I have often thought of it as a strange thing that you and I, besides liking and esteeming, should suit each other so entirely, considering all the differences of age, habit, and time of life: I think it shows that the original bias towards the same opinions and ways of thinking must have been very strong to conquer all this. But the buds of our friendship were watered with tears: it is a kind of monument sacred to the memory of her who is now, I trust, a saint in heaven. . . . . .

Of the kindness and attention I receive from many estimable and distinguished persons here, I cannot say enough. Were this to continue, however, it would be very inconvenient; it would, in the first place, interfere with my domestic arrangements, and, what is as bad, prevent my paying the proper attention to old and worthy friends, who have equal, perhaps superior worth, with less fashion and éclat.

This will subside of itself. Curiosity is the motive of some, and new-fangled kindness, which soon evaporates when there is neither consequence nor advantage to be derived from its object, influences others: all these will soon blow off, and those best worth keeping will only remain. I foresee, though, that here I shall be like the hare with many friends; those endearing intimacies, which have been to me the cordial of life, I must not look to have; for here, society is so diffused that its spirit is diluted; and people live at such distances, and are so perplexed with engagements, that the essence of this rich cordial evaporates.

Conversation in this Northern Athens is easy, animated, and indeed full of spirit and intelligence. Yet, though the feast of reason abounds, there is not so much of the flow of soul: this, like the gum on trees, is produced by genial warmth, — that warmth which glows only in the limited circle of social intimacy; — there are syllogisms and epigrams, and now and then pointed and brilliant sentences, and observations and reflections both acute and profound, but neither the heart nor imagination are much concerned. In those enlightened circles there is much intelligence, and a degree of metaphysical subtilty in argument and disquisition, but little playfulness and less heart. People are too well bred, too well informed, and too well amused by the passing scene, to seek those resources in their imaginations, or to be hurried by those feelings which occupy and delight the simple children of nature. By simplicity I do not mean ignorance, but being unspotted by the world. At the same time, I am greatly amused by

these parties, and find them incomparably superior to the dull unvaried gossip of a country town; for here there is no detraction, and little personality.

You remember, at least I think I told you of the last most ingenious and really admirable letter I had from my American friend, Miss L., who, I fear, is not long to be lent to her friends, or to the society which has so much need of her example. I shall here copy a few sentences of her last letter, which you would feel, as I do, if you knew as much of her: — "Perhaps the vicissitudes of life may, at a future period, lead some of your family to this part of the world: in such a case they would not find themselves in a land of strangers; many hands would be stretched out to welcome them, and many hearts would offer them a friendly greeting. But the hand and heart of one who would do it most warmly will ere then be cold: complaints of the lungs, slow often in their progress, but ever fatal in their termination, will, I know, ere long remove me from this world of shadows to one of bright realities. This hope is founded, not on presumptuous self-dependence, but on the mercies of a gracious God, and the merits of a compassionate Saviour. Once more, perhaps, I may hear from you in this world: in another we are not forbidden to hope that what has been commenced on earth may be perfected. Engaged in the same sublime service, we may learn to know and love each other: for may not a portion of heavenly felicity consist in finding new springs of knowledge, and new objects of affection? But should my intercourse with you soon terminate, there are others who shall long

cherish your remembrance, and who are worthy of your friendship." Thus far this angel mind, which seems already on the wing to a more congenial region.* Dear and beloved friend, what can I add that you could read with interest after this? I can only add my affectionate wishes to Dr. Hook, of whom we all think with warm esteem, and that I am ever yours, most tenderly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CIII.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

Edinburgh, 21st May, 1810.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

No one could have persuaded me that I could have been so long without writing to you; but really my mind has not been quiet enough for some time past to make such an effort.

With all the cares and anxieties which belong to a new abode, a new arrangement of every kind, and a new and very numerous acquaintance, I have had quite a novel part to act from morning till night. This part I was going to give you some faint idea of, when I was prevented by some of the dramatis personæ I was about to describe. Then Sunday came to interrupt, when after attending the High Church as usual, I went, in the afternoon, to St. George's Chapel, with many other curious people, to see and

* Miss L. died in the following year.

hear the amiable, poetical, sabbatical, and once anti-prelatical, James Grahame, reading the Litany in a surplice, fearless alike of the ghosts of John Knox and Jenny Geddes, but rather apprehensive, I should suppose, of the keen inspection of his brother advocates and writers—not to mention the reviewers, and many others, who, like Sir John, had forgot what the inside of a church was made of till summoned to it to sit in judgment on their late associate. But you do not know, perhaps, that this late acquisition of the church has left his Somerset curacy, and is applying for the vacancy in this said chapel, which is destined to be the prize of merit. I wonder that he would not rather be anywhere than here; not but he is beloved and esteemed by those who know him, as a person of so much worth and gentle and primitive manners must needs be: but to have both the bar and the kirk, which he has, as is thought by many, capriciously forsaken, staring him every day in the face, cannot be pleasant. But to the sermon: it was just what one might call a very amiable discourse, delivered with grace and simplicity, and affording no wide field for applause or censure. The text was not well chosen for such a critical audience, with whom declamation would have been safer ground than argument. It was the address of our Saviour to Thomas,—"Blessed are they who, having not seen, believe." Much deep divinity and sound argument might be suggested by this comprehensive text. The *fair* part of the audience seemed much pleased: I have not yet heard the opinion of those who think that

they are the people, and that wisdom shall die with them.

You have not perhaps seen, as yet, the Lady of the Lake. What a fortunate minstrel is Walter Scott, to exhaust all the picturesque effects which lie within the province of the Gothic Muse, and then to be the happy discoverer of so rich a mine of poetic material as is found in the wildly beautiful scenery of the Highlands, and the romantic character of its inhabitants. Never was the harp of the North more exquisitely touched; and safely may he return it to the witch elm of St. Fillan's well, without danger of any presumptuous hand attempting to rival his unequalled melody. — I know not whether I told you that this fortunate minstrel has presented me with a copy of the new edition of the Border Ballads. My love to your dear sister's family. I have heard nothing of you all for a long time; pray do write soon to your affectionate friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CIV.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

Edinburgh, 5th June, 1810.

My dear Friend,

I delayed writing in the hope of being able to procure for your son Walter, what Burns calls the "stall edition" of a poetical history, by one Harvey,

of that true patriot and hero, Sir William Wallace, and which cannot be procured in the shops.

I continue to like Edinburgh very well; nothing can exceed the kindness we meet with from all manner of people: but the number of our acquaintance—with many of whom there is a prudential necessity for keeping terms—now becomes rather inconvenient. Do you know, notwithstanding my wrath for his manifold literary offences, I think I shall be forced to like the Arch Critic* himself. He is, what indeed I knew before, the most affectionate relation possible, and truly good natured in society, though so petulant on paper. He sometimes calls on me, and, being in the same circle, I meet him wherever I go. He has a brother lately come from America, a widower, like himself, and they reside together. The two brothers have lately removed to a new house in George's Street: I was asked, with Mary, to the first dinner they gave there;—it was by no means a literary, or what Mrs. A. would call an intellectual one; all was ease and good humour, without discussions or debates of any kind; indeed, the party were rather friends and relations than savans. I might except perhaps a little discussion on the Lady of the Lake, for which I augur a very favourable review. I hope you are all as much pleased with it as we are. There are some sturdy critics here, however, who deny Walter Scott the merit of being a poet at all, and call all that delights us jingle and jargon. The public at large is an excellent judge of poetic merit;

* Mr. (now Lord) Jeffrey, then editor of the Edinburgh Review.

some very fine things, indeed, are too much refined for its great wide ear: but when it is much and long pleased, there must be excellence, and all that remains for the critic is to trace that pleasure to its source, and discriminate the lights and shades that needs must exist in whatever is human.

Our friend Mrs. Rucker is with Mrs. Dixon at Fellfoot: they are to set out for Scotland in a few weeks, and expect me to go to Loch Catherine with them. This I shall the more readily do, as I have a very worthy friend who lives with her daughter on Loch Achray in that neighbourhood. God bless you, my dear friend: these letters are the only proofs in my power to give of my unchanging affection, which I well know you amply return to your own

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CV.

TO MRS. HOOK, OLDBURY COURT, NEAR BRISTOL.

Edinburgh, 16th July, 1810.

No, my dear friend, the intelligence of your flight to Devonshire, and more particularly of the delicate state of health which occasioned it, was not entirely new to me. The night before Mrs. Apreece set out on her Highland tour she called on me and told me of it. I dined at Walter Scott's with her the day before, when she startled me with a kind of hint on the subject, which she afterwards explained. I

endeavour to reconcile my mind to this increased distance and the painful cause of it, by thinking of the undisturbed leisure which will be to you a kind of new existence, and will enable you to devote one sabbatical year to quiet and seclusion. I would recommend you in the mean time to cultivate no intimacy but with the nereids of Devonshire, and your books,—I might add yourselves; for how little do we know ourselves while involved in the whirl of the world!

I must now congratulate myself, and all that to me pertain, on the prospect of seeing once more the beloved and revered countenance of your dear father*, and of folding to our hearts that sweet Eliza, to whom we are so fondly attached. We must make her known to her counterpart, Lady Mackenzie of Coull, whom we are every hour comparing to her. Lady M.'s sweetly artless manners, her total freedom from every kind of vanity or egotism, and the unsophisticated melody of her voice when she warbles our native strains, cherish this beloved remembrance. You can't think how many will rejoice over your dear father: I will bring Dr. Thomson to him, who is so much his honourable encomiast. My joy on this occasion is bustling and tumultuous, I have so many projects for their amusement: I am like Macbeth's witch, crying, "I'll do, I'll do, I'll do." I think that seeing them is just like seeing yourself; and you, I know, will think it just like seeing me.

I am at present much engrossed with Mrs. Rucker

* Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart.

and Mrs. Dixon, who are on tours with their mates. Mrs. Rucker I like very much: if one had leisure and vacant space for new loves, I could love her,—so pure is her mind, and so sacred does she keep it from the pollution of prosperity. When I prefer you to so many others, I feel it is not entirely that I think you worthiest; that, in all respects, you are not, though I hold you high in the scale of human excellence: but I feel a selfish delight in a being who comprehends and who shares all my feelings, and whose heart I can, as it were, hold in my hand and look into.

Describe minutely to me your Devonshire retreat, of which I am constantly drawing pictures. Dearest friend, show your love to me by taking my advice;—sit composedly down in your quiet myrtle-shaded cottage—for such I will suppose it—and say to yourself, I shall walk, bathe, work, and read, at such and such hours, and for so long a time. Surrounded by friends you would find this impossible; but this allotment of time will greatly shorten your absence from your beautiful home. I also do, by this edict, ordain that while you shall be bathing, reading, or teaching Georgina her Hornbook, *He* shall dig up his buried talent, and make unto himself the likeness of things above the earth. Tell Dr. Hook that a young artist has drawn my portrait in oil-colours, so like, that people wonder it does not speak. God bless and preserve you, prays yours always,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CVI.

TO ALEX. TOD, ESQ., LONDON.

Edinburgh, 28th July, 1810.

My dear Sir,

You must not think I can for an instant neglect any letter of yours, or leave any of your wishes ungratified which it is in my power to fulfil. Your last letter, in particular, I should have delighted to answer punctually, that mine might, as a last testimony—on this side the sea—of gratitude and good will, overtake you before you leave England. But it so happened that your letter was carried north to Gordon Castle, and in due time returned to me; and I have now seized the first leisure moment to tell you how I have been occupied for some time past. I have been for more than a fortnight, as one may say, idly busy, in consequence of a visit which some English friends paid to this fair city, now the cynosure of attraction to all manner of tourists. These were Mrs. Dixon, from the Windermere Lake in Westmoreland, whose worth and singular accomplishments you must have heard me talk of, and Mrs. Rucker, whom you have, I suppose, also heard of, from the circumstance of my daughter Mary staying last year at their house at Westhill, near London. These good ladies—who are such in every sense of the word—were accompanied by their husbands, and intend to remain in Scotland till shortening days and broken weather summon them home.

I made rather a stretch for the entertainment of these estimable strangers, to whom I owed a great

deal of every sort of kindness, and gave two evening parties on the occasion: one to the Lord of the Lake, otherwise Walter Scott, and his good little French wife, and about half a dozen more gifted persons, such as I knew my friends would gladly meet. Nothing could delight them equally with meeting such characters, of whom they had heard so much, and whose easy and natural manners pleased them as much as their works of inspiration. The other was to the Arch Critic, the Mackenzies (the Man of Feeling, and family), and several other distinguished persons of that class whom strangers most wish to meet. Nothing could be more gratifying to my guests: they are in raptures with Scotland, and have now set out on a tour which will comprehend Staffa, Inverary, and the Caledonian Canal, and end in coming round by Aberdeen.

I was rather surprised the other day by a call, succeeded by an invitation to dinner, from Sir John and Lady Sinclair. This puzzled me not a little; but the mystery explained itself, for there I met Lord and Lady Somers, returned from that Highland tour which it seems now indispensable for every one to make. They are intimately known to my friend Miss Fanshawe, which at once accounted for my being put in requisition. The baronet, who is a handsome and well-bred man, appears to much advantage at home, where he does not talk much on any of his favourite topics. It is really interesting to see so young-looking a patriarch; his twelve children, six sons and six daughters, some of them handsome and all comely and healthy looking, came during the day into the

room; six of them indeed sat at table. The poetical Sir Brooke Boothby was there, sat next to me, and was extremely entertaining.

We shall be impatient to hear of you from Portugal, and ever most warmly interested in your welfare. I am, dear sir, with gratitude and esteem, much yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CVII.

MISS CATHERINE MARIA FANSHAWE, SHABDEN, SURREY.

Stirling, 17th September, 1810.

My dear Madam,

I have come here by particular desire to meet some English friends, and accompany them to these same Trosachs, where all the world are going to disturb the wood-nymphs and emulate Walter Scott. I doubt not they think, if they do but see Loch Catherine they will meet Helen Douglas and the Knight of Snowdon, or catch at least a spark of the inspiration that waked the harp of Allan-Bane. I have seen the Trosachs before, and thought them all that Walter Scott describes; yet, till now, they produced less of the local interest which pervades all Highland scenery than any other district I know. And why? because they were uncelebrated and unsung; and almost every mountain glen and every moor that I ever saw or heard of besides is connected with some strain of native poetry, some note of wild music, or some antique legend, that give a local habitation and a name to

those forms which float on the memory, or fleet through the imagination. When I went first to the Highlands, and, from not knowing the language or the people, could not taste the charms of their poetry, the sentiments of their music, or the delights of manners more courteous and conversation more intelligent than are anywhere else to be met with among rustics,—when first, I say, I wandered, untaught and forlorn, amid the desolation of brown heaths and dusky mountains, I was at times charmed with particular scenes, but the general effect was as much lost on me as it is on these tourists: I was like the ignorant maid who tried her master's violin all over, and could never find where the tune lay. Every one bred in the Highlands is nurtured in the very bosom of national poetry, and fed with music and legendary lore from their infancy. This gives language to the mountain echoes—forms to the morning mists, and casts a rich and glowing colouring over the heaths and frowning mountains that wear to the traveller the aspect of desolation. These are the ties, powerful though invisible, that bind us with such close adhesion to "Caledonia, stern and wild;" and this is the talisman that draws us, with such powerful attraction, to return from happier lands to meet our native Muses in their wonted haunts. How much do we owe to Burns and to Walter Scott for reviving this taste—for calling back the Caledonian Muse to her ancient haunts, and giving new interest to scenes dreary and forlorn if the light of song were once extinguished.

Excuse this desultory letter, which I am now about

to finish in the inn at Callander, and which you must consider as a proof of unwearied assiduity and perseverance. This is a very pretty highland village, near Loch Catherine, where people put up when they go there. Five hundred chaises have been here this summer: it has been the *annus mirabilis* of romance, at which I greatly rejoice, as a triumph over the combined powers of calculation and metaphysics, which have united their forces to extinguish fancy and freeze affection. The inn is crowded, and I have risen early to finish quietly this rambling letter; for this is our *admiring day*, when Mrs. Dixon is to take many sketches, which, in my abundant ignorance, I think cannot succeed; for Loch Catherine is a kind of panorama, and cannot be properly represented in any other form.

Tell your sisters I am gratified by their remembrance, and desire to return their good wishes with ample interest; and am always, with sincere regard, dear madam, your faithful, attached servant,

ANNE GRANT.

Letter CVIII.

MISS C. M. FANSHAWE, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON.

Edinburgh, 6th October, 1810.

My dear Madam,

I was charmed with your remarks on the Lady of the Lake, which, in small compass, comprehend more characteristic touches than all the many I have seen. I told Mr. Jeffrey of your critique, and he begged me to read it to him, that he might "steal some hints," as he expressed it. I rallied him on his humility, and thought no more of it; he came, however, afterwards, and renewed his request. While I was reading it, I saw by the sparkle of his eyes how much he was pleased and surprised. He expressed much wonder, not only at the criticism, but at not having met with you, and solicited an introduction when he should go to London: I thought you might have some curiosity to gratify in seeing this formidable scourge of literature; and I was the readier to grant his request, as I rather wondered at his making it. He is in many respects very unlike what you would imagine him; not the least ambitious of new or distinguished acquaintances, nor by any means fond of large parties or the show and bustle of life. I know no one of more domestic habits, nor any one to whom all the charities of home and kindred seem more endeared. If the world were not full of inconsistency, I would say it was almost impossible to reconcile the asperity of his criticisms with the general kindness of his disposition. I do not promise that you will, on meeting, find him greatly calculated to please in con-

versation: the fertility of his mind, the rapidity of his expression, and the fire of his countenance, altogether give an air of ungraceful impetuosity to his conversation. This, while it overpowers the feeble by its strength, and, as it were, tires the eye by the quick succession of its coruscations, is nevertheless brilliant, vigorous, and profound. He is lavish of thought, and gives a guinea where a sixpence might do as well; but then he has no change, and pays all in gold.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thornton and their daughter came here lately on a visit to the Countess of Leven, who is Mr. Thornton's sister. I had a letter on their account from their friend and mine, Mr. Charles Grant. I was very much pleased with them indeed: there is a substantial reality in their character, which one does not meet with in the people of the world,—I mean the slaves of it, as most people truly are,—they think so justly, and act so consequentially. I always look up to people of this sort as examples of heroic fortitude: they appear to me like a rock maintaining its place unmoved in the midst of a clamorous torrent which sweeps away every thing moveable, and assails it with vain and restless agitation. I wish you knew Mr. Charles Grant's family whom the world brands as Methodists,—a good convenient appellation for every one who does not swim with its current. I speak of the younger branches of that pious and amiable family, in whom one sees a soft reflection of the virtues of their parents, heightened by the graces of youth, the polish of education, and the embellishments that a peculiar

relish for literature, for music, and for all that is pleasing and elegant in science, adds to a degree of native genius. . . . . .

I must not omit to tell you how much I was pleased with Mr. Swinburne's exertions for my favourite Bowness, and what comfort I derive from the thought of her being more than comfortable with you and yours, being doubly gratified by seeing your venerable parent safe in such attendance, and doing good to a creature so excellent. Have the goodness to offer my compliments to your sisters, and believe me, dear madam, very faithfully yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CIX.

TO MRS. HOOK, ILFRACOMBE, DEVONSHIRE.

My dear Friend, Edinburgh, 24th October, 1810.

I rejoice to find you likely to relish your present abode. My greatest concern is for pursuits to engage Dr. Hook, and my great anchor of hope for him is the magic of his pencil. He should be punished, if, at this time of complete leisure, he allows that enchanting talent to be idle; that, and music, and Georgina may well fill up all the leisure hours that remain from reading, writing, and walking. I am sure I think ten times of him for once that he does of me. You, I know, as the children say in their

first hymn, will, "like the little busy bee, improve each shining hour." This perpetual resource and versatility is an advantage we have over the lordly rulers of creation, many of whom, like whales, are apt to be stranded unless they have the wide perturbed ocean to tumble in. If you were set down at Ilfracombe, and told that you must remain there always, you would feel it a hardship; but when the prospect of return to your own home is every day nearer, and when so much glad tidings come from all quarters to cheer your Patmos, I am sure you will not consider it an exile. This brings me to congratulate you and myself on your brother's * appointment as Governor of Mauritius, which is certainly the best thing that could happen for my son, and which delights me beyond what you are aware of. I am reasonably and naturally pleased with the degree of protection and even preferment which may be thus hoped for; but my supreme delight is to think that you, dear soul, who absolutely languish for an opportunity to do me good, should have the fervour of your friendly zeal thus speedily and amply gratified when you least thought of it. I can scarcely think the circumstances that threw my son under the auspices of your brother altogether fortuitous: there is a tide surely in the affairs of men, and at present it sets prosperously for my young soldier.

Among other glad tidings you send me, I am highly pleased with Theodore Hook's intention of entering the Temple. He is not too old for it, and has certainly

* The late Sir Robert Farquhar, Bart.

sense enough to know, and spirit enough to feel, how precarious and disreputable it would be to spend one's whole life in a manner which, however it might amuse the butterfly spirit of youth, made so little provision of any kind for riper years. It would be mortifying to see one that has so many better things than wit and gaiety about him shuffled into the mob of people, whose amusive talents make them first applauded and next endured, when people see that is all they have. I think that the fate of Monk Lewis may serve as a warning to wits by profession. Spirits will not always flow; and Pope has finely described the "many miserable nights of those who must needs affect them when they have them not." Half the ingenuity that Theodore wastes to amuse people who are not worth his pains would make him eminent in a profession. I always think of him with much kindness, and rejoice not a little to hear of his being likely to cast anchor.

You cannot think how fiercely the popular indignation burns against Lord and Lady ——, for contaminating our Highland glens — the seat of pure unviolated conjugal faith — with their residence of six weeks in order to obtain a divorce. The compassion I have for the children of such parents is not to be told. What do they deserve who leave their children no other alternative but to despise their parents, or to think with indulgence of such faults, and so lose all delicacy of feeling and purity of mind? I very much admire the impatient exclamation of the patient Grizel of our old ballad, who, seeing that she was to be

divorced, and her children left to neglect or ill example, said, in the bitterness of her heart,—

> "I wish my daughters were seven hares,
> Running along yon lilly lea,
> And I mysell a gude greyhound,
> To worry them and make them dee."

I love to trace the genuine workings of nature in the songs of the "Ancientry." Manners may be outwardly refined and inwardly depraved, and may change as much as they do; but the heart, when permitted to speak, says the same thing in all languages and in all ages.

We mourn over your nervous headache. How well am I acquainted with that miserable headache of over-exertion, that makes one feel as if dying! Receive the benedictions of this whole family. Adieu, dearest friend: you know me, ever most faithfully and gratefully, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CX.

TO MRS. RUCKER, MELROSE HALL, PUTNEY.

Edinburgh, 25th November, 1810.

Dear Madam,

It was only last night that I heard of the deep affliction which has embittered your return to your once happy home. This last, when you have paid the tribute to nature and to departed excellence, and indulged for a time those feelings which we cannot or

ought not entirely to conquer, will again, I trust, be the abode of as much rational felicity as is compatible with the state of trial to which we are all called. To a heart so affectionate as yours the separation from an amiable saint endeared by sufferings, who added to the maternal character that of a tender friend, a pleasing companion, and a happy model for imitation, must be very wounding. But you have still very much to be thankful for: strange as it may seem to the worldly and vain, the deep sorrow, which I know you feel on this occasion, is of itself a source of thankfulness. To the pious example of that excellent parent, and to the deep impression that her meek and resigned composure of mind has made upon your habits and feelings, you most probably owe that your heart is not hardened by prosperity, nor your mind inflated by vanity, so as to centre too much in self to admit of your feeling the void made in your affections by this privation.

It is the duty of every one whose hopes and aspirations point to a better life and a higher communion of souls in futurity, to struggle with and subdue the excess of any feeling that argues a want of resignation to that Divine will by which all things are ordered wisely and well: but this is a conquest over ourselves, and the mind is strengthened by the combat. Our grief is undoubtedly the more tender, and perhaps the more lasting, for having many virtues and much endearment to think over; yet surely it is a sorrow devoid of bitterness compared to that which oppresses the soul with a shuddering uncertainty regarding the state of the departed. Looking after

those whom we have with undoubting hope resigned to a blessed immortality, not only weans us from this transient and precarious state, but gives us, as it were, clearer views and stronger aspirations after a better.

You are so singularly happy in your dearest and tenderest connexion, you have so many duties — kind and pleasing duties — to fulfil, and the current of your affections is divided into so many channels, that one can never suppose you sitting down to indulge indolent and solitary sorrow. Thinking on all the good you are empowered to do, and doing it with your wonted alacrity and diligence, will be your best refuge from painful recollections, — from those recollections which time will meliorate into a sweet pensiveness which may be indulged with safety. It would be very superfluous to add an argument which your own good sense and piety must have suggested to you, of the selfishness of wishing that a person so long and painfully prepared for immortality should continue in a state of suffering in order to add to your enjoyment.

I hope soon to hear that you are composed, and that the suddenness of this painful event has produced no bad effect on your health. With affectionate regards to worthy Mr. Rucker, I am, dear madam, yours, with much regard and esteem,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXI.

TO MRS. BROWN, GLASGOW.

Edinburgh, 25th January, 1811.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

I lose no time in telling you how glad I am to hear of you, and to know, by added experience, how good and kind you are in thinking of, and acting for me. How happy for a poor mortal like me, tossed from one exigency to another, to have friends so attached and attentive as all mine in different ways have been.

My time is at present very much occupied, but I shall avail myself of a short interval of leisure to tell you what I am sure you will be interested in hearing —the particulars of the final interview between the Prince of Wales and the late Bishop of London*, which have lately been communicated to me from a source which appears to me quite authentic. Among other good people with whom my informant is intimate is Mr. Owen, minister of Fulham, who was in a manner the Bishop's parish clergyman, and long his chaplain. Mr. Owen gave my friend an account of this interview, as the Bishop gave it to him two days before his death.

It seems his Royal Highness had sent out a summons for a great military review, which was to take place on a Sunday. The Bishop had been confined, and did not hope nor, I suppose, wish ever in this world to go out again. He ordered his carriage, however, upon hearing this, proceeded to Carlton House, and

* Dr. Porteus.

waited on the Prince, who received him very graciously. He said, "I am come, Sir, urged by my regard to you, to your father, and to this great nation, who are anxiously beholding every public action of yours. I am on the verge of time; new prospects open to me; the favour of human beings, or their displeasure, is as nothing to me now.—I am come to warn your Royal Highness of the awful consequences of your breaking down the very little that remains of distinction to the day that the Author of all power has hallowed, and set apart for himself." He went on in pathetic terms to represent the awful responsibility to which the Prince exposed himself, and how much benefit or injury might result to the immortal souls of millions by his consulting or neglecting the revealed will of the King of kings; and, after much tender and awful exhortation, concluded with saying, "You see how your father, greatly your inferior in talent and capacity, has been a blessing to all around him and to the nation at large, because he made it the study and business of his life to exert all his abilities for the good of his people, to study and to do the will of God, and to give an example to the world of a life regulated by the precepts of Christian morality: he has been an object of respect and veneration to the whole world for so doing. If he has done much, you, with your excellent abilities and pleasing and popular manners, may do much more. It is impossible for you to remain stationary in this awful crisis: you must rise to true glory and renown, and lead millions in the same path by the power of your example, or sink to sudden and perpetual ruin,

aggravated by the great numbers whom your fall will draw with you to the same destruction. And now, were I able to rise, or were any one here who would assist me, I should, with the awful feeling of a dying man, give my last blessing to your Royal Highness." The Prince upon this burst into tears and fell on his knees before the Bishop, who bestowed upon him, with folded hands, his dying benediction: the Prince then, in the most gracious and affecting manner, assisted him himself to go down, and put him into his carriage. The Bishop went home, never came out again, and died the fifth day after. On hearing of his death the Prince shut himself up, and was heard by his attendants to sob as under deep affliction.

I think I have now given you a brief but faithful account of this transaction as I heard it. . . . . .

I can easily believe that a mind so well regulated as yours has in itself resources that make "quiet, though sad, the remnant of your days." But I think that a life somewhere balanced between your pensive tranquillity and my ever-during bustle would be preferable to either. Such is that of our dear friend and sister at Jordanhill, whose felicities I have been celebrating ever since I returned here. Remember me in all kindness to your mother and aunt, and believe me, most affectionately, dear old friend, yours always,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXII.

TO MISS C. M. FANSHAWE, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON.

Edinburgh, 7th February, 1811.

My dear Madam,

You have been very good in writing to me at last; and when I consider the very many claims upon your time, I ought to be thankful even for the unfrequent visits you indulge me with.

I have anticipated your wish, and have been not only writing, but am actually printing at this moment. Your most highly-valued letter reached me at Jordanhill, where I went to be a month quietly happy, and to arrange the materials of the proposed publication, which consists of Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlands, a subject that affords much latitude for excursion, which you may believe I have not used sparingly; and this will close my literary life, unless I see something hereafter worth telling.

Upon my return home from Jordanhill I found all my family delighted with letters which had arrived from my dear son in India, including two long ones to myself. If you knew how filial, how soldierly, and how genuine these letters are, and how much they contain of all that I could wish, you would congratulate me on having this cordial reserved to cheer declining life.

I must tell you that we have read Mrs. Montagu's Letters. Mary thinks them extremely amusing; I too am amused, but there is a visible hardness in her character, — such a total absence of the amiable romance of early life, and such an ungraceful harshness

on some occasions, and petulance on others.—I cannot conceive how she has made such very desirable things as good principle, sound sense, brilliant wit, and much intelligence and early usage of the world so little pleasing; there is every thing to admire, but nothing gentle, graceful, or attractive. I greatly dislike her style. Female wit has generally a kind of gay elegance that makes its manner recommend its matter: there must be something wanting when it pleases me so little, who am so delighted with every thing of that nature. I cannot say how much Mrs. Carter's kind of humour amuses me; and Gray's Letters charm me beyond measure: his wit is of such a grave, odd kind, it takes one by surprise.

I have not seen Dr. Clarke's Travels in Russia, except in the Review: 'tis too costly a pleasure for me. I think, however, that there is something unamiable in the rancorous censure of the whole Russian people: it is certainly too general. Yet I always suspected the splendour and refinement we hear so much of in the Russian Court of being mere varnish, concealing much grossness and ferocity. There are so many intermediate stages of improvement in morals and in manners that people ought to go through before they reach extreme refinement; and it does not appear to me when or how these previous steps have been taken by this people. I rather think French tinsel and the outrageous sentiment of Germany have been awkwardly blended, in many instances, with their original manners. With the offer of my best wishes to your sisters, I am, dear madam, yours very faithfully,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXIII.

TO MRS. SMITH, OF JORDANHILL, GLASGOW.

My dear Friend, Edinburgh, 27th February, 1811.

I lose no time, you see, in answering yours; and for once our letters shall not cross. I have not told you of my son's captivity, and the happy event of it. His new appointment would have confined him at Bourbon when all the rest were gathering laurels in the Isle of France. His good angel, however, so managed it, that in sailing to Bourbon he was taken by a French frigate, and presently after retaken by an English one, which carried him on with the expedition to the Isle of France, — thus accomplishing the first wish of his heart.

Now, as to Self-Control; it is not Miss Hamilton's, nor is it the work of any one of the many it is ascribed to. The secret has, as yet, been carefully concealed and all curiosity eluded; but I am fixed in the opinion that it was born in Orkney: I shall not, however, anticipate your judgment, in any respect, regarding this work, so much admired by some and condemned by others. In this literary city it occasions as much conversation as a new island in the Clyde could do at Greenock.

Southey, who, I think, writes the article in the Quarterly Review about the Methodists, is not far wrong. They do a great deal of good, as he allows; but both the good and evil peculiar to their tenets are more obvious in England than here: indeed, their tenets are radically good; — 'tis their cheerless gloom,

their spiritual pride, and their sectarian bigotry that are bad. If their clergy love pleasure less than others, they certainly love power more, and organise their modes of preserving it with as much diligence as ever the Jesuits did. Yet the Jesuits did much good among the subdued and wretched savages in Paraguay; and the Methodists do a great deal of good among the ignorant and profligate populace in England. For such converts their austere discipline is best suited; they drive them as far as possible from their wonted haunts, lest the evil spirit should regain possession of the herd, and urge them down the precipice. They do not show the extremes of their extravagance to us in Scotland: our people are too enlightened to bear it. They answer many good purposes: — "to goad the prelate slumbering in his stall," and to show all other teachers of religion how necessary it is to move the human mind by its two great hinges — hope and fear; the said mind being very little affected by moral essays. Adieu: write soon to yours ever,

ANNE GRANT

LETTER CXIV.

TO MRS. SMITH.

My dear Friend, Edinburgh, 12th August, 1811.

I lose no time in answering your letter: visiting and correspondence have been so entirely at a stop with me for some time past, that my debts of that kind have swelled enormously; and now that I am settled in town, and have recovered the use of my hand, after my late accident, I must, like Johnson, "sit doggedly down to write." However, before I encounter this daily accumulating mountain of difficulties, I shall recreate myself by writing one letter to please and amuse myself.

I am pleased that you not only found much amusement in reading Miss Seward's Letters, but have candour enough to own you did, for it is the fashion to rail at her as vain and absurd. Her bad taste and self-opinion are too obvious to escape detection from any person that can think or see; yet, though these prominent faults make her less estimable as a woman, and less admirable as a writer, I am not sure that they detract much from the entertainment we derive from her letters. Her literary vanity, in particular, appears naked and not ashamed, with a most amusing *naïveté*. The singular artlessness of so artificial a character gives the idea of something unique and anomalous that we know not how to define, nor exactly whether to admire or despise. Talent and sincerity, however disguised, must have their attractions; and Miss Seward had both in no common

degree. She furnishes arms against herself, by her open avowal of so many feelings and opinions, that others would carefully conceal. She wants art, but, on the other hand, she totally wants delicacy and even that refinement of mind which is almost the necessary consequence of high cultivation. Witness the gross flattery which she gladly received and liberally bestowed. Perhaps it is wrong to call it flattery: her adulators, who, for the most part, were male and female coxcombs of the first magnitude, very probably thought all they said. Her coarseness and her laxity in religious principle she inherited, I fear, from her clerical father and housewifely mother: this was nursed in a card-playing provincial town, where she was the one-eyed queen of the blind, having no superior to look up to and her mind exasperated by all the underworkings of petty envy and malignity. Her intimacy with Darwin, however innocent, was fatal to her in different respects: his false brilliancy aggravated her false taste, and to the tottering fabric of her religious principle he gave the final blow. I believe that the friendship between her and Saville was as pure as that betwixt you and me: every person of sense and candour that ever knew them thought so; and the strain of their letters proves it incontestably. Saville was a man in the highest degree virtuous, pious, simple, and sincere; their friendship was inherited and begun with her father.

Having now spoken so freely of Miss Seward's faults, let me do justice to her merits also. She was respectable for her honour and integrity, and the length and strength of her attachments. Could there

be a better daughter, a warmer friend, or one that had more home feelings and home enjoyments? Her criticisms and descriptions, over-adorned as they are, still convey to the mind, in the most lively manner, one of the first charms of human existence—an enlarged capacity of enjoyment, and a keen and exalted relish for all that is capable of delighting in external nature, or the wider world of intellect. Powers of enjoyment so buoyant and so active communicate their impulse to slower faculties, and, for the moment, invigorate and exalt them. . . . . When you tell me you are not tired, I shall perhaps tell you more of Miss Seward; meanwhile, I am, ever truly yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXV.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

Edinburgh, 14th August, 1811.

My dear Friend,

I am sure it will give you serious concern to know that my unlucky wrist continues both weak and painful, so as to render writing a difficult exertion; but I begin to long so much to let my mind flow freely forth to you in my usual unconstrained manner, that I will not longer deny myself that gratification.

I have lately received painful news from America. A light is there quenched, which, while it lasted, spread intelligence and animation wherever its pure emanations reached; and all the branches of a worthy

and attached family are lamenting for her who was their ornament and delight: I speak of the admirable Miss L., whose prediction, which I transcribed for you in one of my late letters *, was fulfilled in November last. She really was literally like a dying lamp, — wasting away in undiminished brightness, and cheering and enlightening all around her till the last drop of vital energy was exhausted. . . . . .

Now to go on with the progressive history of our establishment. Miss Gardner thinks herself quite recovered; but I have painful doubts, and fear I shall be obliged again to carry her to the country. Isabella Smythe is the beloved of my heart, and, I believe, loves me with quiet enthusiasm; and our lively heiress, Miss Glassell, is truly a fine creature, and will, I trust, be all we wish. She has a pure and generous mind, a warm heart, and excellent abilities. Our three Graces, though very different, love and suit each other, and combine with the family to form a happy household, in which there is not one jarring string. I have got a new neighbour, living in the adjoining house, who promises to be an agreeable addition to our society. It is Lady Apreece †, mother-in-law to your acquaintance, Mrs. A. She appears to possess a mild and sincere character; seems subdued and heart-wounded with calamity, yet willing to please, and fond of information, without setting up the

* Letter CII.

† The Lady of the late Sir Thomas H. Apreece, Bart., of Washingley, in the county of Huntingdon.

smallest pretension. She has lived much in the world, and known many characters who have made a distinguished figure in it. . . . . .

How much is the Regent to be pitied under the present circumstances. How can he, when transformed to a King, cherish the enemies of kingly power? or how, on the other hand, can he shut out from his councils the friends and companions of his past life? I fear stern necessity will oblige him to drop them as a tadpole does his tail when he commences frog; and then what a clamour we shall hear, and what a bustle we shall see!

This, of all letters, most abounds in abrupt transitions, owing to the starts, both of time and thought, in which it is written: but the recent accident to my wrist has left me so deep in debt, both on the score of visiting and correspondence, that I am every day in the confused hurry of one winding ravelled thread. I must conclude in haste; being ever, with faithful and tender attachment, truly yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXVI.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

My dear Friend, Edinburgh, 10th September, 1811.

* * * * * *

What shall I tell you of the summer that has insensibly fleeted past? Miss Gardner's illness, and my solicitude about her, have made a prominent figure in the early part of it. The book I have lately published on the superstitions of the Highlands, and my sprained wrist, gave or prevented occupation to the other; and the woods of Newbattle, a beautiful and sequestered village near Edinburgh, where I accompanied my poor invalid, Miss G., witnessed many hours of musing, the result of which I should have faithfully conveyed to you, had my hand been capable of embodying my ideas as usual. I must now tell you how the arch-critic, Mr. Jeffrey, and I have behaved to each other. For some time past I met him at parties, and I thought he looked odd and avoided me. Something I knew there was, but was not in the least aware that it was a criticism, having been told formerly that he resolved to let me alone. I was, however, obliged to have, what I much dislike, a small party in summer, on account of some strangers whose friends had strong claims on my attention. I boldly sent a note to the critic, saying that if he had renounced me, he should at once tell me so like a brave man as he was; if not, to come on Wednesday evening, and meet some people whom *I knew he did like.* He answered that, so far from renouncing, he

had thought of me more than any body else for some days past; and if a little packet he was about to send me to-morrow did not make me retract my invitation, he should gladly wait on me. I got, next day, the threatened packet, now before the public. Here follows the accompanying note, as far as I recollect it. "When I review the works of my friends, if I can depend on their magnanimity as much as I think I can on yours, I let them know what I say of them before they are led out to execution. When I take up my reviewing pen I consider myself as entering the temple of truth, and bound to say what I think." I returned the criticism, without any other comment than that I was so well satisfied of his doing justice to my *subject* that I was less concerned at any thing he might say of myself, &c. Very soon after he came to me, asking introductions to my Highland friends, intending, as he said, to make a pilgrimage on foot, with two other gentlemen, to Loch-Laggan and past my former residence. This I scarcely believed that he would accomplish. I gave him the letters, however; and, to my astonishment, he actually did make his way through the wilds of Inverness-shire, and, by the parallel roads of Glenroy, to a region before untrod by critic or by tourist, even the beautiful, woody, and secluded banks of Loch-Laggan. He came back perfectly delighted. I expected that, from the mere habit of carping, he would have criticised the mountains unmercifully. I am, my dear friend, yours tenderly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXVII.

TO SIR WALTER FARQUHAR, BART., CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

Edinburgh, 9th October, 1811.

My dear Sir,

I have at present the pleasing task of requesting your indulgent patronage in behalf of a man of worth and genius, who, if he does but overcome his first difficulties, will do credit to all his friends. If, on the contrary, he should sink in the struggle with the waves of calamity, we, who affectionately esteem him and have done our utmost for him *here*, shall not be without consolation; he will only sink to rise with renewed lustre where the rewards of merit and the compensation for suffering are both ample and permanent. The ample testimonial which all that know him most zealously give to virtues founded on an everlasting basis is, in a great measure, included in what I have described as the very worst that can befal him. But we must not, like Pope's good bishop, "admit, and leave him Providence's care," but consider it happiness to be the agents of that same Providence in the cause of genius and virtue.

John Henning, who will present this letter, was brought up in his native county, Renfrewshire, to his father's business, that of a joiner, or cabinet-maker: taste and intellect seem to have been hereditary in his family, and he appears to have made some intuitive efforts in drawing very early. Struck with something peculiar in the countenance of one of his associates, he modelled it in clay, and thus discovered the bent

of his genius to this species of imitation. He was by the lovers and patrons of the arts invited to Edinburgh, where the moderation and simplicity of his habits, the strength and power of his pure and independent mind, and the native candour and gentleness of his unpretending manners, have made him a great favourite. The field here, however, is not wide: he has long since taken striking likenesses of every one distinguished or worth preserving among us. In the meanwhile, the wants of a young and numerous family made it difficult for him, even in his modest way, to meet the daily demands. In regard to patronage, none can have better; Dugald Stewart, Walter Scott, Mr. Jeffrey, Mrs. Fletcher — every one, in short, of any eminence here esteems and regards Henning: all these people delight in his artless conversation, admire his genius, and would do anything compatible to promote his interest or comfort. With this view, all his friends concurred in advising him to go to London, where there is a wider field for the exertions of genius, and where alone an artist has any chance to arrive at eminence. By the time he reached London, however, there were few remaining in town of the many to whom he was recommended. The Marquis of Stafford was the only person who employed him; and it is employment he wants. Now, dear sir, if you could let this deserving man model your countenance, or if you would, upon seeing the perfect resemblance of his models, recommend him to others, it would be a divine charity. Your very speaking to him, and showing some interest in him, would help to support his spirits. Here, he

was not a little cherished and caressed: but the anxiety produced by having his large family here dependant on him, and himself to support in London, will, I fear, be too much even for his cheerful and buoyant spirit. I know you will forgive me for the sake of my intention; and believe me, dear sir, your sincerely attached and grateful humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXVIII.

TO MR. JOHN HENNING, ARTIST, LONDON.

Edinburgh, 12th October, 1811.

My dear Sir,

I must own I felt some anxiety about your silence, and was much disposed to impute it to the very cause which I find occasioned it. I see clearly how the case stands; and it is needless to preserve a false delicacy that can do no good. You would do well in London, could you but get funds to support yourself there till you are known and employed. The fear that this may not be the case sinks your spirits: you are conscious that if you could but float till people came to town, and till you are known, all would do well. All will be well. We think too much of contingencies: a lively faith in the Giver of all good is not only in a strictly pious sense, but morally and physically, beneficial:—

> "To hope the best, is pious, wise, and brave,
> And may itself procure what it presumes."

While your steps are lighted by this ever-living lamp of hallowed confidence, you will assuredly find your way brighter as you proceed. I can never believe that such innocence and integrity as your's could be so severely tried, unless a rich reward was hid in the stores of futurity to compensate the present suffering. You must not suppose me in the present instance soaring beyond the moon; no, I merely grovel on the earth, and, like an old Israelite, look to temporal futurity. I know you will be happy hereafter; but I want to see you happy with my corporeal eyes, and know that you want nothing but bread and peace to make you so. The buoyant cheerfulness of your disposition, the great simplicity of your habits, and your indifference to all that seduces and misleads the crowd, are your best security. All this is very good; but the difficulty is to keep all right in the mean time among the *young ravens* at home, and to quiet the demands, small and modest as they are, in the great city. . . . . I am about to introduce you to Mr. Charles Grant, Chairman of the India House, where I hope you will get a very sound head, which belongs to a very spotless heart, to model. I love Mr. Francis Horner much for being so good to you. Every body here sends you good wishes, as well as your solicitous friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXIX.

TO LIEUT. DUNCAN JAMES GRANT, BOMBAY.

My dear Duncan, Edinburgh, 25th October, 1811.

The letters which you sent from Bourbon came round to us after going to Portugal. I received them on New Year's day; and to me they were a New-Year's gift most desirable, and filled my heart with an overpowering mixture of emotions, painful through the extreme of tenderness and mingled recollections, yet accompanied with much gratulation and much thankfulness to that Divine hand that has wonderfully conducted and supported me and mine through so many dangers and afflictions.

I greatly lament the loss of your books; yet, as the vessel which took you prisoner was afterwards carried to the Mauritius, I should think, by offering a reward, you might get them back, and that you would value them more than new ones. You must recollect the poems of my amiable friend James Grahame*, which I sent you. We have just been lamenting his loss. I had an hour of pleasant, indeed cheerful conversation with him three days before his death: I sat with his wife, at his bedside, and the recollection of the past seemed to animate and delight him. Never was a purer or gentler mind than his, never poet more beloved. . . . . .

I must now tell you of an additional and very strong motive that I have for keeping your sisters independent of you. I regard with very great com-

* Author of The Sabbath, and other Poems.

passion most men who are destined to spend their lives in India. Far from home and all its sweet and social comforts, and burdened perhaps with relations who keep them back in the paths of independence, they seek a resource in forming temporary connexions with the natives. These, I am told, are often innocent and even amiable creatures, who are not aware of doing anything reprehensible in thus attaching themselves. In the mean time, the poor woman who has devoted herself to him secures his affection by being the mother of his children: time runs on; the unfortunate mother, whom he must tear from his heart and throw back to misery and oblivion, is daily forming new ties to him. The children, born heirs to shame and sorrow, are for a time fondly cherished, till the wish of their father's heart is fulfilled, and he is enabled to return to his native country, and make the appearance in it to which his ambition has been long directed. Then begin his secret but deep vexations; and the more honourable his mind, and the more affectionate his heart, the deeper are those sorrows which he dare not own, and cannot conquer. This poor rejected one, perhaps faithful and fondly attached, must be thrown off; the whole habits of his life must be broken; he must pay the debt he owes to his progenitors, and seek to renew the social comforts of the domestic circle by soliciting, with little previous acquaintance and no great attachment, some lady glad to give youth and beauty for wealth and consequence. The forsaken children, once the objects of his paternal fondness, must be banished, and have the sins of their fathers sorely visited upon them.

I will spare myself and you the pain of finishing this picture, which you must know to be a likeness, not of an individual only, but of a whole tribe of expatriated Scotchmen, who return home exactly in this manner. This, my dear son, is what I dread in your case, and would fain avoid, that is, prevent it if I could. All that remains for me is, in the first place, not to burden you with encumbrances that may check the freedom of your will; and in the next, to assure you that if any person whom it would be decent or proper for you to connect yourself with by honourable ties should gain your affections, your mother and your sisters will be ready to adopt her to theirs. Difference of nation, or even of religion, would not alienate us from any wife that you would choose. Doubtless we should much prefer that you were married to one that we knew and esteemed; but we should far rather make room in our hearts for a stranger, who was modest and well principled, than see you in the predicament I have described.

The first good opportunity will bring you my late friend the Bishop of London's Lectures, which I earnestly entreat you to read; as likewise the Bible, first for my sake, and then I trust you will soon read it for your own. If you are now in the Mauritius, give my best respects to the Governor, and tell him I shall take it much amiss if he forgets me: I have no idea of being forgotten by a Farquhar. And now, dear, dear Duncan, adieu: may God bless you here and hereafter, prays your most affectionate mother,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXX.

TO MRS. HOOK, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

My dear Friend, Edinburgh, 20th November, 1811.

I have this morning the muddiest head you can suppose, having had a party of friends with me on the last two evenings. To understand the cause of all this hospitality, you must know that, being a very methodical and economical family, every cow of ours, as we express it in our rustic Highland dialect, has a calf; that is to say, when we have a party, which in Edinburgh includes a cold collation, we are obliged to provide *quantum sufficit* for our guests, who, being of a description more given to good talking than good eating, are content to admire and be admired, and have little time to attend to vulgar gratifications; of consequence, the more material food, after contributing, like the guests, to embellish the entertainment, remains little diminished. As our wide acquaintance includes the greatest variety of people imaginable, there are among them a number of good, kind people, that dress finely, laugh heartily, and sing merrily, and have, in some instances, genealogy besides; yet on these good people the lions and lionesses of literature would think their roaring very ill bestowed. These, however, make a greater noise in their own way, and before their superior prowess the substantials soon vanish: they are in every sense less fastidious, happier because less wise, and more benevolent because less witty. An assemblage of these contented beings, who can amply appreciate the value of a custard, a

jelly, or a jest on its second appearance, are convenient successors to the refined pretenders to originality, who prefer what is new to what is true, and would not for the world be caught eating blanc-mange while Mr. Jeffrey and Dr. Thomas Brown are brandishing wit and philosophy in each other's faces with electric speed and brilliance. These good fat people, who sing and eat like canary-birds, come with alacrity the day after, and esteem themselves too happy to be admitted so soon to consume mere mortal aliment in the very apartment where the delicacies of intellect were so lately shared among superior intelligences.

I am sure I am writing great nonsense with this muddy head of mine; but I am so amused with the extravagant admiration bestowed here on this kind of reputation, that I would willingly share with you the amusement it affords me. Yet I do not augur well of this reign of wit; it has not the heavy oppressive vulgarity that attends the dominion of mere wealth, nor the empty and supercilious haughtiness of mere birth, yet the result of its preponderance may be more fatal in the end than either, unless restrained by certain bounds which it has no small vanity in overleaping. These reflections have come upon me with double force from a perusal of that flippant, old, literary coxcomb, Horace Walpole, whom I never admired, but now heartily despise. Adieu, dear friend. I am, affectionately yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXXI.

TO MISS CATHERINE MARIA FANSHAWE, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON.

Dear Madam, Edinburgh, 17th December, 1811.

I should perhaps have chosen a quieter season to put in my wonted claim to your attention. In the shades of Surrey you might find amusement in what will merely teaze and encroach upon you in that glowing hive of hurry and intelligence which you now inhabit. Your apologies for your long silence are so eloquent and fanciful, that they not only excuse but atone for your fault; they almost invalidate a maxim of Johnson's, who said that a boy who was very good at making excuses was seldom good for anything else. In return for this compliment I hope for an encomium on my modesty, which you must allow me to deserve, when you hear that my daughter Anne has been a month in and about London, without claiming the honour of an introduction; and that, moreover, she will not present herself to you till she comes to ask your commands for Scotland on her return. My soncy Anne has "that within which passeth shew," and that without which seldom fails to please and interest, being the evident indication of candour, innocence, and overflowing benevolence. She is the most generally popular of all my family, and by far the most enthusiastic: whether she would be either so popular or so enthusiastic if she possessed the delicate discrimination of Isabella, or the sound and deep reflection and intuitive discernment of Mary,

is a question I am not going to determine. Yet this child of sunshine will, I know, be happier than either of them.

Our young heiress, Miss Glassell, improves upon us daily; that is to say, she softens, and, without affecting, seems visibly to acquire that attention to acquisitions, and that gentleness of manners, which, from the unrestrained liberty she enjoyed, and the unbounded vivacity of her untamed spirits, were before much wanted. She has noble and excellent qualities; a strong mind, quick perceptions, good feelings, and much generous enthusiasm. We do every thing to make her sensible that her wealth is not considered by us as entitling her to any pre-eminence; and no creature can be more obliging, nor labour more to be useful and pleasing to the rest, whom she seems exceedingly to like.

I am at this moment going to request from you a great favour. Mr. David Thomson, the bearer, is a young man of much worth and varied accomplishments, — being at once poetical, musical, and picturesque. Perhaps I should not have mentioned all this, his interviews with the Muses being as yet very private ones; nor do I think they will attain more publicity than they enjoy in his brother's collection of Welsh music, where he appears with much credit as a song-writer. In landscape-painting he particularly excels, and now intends to establish himself in London, which affords a wider range for talents than is to be found here. His finances, however, are not equal to support him long as an expectant in the metropolis, till he is known and employed, as there is little doubt

of his being hereafter. He therefore intends to teach a few pupils: and what I shall take as a particular favour is, that you would, if you approve of such specimens of his art as Mr. Thomson may show you, recommend him in that capacity. He is the brother of my friend Mr. George Thomson, known as the correspondent of Burns: all his family have various degrees of genius, and much refinement of mind. I am, dear madam, your faithful, humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXXII.

TO MR. JOHN HENNING, ARTIST, LONDON.

Edinburgh, 1st January, 1812.

I have got your letter, my good friend, and would have answered it sooner, but for an event of which you may not yet have been informed—the recent death of my venerable parent, in her eighty-fourth year, after a very short illness. This has thrown a transient shade over us all: transient it ought to be, for her placid and useful life had of late sunk almost to mere vegetation, and nothing remained here but labour and sorrow; for such, in that state, is existence. Yet, even in this gentlest form, death brings back many painful and tender recollections, and sends forward many painful anticipations.

Be assured that I can feel for you the withering of the heart which must result from an exile, though

neither long nor distant, from one's endeared native land, and all one loves in it. I allow, too, for your feeling all this in the extreme, because all the sympathies that belong to husband, father, friend, or Scotchman, are felt by you with peculiar simple fervour. I know very well that ambition, when gratified to the utmost, could never make amends to you for domestic blessings, or for the dear country you have forsaken. I know too that you would rather breakfast with me and my family, with the view of returning to your engaging children and cheerful toils at home, than be received in the saloon of a duchess, to return from it to a cheerless lodging, without meeting the smile of welcome on a kindred visage. Very true; but, then, are you not banished *for the sake* of these dear children? Could you have made them happy by staying? As it was the will of Him who chastens where he loves, to leave you, to human view, but a choice of seeming evils, have you not done right in preferring those which are most likely to produce good? and are not your prospects fair, and daily mending? and is there not every reason to suppose that your talents, aided by those virtues which adversity ripens, will procure you friends that may afford a future opening for the advantageous exercise of the same qualities in your children? It is the labour of love in which you are engaged: it is for them you suffer; and they will most propably have cause to rejoice in the transient alienation. If your chagrin is augmented by a difficulty in affording them the present supplies, let me know by return of post, and I shall, not generously, but in

a worldly and prudent way, advance a present supply, which my gift of second sight assures me you will soon be able to repay. If that does not happen in a year, you know I have but to take one of the little girls as a pledge for the debt.

I cannot tell to whom you owe your invitation from the Princess of Wales, but I well know that it is to Miss Christina Stewart you owe that from the Princess Charlotte. As for etiquette, trouble yourself little about it; your native delicacy will prevent you from doing any thing forward, and your independent spirit will keep you from any thing like abject awkwardness. Tell me all about the Princess Charlotte, how she looked, and what she said, &c. I feel a warm partiality for her, and hope that to Queen Elizabeth's kingly talents she will add Queen Anne's saintly virtues. Tell me of the Marquis of Stafford: have you again heard of him, or done any thing for him? You could not have a more generous and judicious patron than the Marquis of Lansdowne: does he continue his kindness to you? You can tell me nothing of your proceedings that will not amuse or interest me.

Pray keep clear of politics: the arts belong to no party; and plain truth and integrity are above all parties. Preserve like a coal from the altar that piety of the heart, which is a rich inheritance from your forefathers, and will prove a comfort and support in all the evils of this short pilgrimage. Keep up your spirits: fame and profit stand on an eminence before you. But you are at this juncture like one crossing, with pain and fear, a narrow bridge of one

tottering plank, to arrive at the desired abode: the chasm is deep, and the apprehended miscarriage terrible, but the passage is very short. I would fain hold the torch of hope before your steps, and imagine I already see you over. You cannot think how much I have neglected in order to write this letter. May this new year, which has begun sadly with me and anxiously with you, end happily with us both! Write to me soon all your wayward fancies and all your new designs; and doubt not that I am, dear Henning, yours very sincerely,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO MRS. RUCKER, MELROSE HALL, PUTNEY, SURREY.

Edinburgh, 4th January, 1812.

My dear Madam,

My poor mother had been long declining in strength, but with no great or visible alteration until last week, when her decline assumed the appearance of serious illness. Never was life more useful, innocent, or cheerful; never death more in unison with that life, or more seasonably sent for a relief from hopeless languor and entire debility: it was indeed an escape from an evil she always dreaded —that of being totally helpless. In this latter state she was not above three weeks, and to human appearance it might have lasted much longer. I make no apology for thus dwelling on the gathering in of this ripe sheaf.

From the good qualities of the departed to the still militant virtues of the living is, in this case, a natural and pleasant transition. To this latter, however, I find it hard to do justice. Had my three inmates stood in the same relation to me as the rest, it would be impossible for them to have showed more tender sympathy, or more active exertion in aid of the family. Miss Glassell my little heiress, with whom, I suppose, Anne has made you acquainted, was invited to pass the holidays in a gay social family of her relations in the country; nothing, however, could prevail on her to leave us till the funeral was over. It is difficult to conceive attachment warmer than these creatures have for every individual of the family, and indeed for each other. I cannot imagine warmer hearts and purer minds to meet in one place; and the consequence is, that, without the aid of forced gaiety or studied amusements, they are always happy, and seem not to have a minute for spleen or lassitude. I only regret that, in the nature of things, this innocent happiness cannot always continue. They will of course separate, and enter upon other scenes that will promise more and perform less. . . . . .

There came a young couple here this winter, who have been three or four years married but have no family. The gentleman is Mr. R. H. Inglis*, the son of Sir Hugh Inglis, the India Director. He is pious, learned, and elegant, with all that is pleasing and engaging in a young man, and all that is respectable and estimable in an old one. His young wife is lively, sensible, and accomplished, without display or osten-

* The present Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart. M.P.

tation, which so utterly spoils the enjoyment of all these good things. We met them at Bishop Sandford's, and our acquaintance has since gone on with much satisfaction on both sides. People say Mr. Inglis is the living representative of Sir Charles Grandison; I think he is indeed very much the character of male excellence which Richardson wished to draw.

I had a long letter from Mrs. Dixon the other day, describing that enchanted castle, Clovelly, and the enchantress who presides over it, with all the glowing colours and forcible expression so peculiar to herself. Yet such is the attraction of the great and gay capital, that I should not wonder though Clovelly — that region of beauty, sublimity, and enthusiasm — should ere now be forsaken by its elegant owners. It may be admired, but it cannot admire: in this last respect the town has the advantage.

You ask my opinion of Mrs. Hannah More's last publication.* Very favourable indeed it is; not that I think any thing new remains to be said on the most important subject she treats. Yet if by throwing those new and clear lights upon useful and well-known truths, which she is so capable of producing, the young are allured to serious consideration, and the old reminded of duties which the tide of worldly cares is apt to overwhelm, much, very much, may be done by her respected agency. I think there is no individual now living to whom the cause of religion owes so much. Her arguments on the subject of prayer are calculated to carry conviction to the reason and contrition to the heart. I have lately read again, with

* "Practical Piety."

new delight, her Strictures on Female Education. There has not yet been any work published on that beaten subject more calculated to do good: genius of the first order, excellent sound sense, profound and practical piety, and thorough knowledge of the prevailing manners and characters, give value and ought to give efficacy to that admirable work. I am, with respects the warmest to good Mr. Rucker, dear madam, yours very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXXIV.

TO MRS. SMITH, JORDANHILL, GLASGOW.

Edinburgh, 16th January, 1812.

My dear Friend,

For as seldom, comparatively, as I saw your young people, I feel a blank in their absence, such as is always caused by the absence of those whom we have carried in our minds with unceasing, though not uneasy, solicitude. I have been vainly trying to recall to my memory the object of sorrow so wide and deep as that caused by the loss of your amiable nephew. Those worthy people on whom it fell heaviest, have hitherto had an unclouded sky and more than common comforts. If such were good for us, they would last always: but the shower must fall, and it is from the moistened surface that the good seed springs earliest and most abundant.

Anne has become a very regular, voluminous, and entertaining correspondent. If I had the means, and could suppose you at leisure to read them, I

would send you some of her very natural and descriptive, and, so far, pleasing letters from England. She seems to find much favour in the sight of the strangers among whom she mingles.

I would have you read the last book I have been reading myself, — Buchanan's Christian Researches in Asia. They opened so wide a scene to me of new territory, hopes, fears, and speculations, that they robbed me of sleep, and aggravated, if not produced, my nervous headache. You cannot think what an expanse of sea and land, and how much of the past and of the future, I have thus wandered over. 'Tis well to have one's mind expanded, but mine was absolutely distended. Go you, however, and see Juggernaut and the black Jews, and fail not to weep with me for Leyden, the admired, lamented Leyden.* Adieu: I am, always yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXXV.

TO MR. JOHN HENNING, ARTIST, LONDON.

Edinburgh, 20th January, 1812.

My dear Henning,

Would I could fill this little paper with balm and cordial for your afflicted spirit! Mrs. Fletcher took the deepest interest in your letter, and agreed with me in thinking it a fair and lively transcript of a mind softened by feeling, lighted up by genius, and hallowed by the pure and saving influence of a stead-

* The poet Leyden, whose death had recently taken place in the East.

fast faith in Him who is ever watchful over his own, and whose tender mercies are over all his works. I do not mean to corrupt you by flattery: Hamlet says, "Why should the poor be flattered?" It is only the poor in spirit that require this aid to their conscious insignificance.

I perfectly understand the transitions of your mind by the workings of my own. You are by turns sanguine and gloomy; that is to say, you are gloomy because you are sanguine. The number of powerful and distinguished friends you have already acquired raise hopes in your naturally elastic mind, which are frustrated by the delay which is the necessary consequence of their endless avocations. The heavy pressure of the claims upon you render this delay almost fatal to your hopes; and your resources in the mean time dry up: then you get into the slough of Despond, and think you will never get out of it. But again I say unto you, rejoice in the midst of tribulation. We will not suffer your children to want a present supply; nor will He, in whom you trust, suffer you or them to want a future supply, though your faith and patience be severely tried in the mean time.

I thank you for your picture of the Princess Charlotte, and hope you will be equally minute in the next interview. You said and did precisely what you ought, and always will, when, as on this occasion, you act from your own good feelings, without ambitious imitation, or that mean awe of "clay to clay" which Young reprobates. I know you will be respectful, because you will feel the respect for high place which is proper and useful to give due weight to legitimate

rank; but you will neither feel nor feign the servility of little minds. I am much pleased with our young Princess in your unembellished picture of her. Tell me all when you have more to tell, for I feel a very deep interest in her.

I meant only three or four lines, but cannot conclude without thanking you for your portrait of your excellent friend Mr. Tulloch, which it did my heart good to contemplate. Those Christian heroes whose silent acts of magnanimity are recorded in the Book of Life, and passed over by their fellow-mortals in the eagerness of worldly pursuits, always shed sweet influence over my spirit, even when known in this casual manner. What a happiness to you "to meet with and greet with" such a kindred spirit. Now do not stretch your generous abstinence too far: I am sure you are happier at home and busy, than dining with fine people. I should call you selfish if you had not so many selves; yet, for the sake of all those selves, you must sometimes give yourself to those parties. The world is clamorous and bustling; if you are not sometimes seen you will be forgot; and when such people mean to be kind they do not like to have their kindness slighted. Write to me soon, easily and fully; it will relieve your mind, and gratify your sincere and cordial friend,

ANNE GRANT.

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